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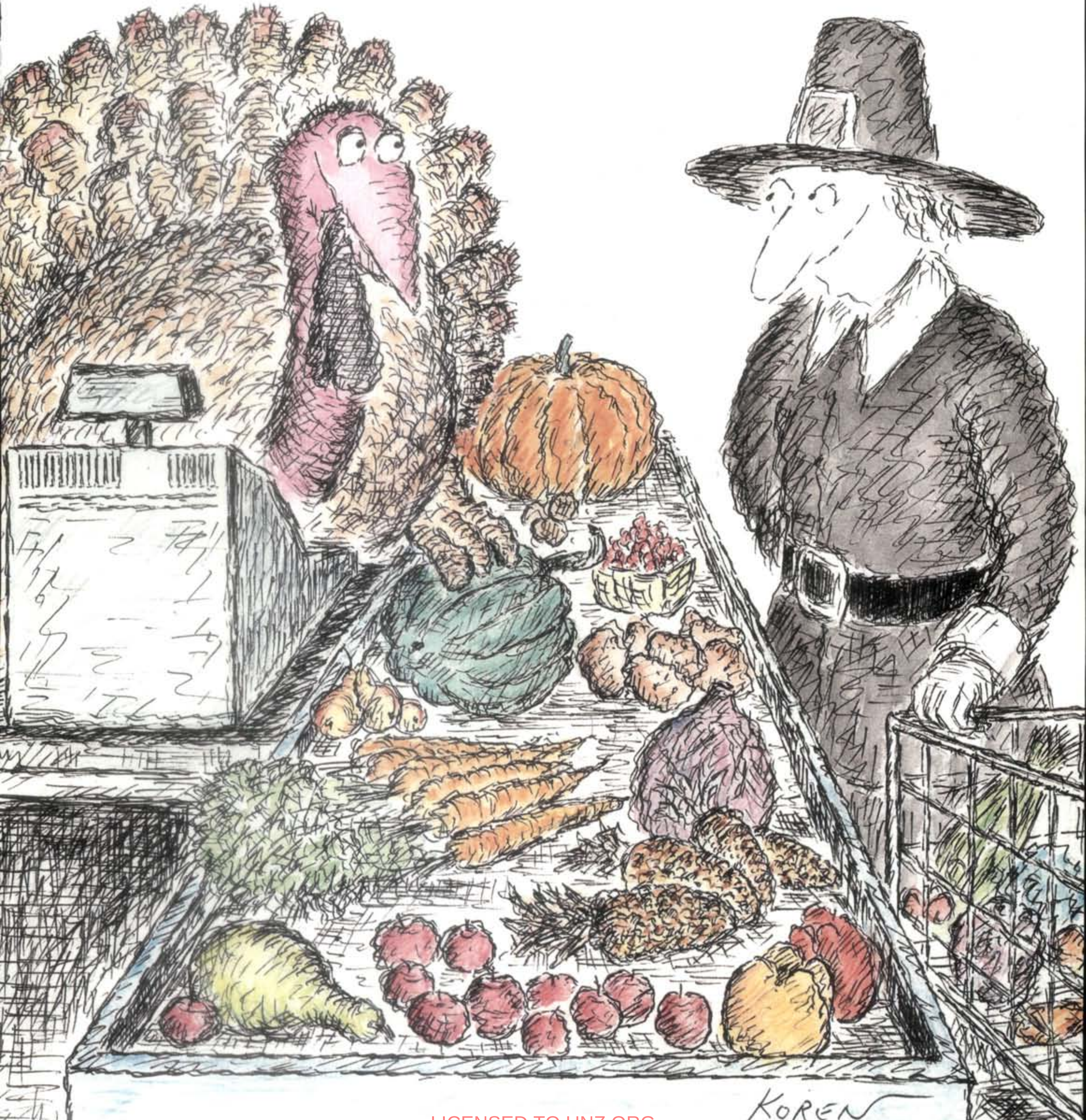

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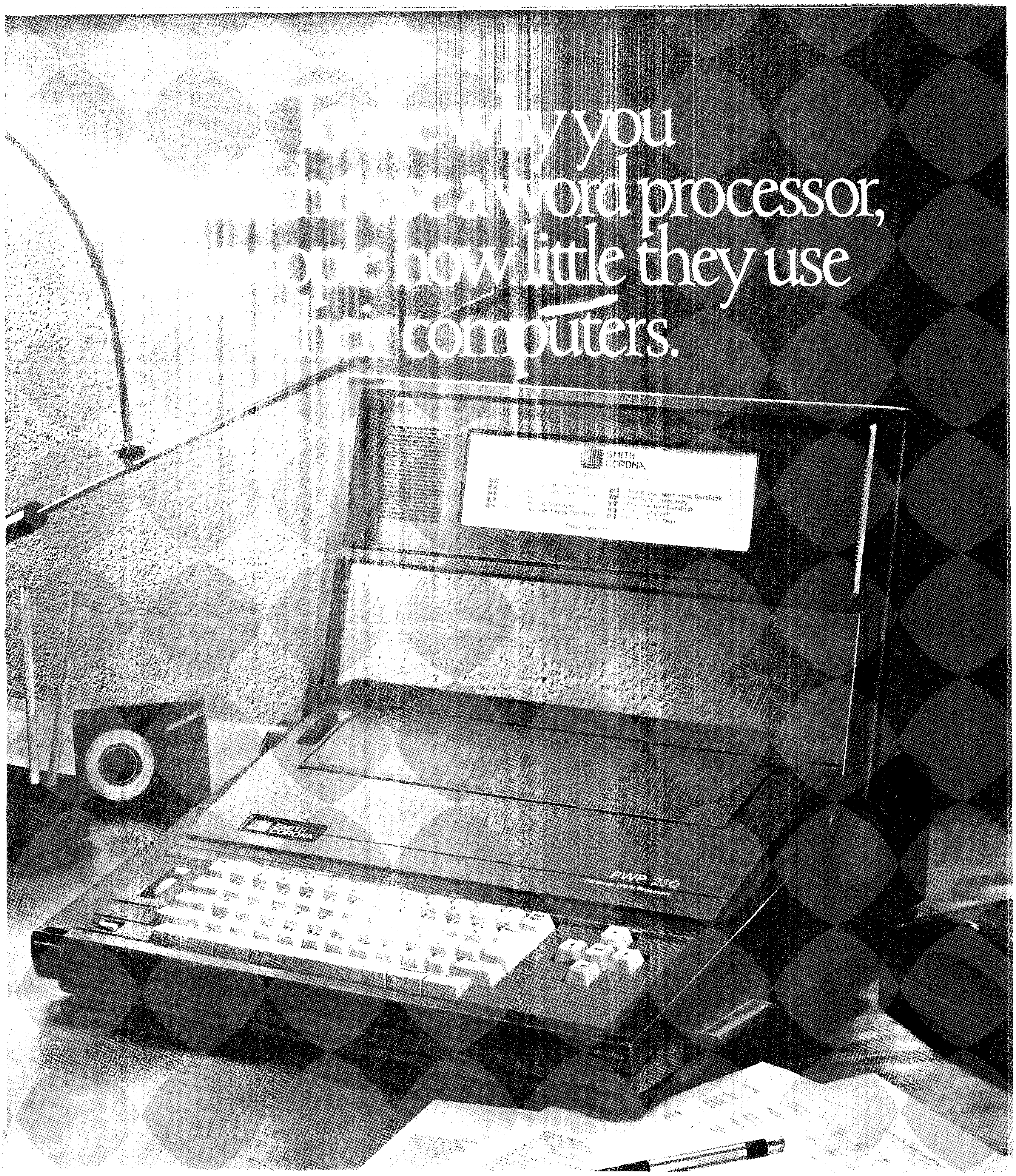

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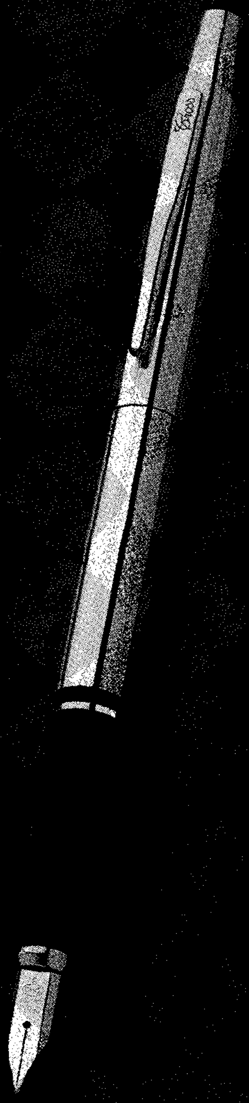

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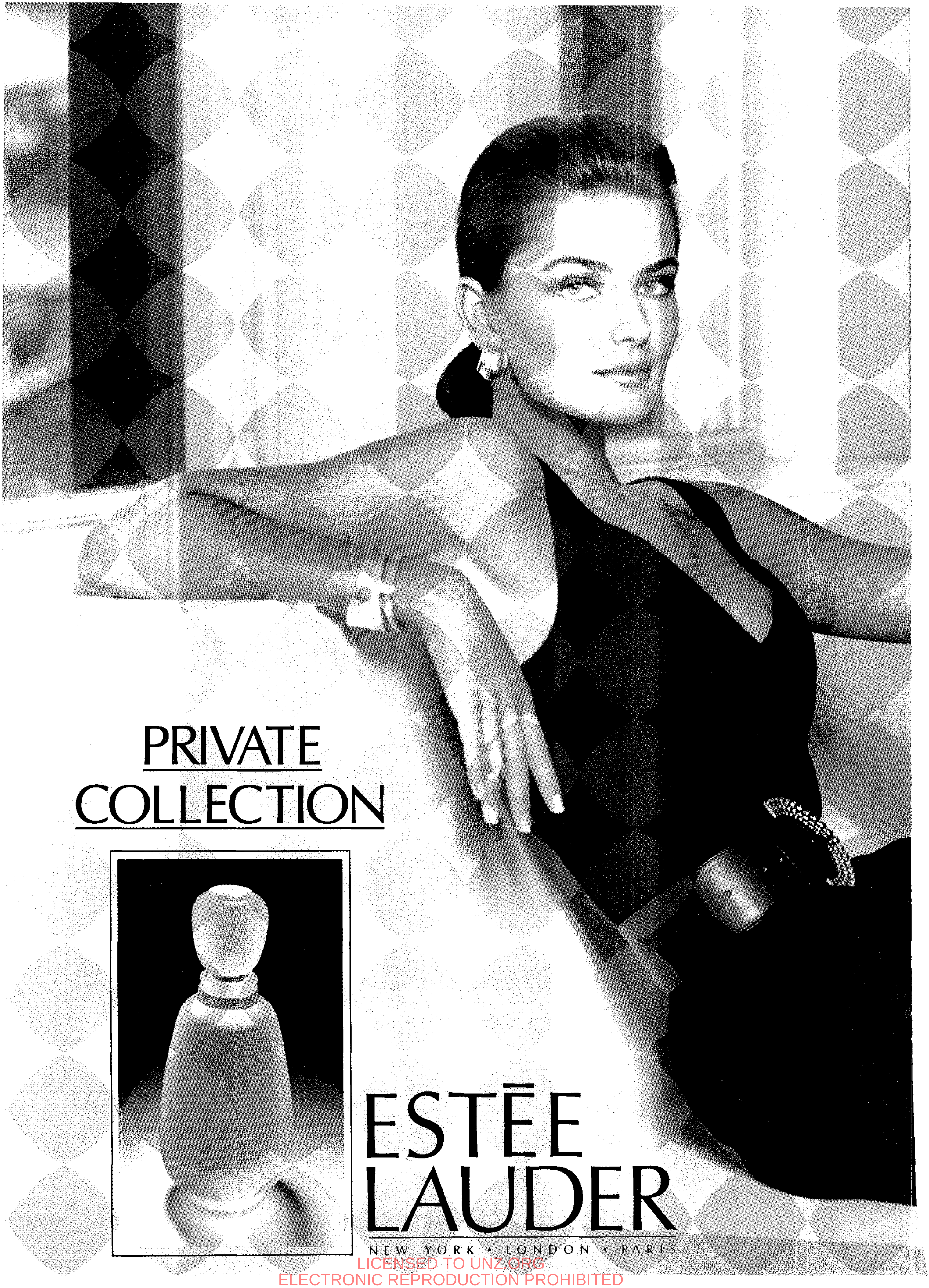
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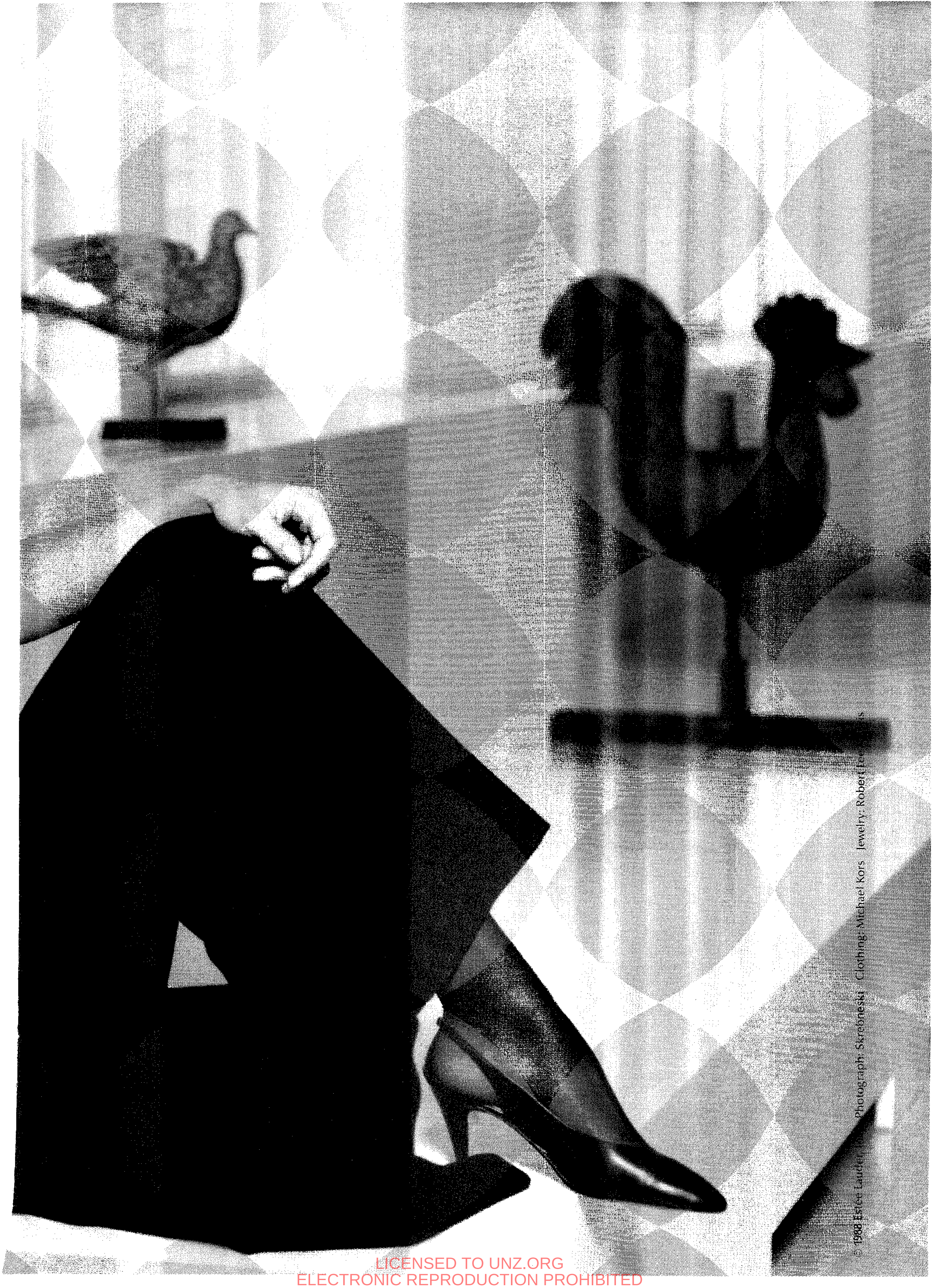

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

FIVE of us went backstage to meet Grandma the other day, after an early-Sunday performance of the Big Apple Circus, at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park (through Jan. 7; for information, call 391-0760). Grandma (Barry Lubin) is the leading clown and, in a sense, the star of the Big Apple's show this season (it's called "Grandma Goes West"). This year, she has to survive a knife-throwing act. The five of us who attended the matinée ranged in age from three and a half to thirty-nine, but Grandma, in her spectacles and curly gray wig, her beads and serviceable coat trimmed with neckerchief and cowboy fringe, seemed ageless.

One of us, going in, had been worried about the elephant, or perhaps worried that he'd worry about the elephant. (It wasn't clear.) But things went fine with the elephant. One of us learned that an elephant standing on its head looks, from the front, very much like a hippopotamus from above. Another in the group, halfway into the show, announced that Grandma was really a man. (We weren't a bit surprised.) We also saw a bison (or buffalo—that wasn't clear, either); a baboon on a painted cart, with a Great Dane to pull it; a fellow who managed the most extraordinary feats with a rope (including whatever the lasso equivalent of jumping Double Dutch is); a dog act that proved too cute for a couple of us (though you had to admit that the poodle had a wonderful sense of irony); and the most beautiful horses.

So we were pretty wowed, and, coming out into the bright sunshine behind the ring, felt a little tent-struck. Grandma was waiting for us, looking homey and sociable in her coat. But we get tongue-tied around celebrities. Fortunately, Grandma has a trick for just such occasions. Asking one of us, who still had a bit of popcorn left, if she might have a taste, Grandma reached down, picked a few kernels out of the bottom of the box, and made them fly at her mouth so that they hung there, perched on the end of her tongue. She did this three or four times and then, with all the modesty of a true artist, called it "dumb luck."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ARTIST DESCENDING A STAIRCASE—Tom Stoppard's play about three artists—Harold Gould, John McMartin, and Paxton Whitehead—and the woman they all loved, portrayed by Stephanie Roth. Directed by Tim Luscombe. Previews begin Nov. 22. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

BABA GOYA—Estelle Parsons and her daughter Martha Gehman in a revival of Steve Tesich's 1973 comedy. Directed by Harris Yulin. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

THE CIRCLE—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, and Stewart Granger have the leads in a revival of Somerset Maugham's romantic comedy. Opens Nov. 20 at 6:45. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS—A musical comedy by Larry Gelbart (book), Cy Coleman (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Directed by Michael Blakemore. In previews. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE—Georg Osterman's version of the strange case, presented by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With Mr. Osterman, Everett Quinton, and Eureka, among others. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 564-8038.)

FEAST HERE TONIGHT—A musical by Ken and Daniel Jenkins, which is set in a small Kentucky town. Previews through Nov. 25. Opens Nov. 26 at 7:30 (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3366.)

HYDE IN HOLLYWOOD—A play by Peter Parnell, with Robert Joy and Keith Szarabajka, that is the season opener for Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Previews through Nov. 28. Opens Nov. 29 at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

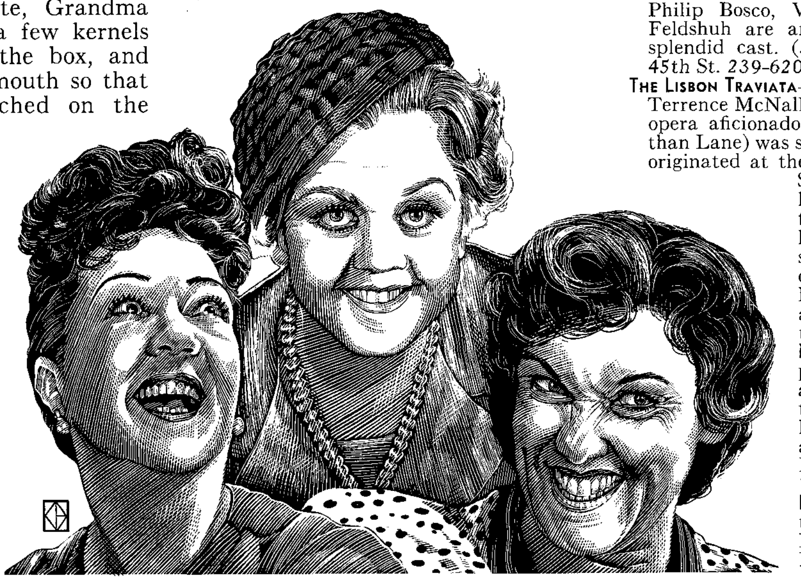
KATE'S DIARY—A dark comedy by Kathleen Tolan, with Lizbeth Mackay. Previews through Nov. 26. Opens Nov. 28 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OH, HELL—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." With Dennis Locorriere in the Silverstein work and Treat Williams in the Mamet; both directed by Gregory Mosher. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

ROMANCE IN HARD TIMES—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE TENTH MAN—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's 1959 play, directed by Ulu Grosbard. The large cast includes Phoebe Cates and Jack Weston. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

UP AGAINST IT—A musical based on a screenplay that Joe Orton wrote for the Beatles in 1967. Adapted by Tom Ross, with music and lyrics by Todd Rundgren. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)



"Gypsy" Roses: Ethel Merman, Angela Lansbury, and now Tyne Daly

RECENTLY OPENED

ALL GOD'S DANGERS—Cleavon Little is the true embodiment of Nate Shaw, an old Alabama farmer, who, in this monologue, tells his own story. The son of slaves, he prospered until he joined a sharecroppers' union and had to withstand the white man's deceptions and greed. Mr. Little does Mr. Shaw more than justice in a splendid performance. Adapted by Theodore Rosengarten (with Michael and Jennifer Hadley), from his book of the same title. Direction by William Partlan. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/30/89.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes Nov. 26.)

BRIGHTNESS—A new work by Ping Chong. With five actors, three of whom do not speak. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

CHRIS DURANG & DAWNE—Mr. Durang and company play Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. That there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—Tom Hulce, Megan Gallagher, and Mark Nelson, in a drama by Aaron Sorkin. Don Scardino is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—A new musical, based on Vicki Baum's 1929 novel, that is directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Karen Akers, David Carroll, Michael Jeter, and Liliane Montevecchi are in the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

GYPSY—Tyne Daly stars in this revival of the 1959 musical. The score is by Jule Styne, the lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, and the book is by Arthur Laurents, who is the director of this production. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

THE LADY IN QUESTION—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a cool autumn evening. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

LEND ME A TENOR—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LOVE LETTERS—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Elizabeth Montgomery and Robert Foxworth Nov. 21-26, and with Jane Curtin and Edward Herrmann

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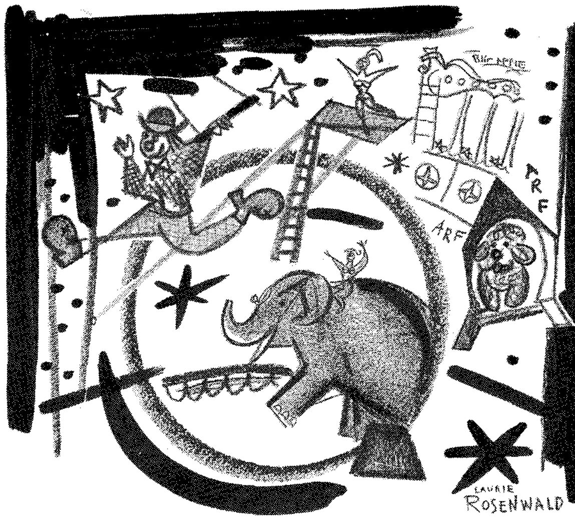

Big Apple Circus

starting Nov. 28. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Mastergate—Larry Gelbart's comedy, which takes off from the Iran-Contra hearings, doesn't quite achieve satire, but it does make for quite a lot of good jokes. The performance, under Michael Engler's direction, is excellent. (10/23/89) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain Language and **The Birthday Party**—This Pinter double bill, directed by Carey Perloff, offers a chance to see the work of the much lionized British playwright as it should be produced. Of the two plays, the first is an American première, the second a revival of the production CSC presented last year, with one notable cast change—Jean Stapleton in the role of Meg. The actors, with the exception of Peter Riegert, are all superb, particularly Miss Stapleton and David Strathairn, who give brilliantly complex performances. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) Directed by Larry Arrick. On Nov. 24, Ralph Macchio joins the cast. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Talented Tenth—Richard Wesley's new play about a black professional with a radical past. Directed by M. Neema Barnette; with Richard Lawson. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Nov. 22.)

The Tempest—Frank Langella, B. D. Wong, Jay Patterson, and Angela Sherrill as Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, and Miranda. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

3 Penny Opera—Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's savage fable of bourgeois capitalism packaged as a vehicle for a rock star. Were it not for the casting of Sting in the role of Macheath, John Dexter's revival would be exactly like a school production. (11/20/89) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

The Widow's Blind Date—Israel Horovitz's very well-written recent play tells a story about two men and a woman in their mid-thirties who are former high-school classmates, and about an act of brutal violence that took place many years before and involved all of them. This moderately interesting tale is very well played by Christine Estabrook, Tom Bloom, and Paul O'Brien, but the men are bores. Mr. Horovitz directed. (11/20/89) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway, Mercedes Ruehl, Scotty Bloch, Arch Johnson, and James Murtaugh. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SHIRLEY VALENTINE:** Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Nov. 25.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

IF one looks at figure skating for values derived from classical dance—refinement of style, mastery of timing, nuanced expression, musical sophistication—the current field simply breaks in two. There is John Curry, and there is everybody else. Mr. Curry is a longtime devotee of the ballet, a fact that reinforces the impression he makes on the ice, but that isn't the whole of the matter. In his choreography for himself, and, occasionally, for other skaters, Mr. Curry uses the most basic elements of technique—school figures, gliding poses, uncomplicated jumps—to build complex formal relationships, often in long phrases. These relationships can be winsome, amusing, or dramatic, but, whatever their quality, they take priority over other details of production, including narrative frameworks or literary ideas. Mr. Curry presents figure skating as a language, with a vocabulary that includes, but isn't reduced to, virtuosity, and his work has the offhanded ease and the modesty of tone we associate with a classic art.

Some years ago, Mr. Curry tried to make a go of his own company. Although it seems to have fallen apart, skating enthusiasts continue to cite it as a standard of how taste and experiment can share the rink. With a repertory by Mr. Curry and such stage choreographers as Twyla Tharp, the company chanced failure, but on its own elevated terms. We thought wistfully about this company while contemplating the Denishawn-like theatrics of Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean, who performed with a group of Soviet skaters at Madison Square Garden in October, and during a gala program of past champions (Mr. Curry among them) called "Skating for Life," an AIDS benefit presented earlier this month at the 69th Regiment Armory. Like the Torvill and Dean evening, "Skating for Life" gave us individuals to admire—Jo Jo Starbuck, Robin Cousins, Mr. Curry in a solo and in a ballroom duet with Judy Blumberg. As far as a vision of skating goes, however, we went home humming our memories.

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New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the company's ninety-first New York season. Nov. 21 at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Echo," and "Theme and Variations." (A benefit.) . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Echo," "In the Night," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 8: "Square Dance," "Echo," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Square Dance," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tarantella," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 1: "Echo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 7: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season continues through Feb. 25.)

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker." Tina LeBlanc, Jodie Gates, and Meg Gurin share the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Nov. 24-26 at 2 and 7:30, Nov. 28 at 7:30, and Nov. 29 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 2.)

Garth Fagan Bucket Dance—Final performances of the engagement. Nov. 21 at 8 and Nov. 25 at 2: "A Précis of Privilege," "Touring Jubilee 1924," "Of Night, Light, and Melanin," and "Traipsing Through the May." . . ¶ Nov. 22 and Nov. 24-25 at 8, and Nov. 26 at 7:30: "Prelude," "Oatka Trail," "Telling a Story," and "Time After Before Place." . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "From Before," "Landscape for 10," and "Telling a Story." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

SOME establishments around town slap a few bull horns and saddles on the walls and try to pass themselves off as Western bars, but the Rodeo Bar is not one of these. Here—on Third Avenue and 27th Street, attached to a restaurant called Albuquerque Eats—you get more West for your dollar: walls designed to simulate a log cabin; lots of stuffed animal heads, including a buffalo that blows smoke through its nostrils; a hefty horse trailer that's been converted into a bar; and an exhaustive display of memorabilia. There's even a tacky portrait of Elvis over the bandstand, but that's not so much Western as just, well, inevitable. On a recent visit to the Rodeo Bar, we listened to a local band try to sound like Little Richard and end up sounding like Little Feat; peered into the back window of the horse trailer, where two cowboy-kid replicas that looked like a joint creation of Duane Hanson and David Lynch were lying on hay reading magazines; and watched real cowboys get tossed from horses on a video called "Rodeo Classics."

Afterward, we walked over to Wonderland, on Second Avenue at 29th. We had walked past the bar a few times before, and its façade, painted with colorful East Village-naïf figures, had looked promising. Inside, we found furnishings a cut above Salvation Army and a white-haired, red-faced bartender wearing a pin that said "GEORGE—BARTENDER." The place smelled as if there had been a flood recently. George gave us the international sign for "buy a drink or leave," so we bought one, and then, after listening to a few unconvincing blues numbers (it was "open-jam night"), we left. Outside, we noticed that the artist who painted the façade had left not only his signature but his phone number, which may or may not have been a smart career move.

LODGING

The street life of the West 100s will change forever in December, when the city's first official youth hostel opens, on Amsterdam Avenue at 103rd Street. The hostel will be housed in a brick building, constructed around 1883, that originally served as a nursing home called the Association Residence for Respectable Aged Indigent Females, and that by the nineteen-seventies had become a drug den. Now there are enough beds inside to sleep four hundred and eighty backpackers; there's even a Gothic-like chapel that has been converted into a most uncommon common room. The merchants along the avenue seem thrilled with the development. The waitress at the Elsa Café, where you can play "Te He Prometido" or "Quisiera" on the jukebox, didn't even have time to talk to us; she was too busy serving lunch to the construction workers who are finishing up the building's renovations.

Behind the hostel lies an acre of land, studded with empty bottles and embossed with tire tracks. Elliot Winick, the hostel's executive director, told us that flowers and meandering paths will someday fill this lot. "The neighborhood may not be flashy," he said, "but not even the Pierre's got a garden like this one."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **EARTHA KITT** is in residence just now. Hear her sing of men and money; watch her slither around stage like a cat. Miss Kitt has the distinction of having once been sent up in a Monty Python skit. (She was chased through the streets of Moscow by a mob of Russian officers.)

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. **ILLINOIS JACQUET**—the Houston-bred saxophonist who cues his big band with, among other things, his chin and his feet—flies in Nov. 21-26. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has tables, chairs, good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. Lounge lizard **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** known throughout the land for his pompadour, his bit parts in movies, and his screwy grin, will be here with his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** Nov. 22 and Nov. 29. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**—two young men who grew up in Massachusetts but didn't get out of the house enough, and who, when performing their jittery, often hilarious songs, look as if they were receiving electric shocks—come in Nov. 24-25. The "Winter Solstice Concert" is set for Nov. 28. This varied program should probably come with a "Beware: Windham Hill" warning label, but pianist **LIZ STORY**—a kind of warm-blooded George Winston—should be worth the trip. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. This week is dedicated to the late proprietor Bradley Cunningham. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a Memphis tenor-sax man who, among other things, appeared on early B. B. King records is here through Nov. 25, along with **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER.** On Nov. 27, the piano-bass duo of **JOHN HICKS** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** gets started on a week-long engagement. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **BENNY CARTER,** a saxophonist and composer who was the toast of the town before anyone had heard of Charlie Parker, has added an extra four nights (Nov. 23-26) to his engagement here. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesday through Thursday, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday through Sunday. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers. Mr. Short first went to the bench here in 1968, liked it, and has been coming back ever since. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and a bartender who, on a recent evening, was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum." Mondays belong to the **HEADLESS HORSEMEN,** four fun-loving archivists whose passions are sixties pop, psychedelia, and garage rock. On Fridays, ex-New York Dolls **SYLVAIN SYLVAIN** and **JERRY NOLAN** do their thing. Also, **BINKY PHILIPS** on Nov. 22 and the **SURREAL MC COYS** on Nov. 29. Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back room of this dark, low-key bar, you can drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to traditional Irish music; on Saturdays, you can drink from the cup that cheers and listen to bluegrass and old-timey music. **NOEL HILL,** a County Clare concertina master, gives a solo performance on Nov. 24.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **MOSE ALLISON,** a jazz-blues singer and a snappy lyricist, performs Nov. 21-26, and the thundering **MC COY TYNER** will be at the piano as of Nov. 28. Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** work here through Nov. 25; **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and **WARREN VACHÉ** put in a week beginning Nov. 27. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays. On Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one, **DARRYL SHERMAN** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** play in the downstairs lounge. Closed Thanksgiving.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Nov. 26: "The Last Temptation of Starla," an act starring con-

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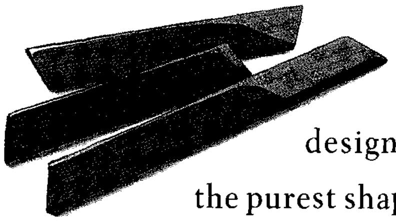

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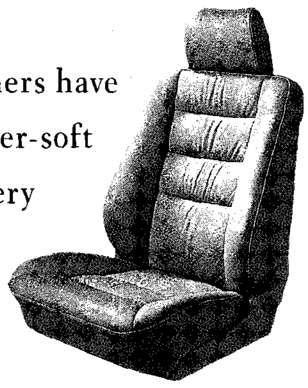

Which the designers have done. By making butter-soft glove leather upholstery standard. Wrapping the steering wheel in leather. Trimming

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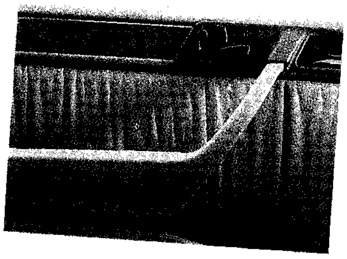

None of which, the engineers insist, will ever compete with the 300E's performance as a reason to buy.

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tralto **STARLA SMITH**, an earthy lass who grew up in Union, Iowa, and attended feather-boa finishing school in Iowa City before making her roundabout way here, where she'll dust off a few standards with her turkey feathers. With pianist Buddy Barnes and the Starlettes (Mark Coffin and Bradley Bales). Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from ten on Sundays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. Nov. 21-25, except Thanksgiving, are in the hands of **BILL MAYS** and **HARVIE SWARTZ**; **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and **GENE BERTONCINI** start work on Nov. 28. Music from about nine-thirty.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., *at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn*. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

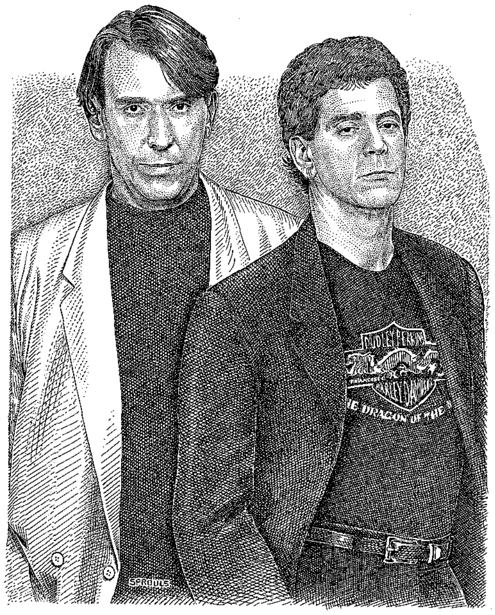
LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. **DONALD FAGEN**—who was one half of the studio-group sensation Steely Dan and who hasn't sung live for fifteen years—leads a "Thanksgiving Soul Party" here Nov. 21-22. Joining him in the sixties revelry will be **DR. JOHN, PHOEBE SNOW, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, and others. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret, where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Singer and actress Debbie Shapiro, who recently snagged a Tony for her performance in "Jerome Robbins' Broadway," begins a three-week engagement here on Nov. 21. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. Electric Hot Tuna performs on Nov. 24. **BILLY SQUIER**—come on, you remember—sets his emotions in motion Nov. 28. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. **NONA HENDRYX**—an ex-member of Labelle, who sang backup with Talking Heads for a while, then turned her attention to funk—performs Nov. 21-22. Nov. 24 belongs to **TABOU COMBO**, a Brooklyn-by-way-of-Haiti outfit, which had a million-selling hit called "New York City" in the seventies. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The venerable, mellow bop guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will lead a trio here Nov. 21-26, and a quintet belonging to saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** starts up on Nov. 28. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.



John Cale and Lou Reed at BAM

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Nov. 27 (from nine-thirty on) is set aside for salsa singer **RUBÉN BLADES. WILSON PICKETT**, the spiky elder statesman of soul, responsible for "In the Midnight Hour," performs Nov. 24-25 (shows at ten and midnight).

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **DON PULLEN**—a pianist who has dabbled in free jazz and who occasionally spruces up his playing with glissandos and tone clusters—leads a trio Nov. 21-26. Trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** and his quintet start up on Nov. 28. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

They Might Be Giants at the Bottom Line

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

DESPITE the onslaughts of time, tourists, and barbed tabloids, Windsor Castle still stands majestic. Sad that disco palaces don't age so well. The Underground deserves a Lifetime Achievement Award simply for outlasting Hurrah, Xenon, Paradise Garage, and the other glitter domes that were once its contemporaries. The Underground opened on the unfashionable, north side of Union Square back when Union Square didn't have a fashionable side; the club was big by pre-Palladium standards, and its two-tiered design was a definite break from high-tech forerunners in the use of garish color instead of black and white. Crumbling, SITE-like brick walls made the place look both warmer and funkier, planters exploded with enough tropical flora to hide Dorothy Lamour, and Vegas-has-nothing-on-us bands of neon wrapped themselves around anything vaguely cylindrical. The crowd was the kind club owners toast with a Long Island Iced Tea—young, hip, as careless with money as they were with time, and willing to dance on the ceiling, if only they could have located the club's high, black-washed upper limits through all the machine-made smoke.

There's no difficulty locating the ceiling now. The peeling black paint there reveals a whitewashed base. The worn, non-urethaned floor (glossing a floor is a mistake almost all clubs make) is great for dancing, but it isn't pretty. Couches have been replaced by cheesily upholstered black diner banquettes and struggling areca palms. The bars are partially stocked, the neon intermittently used, and the stage rarely worked, and the tablecloths on the second floor could have been sent over from the local pizzeria. All this must make the regular weekend crowd feel right at home: they have a true appreciation for the craftsmanship inherent in acid wash and the easy care of double-processed hair.

Someone who must have mistakenly fallen in from the club's clientele on Tuesday nights—when those at the front halfheartedly welcome those halfheartedly downtown—remarked that the place might look better with an along-the-moors dose from the fog machine, which did not start spewing till way past 2 A.M. Close, but too many cigars.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) continue through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL AT BAM—Nov. 28 at 7 and Nov. 29 at 8: Dance performances by Bebe Miller and Company. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: Two former members of the Velvet Underground, Lou Reed and John Cale, presenting their fourteen-part historical song cycle about the life, death, friendships, childhood, and travels of Andy Warhol. Through Dec. 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

The eagle has landed.

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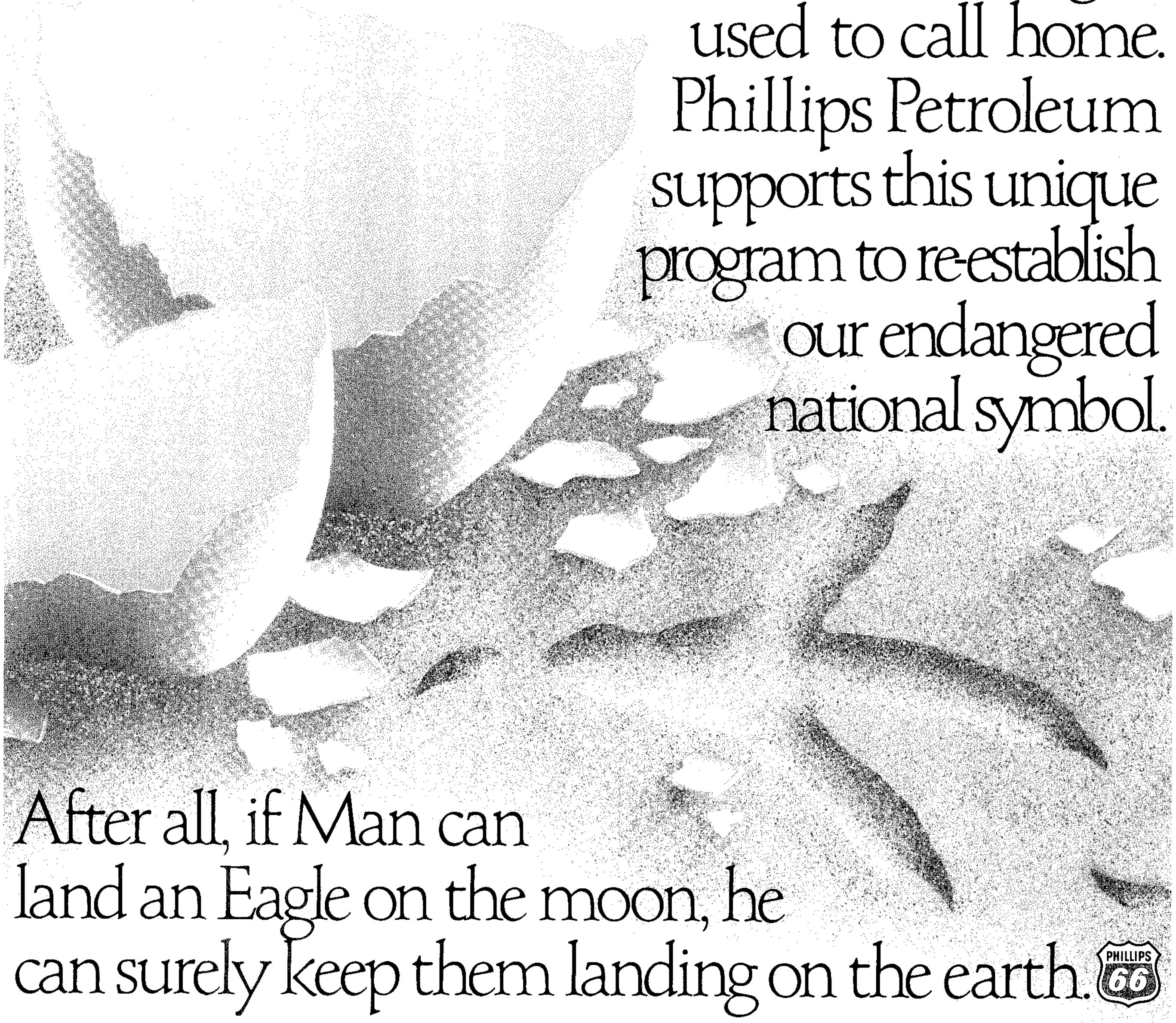
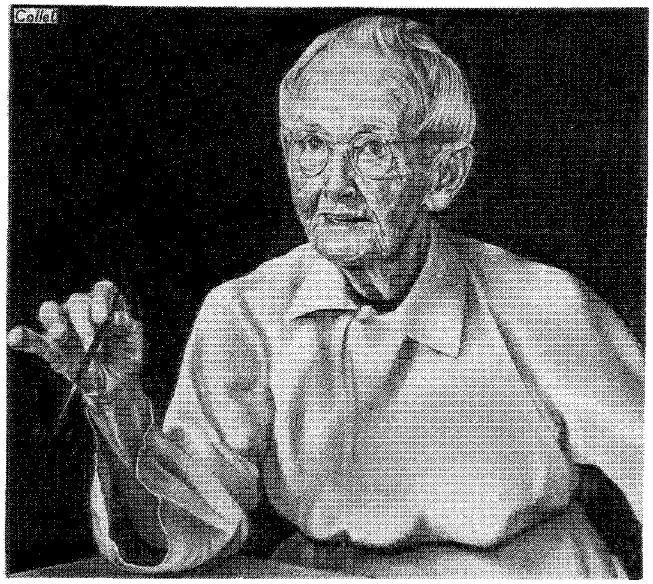


After all, if Man can
land an Eagle on the moon, he
can surely keep them landing on the earth.

PHILLIPS 66

For more information, contact the George Miksch Sutton Avian Research Center, Inc., P.O. Box 2007, Bartlesville, OK 74005, (918) 336-7778.



Grandma Moses

ART

“**I**MAGE WORLD: ART AND MEDIA CULTURE,” at the Whitney Museum, has some of the earmarks of a contemporary-art-world crowd pleaser. The main exhibition area on the fourth floor, for instance, is now a hyperstimulated atmosphere geared to short attention spans. Diffuse and pervasive noisiness—static-filled strains of rock and roll, the familiar frequency of TV sound bites—has everyone scurrying around like lab rats as they sample interactive displays that allow you to mix your facial features with those of Elvis Presley, Jesse Jackson, and Barbara Bush. The show's premise—simply “that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an ‘image world’ ”—is about as sprightly today as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Come *on*, kids! Screw your thinking caps on a little tighter.

In this totally imprecise and unimaginative context, however, there is some good news. The accompanying film-and-video schedule, for starters, is a tour de force of listmaking and ought to be pursued. Also, many individual pieces on view—sixties work by Ed Kienholz, Robert Rauschenberg, and Tom Wesselmann, or the new lobby “Ticket Booth” by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a “homeless” frieze—are terrific. A couple of subgenres included might have provided material for at least three distinct, fresh, and focussed exhibitions. Late-sixties and seventies conceptual and performance-related work, for instance, could do with a big museum review, as could work by artists who have used advertising directly—Lynda Benglis, Carole Ann Klonarides. A show of video sculpture is also overdue. A sensational example of this genre, Nam June Paik's enormous “Fin de Siècle II” (1989), summarizes and carries this show, and should prompt a visit to the Holly Solomon Gallery, where more of his triumphant recent mixed-media work is on view.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Met's Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as “S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice”—an atypical, dark and moody view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ “The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars.” Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—“Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism”—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty*, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Thanksgiving, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; closes at 5 on Thanksgiving Day.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A major retrospective of work by Mario Merz, a signal figure of the Arte Povera movement. Virtually everything in this exhibition—igloo structures, spiral tables laden with vegetables and fruit, the use of the Fibonacci numerical series of natural growth, and the evocative and flexible use of neon as a kind of cosmic ink—rhymes spatially with the building itself. It is an often beautiful but one-note show. Through Nov. 26. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—“Image World: Art and Media Culture.” Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ “Thomas Hart Benton: An American Original.” This retrospective contains more than eighty paintings dating from 1910 to 1970. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The *twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition* consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme “projects and portfolios,” which allows for some organizational creativity, such as the prominent inclusion of Matt Mullican's sixteen related etchings, whose glossary is the artist's most inclusive and informative work yet on his “City” sign system; Brice Marden's twenty-five-etching narrative of markings, which swells like a fine musical composition; and Stephen Ellis's very beautiful suite of aquatint washes, which lives up to its name, “Japanese Gothic.” But while the show offers the opportunity to look at fine contemporary prints it ignores all the unique physical attributes that distinguish portfolios—such as their containers, which have a tactile quality—and also attempts to be too inclusive. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On view in the Akeley Gallery are fifteen paintings by Francis Lee Jaques (1887-1969) that originally illustrated a reference work, “Oceanic Birds of South America,” published by the museum. These renderings, of a “Wandering Albatross,” say, or of some “Blue-Footed Boobies with Turkey Vulture in Flight,” are sometimes strong and always charming. Jaques's realistic Romanticism can also be found in more than half the dioramas in the building. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, and prints by fifty-three contemporary artists. The Academy-Institute will buy a selection of the works and donate them to various museums throughout the country. Through Dec. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots “mud babies” and was so full of himself that he gave up his art because the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a remarkable body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The quiet and highly refined decorative style of the Japanese painter Itō Jakuchū (1716-1800) is not for everyone. His sparest paintings, with their keen compositional sense and subtle use of blankness, are his best. Jakuchū's virtually monochromatic screens and scrolls are equally exquisite, but in an entirely different manner; they are more gestural, more personal, more innocent in temperament—almost like a child's. Through Dec. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display of seventeen Old Master paintings on loan from the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas, including works by Fra Angelico and Goya. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—“Gardens and Ghettos,” an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, programs, letters, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—“New York Faces, 1820-1920.” A display of portraits of such diverse Gotham residents as Junius Brutus Booth, August Belmont, and Israel and Sarah Abigail Seixas Kursheedt, by the painters Henry Inman, Eastman Johnson, and William Sidney Mount, among others. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibition of more than a hundred and sixty works on loan from Cambridge's Fitzwilliam Museum. The many periods and genres represented range from antiquities and coins to drawings (by Goltzius, Carracci, Rembrandt, Watteau, and Turner) and paintings (by Rubens, Hogarth, and Ford Madox Brown). Through Jan. 28. (Open

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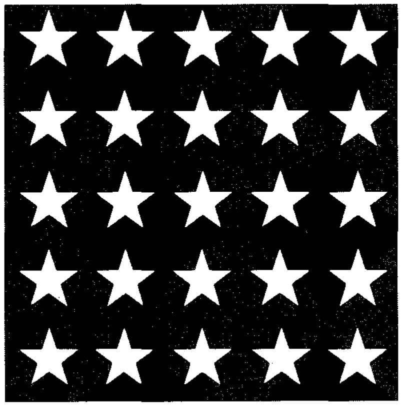
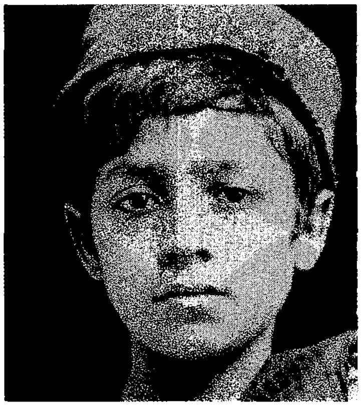


The Young Ambassadors

Thousands of British children came to America during the 1940s, to escape the bombings and become temporary Yanks.

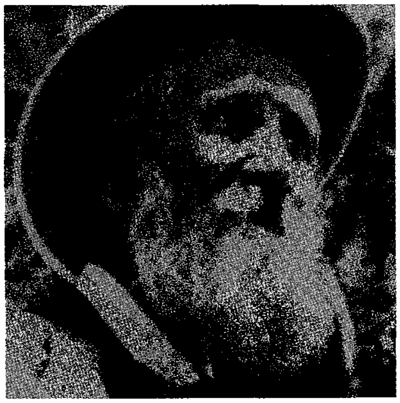
Journey to America

Between 1890 and 1924 twelve million people arrived on Ellis Island. The story of the largest human migration in history.



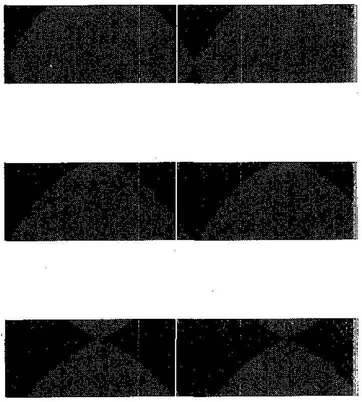
A Passion for Justice –
The Story of Ida B. Wells

Ida B. Wells was a 19th Century fighter against racism and sexism. Her story is one of courage and persistence.



Battle for Wilderness

Two men with very different ideas about conservation created a conflict in the early 1900s that persists today.



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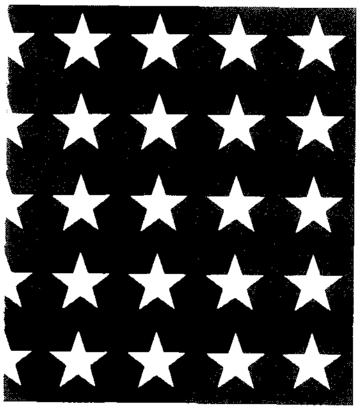
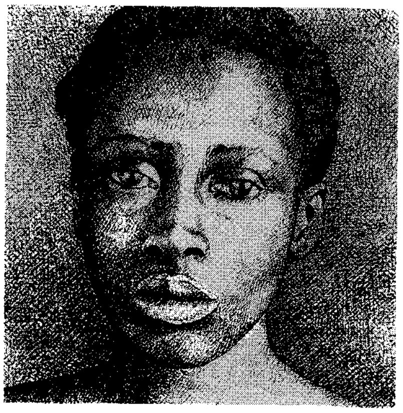


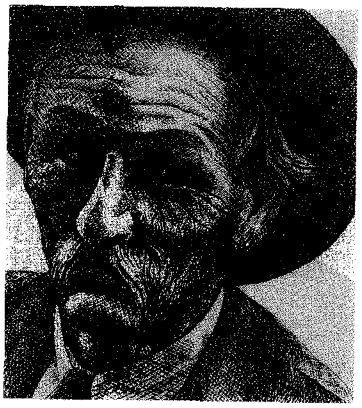
Underground Railroad

The triumphant story of the men and women, black and white, who carved escape routes out of slavery in the 1800s.



Adam Clayton Powell

A film portrait of one of the most charismatic black politicians in our nation's history.



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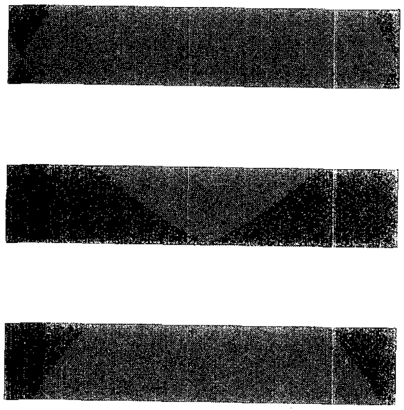
om Lunsford brought dignity
folk music of Appalachia,
elped preserve the best of
posterity.

Forbidden City U.S.A.

At this San Francisco nightclub in the 1930s, Chinese-American entertainers pursued a passion for Western music and dance.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 until 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—This show displays the Italian Futurist at his swirling, mobile best with exquisite drawings, made in the teens, of pure dynamic motion, including a number of Boccioni's herculean fist, and product designs for a lampshade and a screen. Even the artist's "futur Balla" trademark signature, which appears on a number of the works, has a superhero forcefulness. Through Dec. 16. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

David Levine—These small oil paintings of very sombre women and watercolors of various subjects are deft and sensitive new works by a veteran realist. Through Nov. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—In his characteristic way—this time in paint on copper, aluminum, and brass—the artist celebrates the overstimulation of contemporary life with a very painterly, uncontrollable delight. Given such an endeavor, it's uncommon to see someone having so good a time. Through Nov. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Hamilton, 19 E. 71st. St., is showing four assemblages made in the mid-eighties.)

Art Schade—Nonrepresentational cast-metal sculptures that adequately evoke such ephemera as a pile of tumbleweeds. Through Nov. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—One of the unfortunate deficiencies of the Museum of Modern Art's Warhol retrospective last winter was the absence of many works from the seventies, such as the hundred-and-two-panel painting entitled "The Shadow." Included in this show are four large horizontal "Shadow" canvases never before exhibited—some of Warhol's most mystifying works. They are purely abstract, although they conjure up the notion of landscape, and they seem to portray pictorial blindness in a poignant and unsettling way not ordinarily associated with the artist. Some medium-sized "Shadow" canvases on display were done in diamond dust and have a ghostly conceptual preciousness. Through Dec. 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Venetian Glass from 1919 to 1990—A nice show of mostly Venini-fabricated glass vases and figurines by an assortment of designers and artists. The American Dale Chihuly's are the wildest by far. Through Dec. 2. (Karasik, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Short List—**ROBERT M. KULICKE**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 21); **HENRI MATISSE**, La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Dec. 16); **THEODOROS STAMOS**, Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Dec. 2).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Paintings, drawings, and prints by one of our leading serious abstract artists. In these new works, Berthot stretches himself in opposite directions. His paintings are earthier and more impastoed than ever, with great swampy colors and concomitant glop suggestive of Milton Resnick, while the works on paper grow more elegantly ethereal. "For Adorno," a lovely suite of six drawings with scumbles and words, is positively Twombly. Through Dec. 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—These box constructions and framed collages of "Dovecotes, Hotels, and Other White Spaces" are some of Cornell's sparest and least loved. But the highly dramatic installation, against walls covered in rusticated bluish-gray rice paper, makes it so easy to recognize the great beauty of Cornell's cracked surfaces and the delicacy of his compositions that it's possible to imagine that some of these works will never look any better. Through Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Of all the British sculptors who emerged internationally in the early eighties, Cragg has produced the most diverse body of work. His interests have proved to be quite traditional. Often utilizing very different images and styles and working on a large yet intimate scale, he presents sculptural groupings—in limestone, bronze, wood, and other materials—that seem, by turns, banal, mysterious, and somewhat hermetic. Through Dec. 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. He doesn't like his work photographed, has never produced a catalogue, and doesn't like to see any titles in print. In 1970, he exhibited a zodiac series in which the signs Virgo, Taurus, Pisces, etc. were represented by a young girl, a live bull, two dead fish, etc., and he exhibited a *mozzarella in carrozza:* a cheese placed in the back seat of an old-fashioned carriage. In this, his first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above its finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings (Madonnas, an "Urvasi e Ghilgamesh") of various sizes executed on tempera-primed black grounds or on plain wood, one spotlit—dramatically, with halogen—for extra effect. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

ISOSCELES

Mr. Nick wants the smallest piece of real estate in Manhattan. The property—a whitish mosaic triangle embedded in the sidewalk in front of Village Cigars, at Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street—is about two feet on each side, making it only slightly larger than the piece of land Woody Allen's father wanted to build on in "Love and Death." According to a spokesperson at the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation, the triangle is "the result of a surveying error." Seventh Avenue was put down just after the First World War, and the triangle was left stranded. Originally snapped up by a family of gasoline magnates, the parcel still dolefully warns, "Property of the Hess Estate, Which Has Never Been Dedicated for Public Purposes." *Mr. Nick, the eponymous owner of both the Karavas Place, next door, and the Karavas Tavern, up the street, has had designs on Village Cigars and the triangle—which were merged, in the fifties, for convenience's sake, into one all-purpose property—for some time. He says the owner won't sell it to him, because the property has sentimental value. What would Mr. Nick do with the triangle? "You could put in a basement, for storage and deliveries," he said. "Or you could build a little elevator. There's a lot of things you can do under a sidewalk."*

Nicola De Maria—Titled "Testa di Fuoco, Spirito Bianco, Musica Interna" ("Head of Fire, White Spirit, Internal Music"), this gorgeous installation relies on the artist's intense and pristine sense of color. De Maria's individual abstract paintings here are of a piece with his sumptuous treatment of the gallery walls. The colors themselves are Giottoesque by way of Raoul Dufy. The content of the work, for all its spiritual grandeur, which Giotto perhaps inspired, can easily be taken as sublimely decorative entertainment. Through Dec. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Jack Barth—Kelly's paintings—shaped canvases of rectangles elegantly paired with ones of curves—at first seem to lack the precision usually associated with the artist. But the farther away from them one gets—in space and time—the better they wear. / Using a draftsman's sense of exactness and a dreamer's sense of romance, this artist creates paintings of desert landscapes and secular Ascensions by vertically layering chains of bridges, aqueducts, terraces, and trees that are lifted from Central Park's Bethesda Terrace but that are miles away from it in spirit. Through Dec. 9. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joan Mitchell—A beautiful, space-encompassing show of recent abstract paintings by an artist who first triumphed in the late fifties and is triumphant again. Mitchell lives in Vêtheuil, France—Monet country—and her fresh tossed salads of garden color reflect her actual as well as historic surroundings. These paintings have sentiment in them, but also some vinegar. Through Nov. 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Modest black-and-white paintings of spots and pale flashes of light. Through Nov. 25. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nam June Paik—An eye-opening, rambunctious exhibition of recent works by the renowned techno-whiz. It includes a number of mixed-media homages to Joseph Beuys; closed-circuit video monitors airing multiple images of a swinging pendulum; a video monitor in a wood birdcage; computer-generated paintings on canvas, one with attached tribal masks; teeny TVs buried in stretched canvases; Oriental kitsch; and more. Through Nov. 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Pollock (1902-88)—These modest figure-ground abstract paintings from 1963 by Jackson's older brother have a calligraphic sensitivity, and recall Newman's zips, Motherwell's blackness, and Still's isolation. Their humility is not what one usually associates with the name Pollock, and, while quite accomplished, the paintings tend to be too understated. Through Dec. 9. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Three of five very homespun videotapes the artist has made of his racing cars. Through Nov. 30. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

"Albert Pinkham Ryder: The Descendants"—Virtually every work in this meticulously selected exhibition of paintings and works on paper is a gem attesting to Ryder's consummate American identity. Many of them are stylistically linked, from the landscape swirls of Thomas Hart Benton to the surrealistic figures of an early Jackson Pollock drawing and even, in a 1951 work, to the rhythms of Pollock's black paint. Many of the artists here, such as the contemporary painter Bill Jensen, are aligned with Ryder's sturdy, moody sense of isolation. Through Dec. 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**JACK BUSH**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 28); **EDUARDO CHILLIDA**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **MINNIE EVANS**, Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 6); **NANCY HAGIN**, Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 29); **JOHN HARTELL**, Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **WALT KUHN**, Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **ALEXANDER LIBERMAN** (through Dec. 2) and **MORRIS LOUIS** (through Nov. 25); Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **CONRAD MARCA-RELLI**, Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 9); **JOHN MARIN**, Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 25);

ART—Cont'd

GRANDMA MOSES, Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Albers—Beautiful paintings of precisely rendered microscopic organisms floating in space with their tendrilous roots hanging down. Each work is paired with a cosmic pentimenti-filled painting suggesting chemical diagrams. Through Dec. 13. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Doug Anderson—Large, bland collage paintings depicting patterns of lacy flowers that make one think of a turn-of-the-century bordello. They are supposed to derive their meaning from their use within our product-addicted art system, but even as critiques they are low in provocation, attractiveness, and diversion, while as acts of collusion they are neither gutsy nor entertaining. Through Dec. 2. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Matt Baumgardner—Adolph Gottlieb-like pictographs with feminine imagery and stacked horizontally. Through Dec. 2. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

Robert Beauchamp—Paintings from the past ten years, many of the artist and his model, in which the artist's palette is lighter than before, but which suffer from an engulfing decorativeness. Through Nov. 25. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Eric Bulatov and Oleg Vassilyev—Of these two unofficial Soviet painters, Bulatov creates the kind of bold and graphically assertive works that audiences have come to crave in revolutionary art, only this time the cry is for reform and the words that structure the canvases are "Perestroika" (in Cyrillic) and "New York." Bulatov also creates more traditional works, such as a painting of winter, which have an implicit political content. Vassilyev is much more of a dreamer. His social-realist style is hard to get past and is almost hokey by local standards. But in paintings whose private spirituality recalls the early, pre-abstract Mondrian he bathes his dark landscapes and portraits of his ninety-year-old father and others with a magical, prismatic light. Through Dec. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Daniel Buren—The astonishingly ingenious Buren does more with stripes than a zebra. They can seem to carry you to the windows of the Louvre, to the waterways under the Palais-Royal, to an Arcadian prison (yes, a contradiction in terms), or to the beach. Here, they seem very settled into their gallery setting, yet have taken the form of discrete wooden strips leaning precariously against the walls. Their colors are less declamatory and "French" than usual, but more subdued and sensual (ochres, for instance, have replaced yellow) and Italianate. Through Nov. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Christian Eckart—Three exquisite and elaborate gold-leaf rectangular wood pieces that suggest a modern-day parable of the golden calf, and three generic thick wood boxes. The surface of each box is covered in a different beautiful, deep color. Through Dec. 9. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Luciano Fabro—This Arte Povera artist pays homage to New York with a cheery installation work in which he places himself in a European-American continuum. The piece, entitled "Two Nudes Descending a Staircase Dancing the Boogie-Woogie," takes its image from Duchamp and its colors from Mondrian, and includes two highly polished marble slabs, which are carved to look relaxed, and which lie on a fallen, no longer hierarchical staircase. The highly aestheticized piece, perhaps in keeping with the artist's view of New York, is metallic and frivolous. Through Dec. 15. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Ferrer has dropped his electric palette and has stopped depicting nude women in exploitative ways, in favor of more modest and thoughtful narrative paintings of the lovely, tree-filtered light of the Dominican Republic. Through Nov. 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Rainer Fetting—This artist was the most celebrated of the younger group of German Expressionist painters voraciously chewed up by the New York art world in the early eighties and almost as quickly spit out. Most of the slapdash works here seem to be the artist's response to that rejection: paintings of fish with sharklike snouts all swimming in the same direction; paintings of a "New York Fishbowl"; and a ready-made that consists of a bowl of bloated-eye goldfish. Less entertaining but richer for the eye is an exotic painting of men in Sumatra. Through Nov. 25. (Raab, 500 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Joel Fisher—Round, oddly elegant marble sculptures shaped by a stone lathe. The shapes were determined by a bizarre Arpian process of chance—the artist creates a chain of silhouettes from fibres he found in his handmade paper—which is metaphoric and contains a rumination on beauty and arbitrariness. Through Dec. 2. (Diane Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Customarily, Flavin's neon sculptures are monumental and static, but in this new installation—of fluorescent fixtures with colored and uncolored tubes—they are also very aggressive. The fixtures hang at sharp angles from two of the gallery's three skylights, like brilliant-colored lightning bolts. The work fits smartly within the ongoing nature-culture dialogue, and projects an urgent political tone. Through Nov. 30. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Jan Hashey—Abstract paintings incorporating childish portrayals of pets by an artist who has great formal skills but little to say. Through Nov. 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Peter Hopkins—Contents: Large canvases covered in nylon and heavily plasticized; a black canvas with bulges at the bottom; a construction of rubber, spandex, cardboard, and a stream of foul-looking liquid; dark photographs of trash piles at night. Stated goals: The total absence of ambiguity, mystery, illusion, pictorial and psychological depth; and a portrayal of the failure of art. Mission: Accomplished. Through Nov. 25. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Mary Lucier—One of the most enchanting and accessible works produced in video. Its seven monitors display a well-orchestrated array of images inspired by American landscape, genre, and still-life painting. Just when you find yourself entranced by a forest, ice floes, and a Spartan bedroom, the camera gently pulls back to reveal a picture frame around the image—a clear reminder of its own technology. Through Nov. 25. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Chris Macdonald—Big, raw, freestanding wood sculptures that strongly suggest children's toys and zoo animals. The artist has been working this turf for a while now, and these pieces, while as likable as earlier ones, seem literal, limited, and too cute. Through Dec. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Beautiful new paintings of trees. Some are leafy and feathery, others are bare except for networks of tendrils, but all have such a high degree of abstraction to them that the artist's signature faux masking tape, which appears on a number of the edges and refers to the painting process, seems less essential than it did in the past. Still, the marriage of representation and abstraction is achieved in a subtle and thoughtful way. Through Nov. 29. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Nachume Miller—Turbulent paintings of mostly dark, dramatically lit cavernous spaces in a Futurist-Expressionist style. Through Dec. 2. (Donahue, 560 Broadway.)

Catherine Murphy—A quirky range of deadpan realism, including two perplexing paintings of windows—about as good as contemporary realism gets. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Ben Patterson—As the art world gears up for the thirtieth anniversary of the anti-art movement Fluxus, in 1992, this artist, who stopped making "art" for twenty-five years, has returned with assemblages of found games, children's toys, and kitsch collectibles which demonstrate in an unfunny way how we fetishize humor. A grid of found photographs of happy, smiling couples aboard the Spirit of New York, punctuated with a little plastic marching band, is charming. Through Nov. 25. (Emily Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Mel Ramos—Recent paintings by a California Pop-meister—outrageous in the sixties, somewhat less outrageous now—who has for a while been due the revived attention he is beginning to get. David Salle's women, girls, and girlies, for instance, used to suggest Ramos pets with a case of anomie. The Ramos view itself, even as it ages, is simultaneously sexy and a parody of sex, sexist and the sexist's auto-critique, kind of gross yet very precise and, when it comes to his primary subject, enthusiastically fond. Through Nov. 25. (Louis K. Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Peter Schuyff—Oil-on-linen paintings depicting 3-D patterns with a neo-retro appeal which seem vapid but do a good job of entertaining the eye. Through Dec. 2. (Pat Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Maria Scotti—These modest and attractive paintings inspired by Giotto and his circle take the spatial simplicity of the early Renaissance and update it with controlled brushwork and imagery. Through Nov. 25. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Jackie Winsor / Julian Lethbridge—New works by this cube-ist include inset wall pieces and pyramidal floor sculptures—squared, made of cement, and with recesses of surprise pigment. This show is physically softer and more fanciful in tone than Winsor's previous ones. Here and there, you may even think of pink-toned Indian fairy tales. / Lethbridge's oil-on-linen, faux-crocodile abstractions look good, and nuances of texture and intensity are more evident than before. This work transmits at a very low frequency but has laconic wit and a certain intellectual élan. Through Nov. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

"Face-Off"—All the portraits in this wonderfully peculiar mix—by everyone from Alfred Maurer to Eric Fischl, and Fairfield Porter to Steve Gianakos—are pensive, studied, and contained. Most portray people other than the artists, but there's a strong sense of the maker in each of them. No smiles here. Through Dec. 2. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St.)

Short List—**CANDIDA ALVAREZ,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Dec. 2); **MIQUEL BARCELÓ,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway and 578 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **JOSEPH BEUYS,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Dec. 23); **GARY BUKOVNIK,** Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 9); **EDGAR BUONAGURIO,** Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through Dec. 2); **DAVID DIAO,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 16); **PETER HALLEY,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **RICHARD HAMILTON,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **ED MOSES,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Dec. 16); **PINO PASCALI,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 9); **RICHARD PRINCE,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St., and Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **KAY ROSEN** and **JIM ISERMANN,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (through Dec. 2).

OTHER GALLERIES

Roz Chast—Cartoons. Pen, ink, and wash; also watercolors. The Apprehension Trail from "Anxiety State Park" might be new to

"Now you're talking!"

John Barrymore and Mary Astor in *Don Juan* (1926).
Alan Crosland. Courtesy of Turner Entertainment, Co.

Well, not exactly. The year was 1926 and while John Barrymore still made silent love to Mary Astor, it was now accompanied by synchronized sound effects and music. And, thanks to AT&T, all films were "all talking" by 1929.

Since the turn of the century, AT&T had been at work developing amplification and recording systems—technology that was perfectly suited for the production of talking pictures. By the time Barrymore impersonated history's greatest lover in Warner Bros.' *Don Juan*, our Western Electric and Bell Labs units had created Vitaphone—the patented process that ultimately broke the Hollywood sound barrier.

60 years later, AT&T joins with The Museum of Modern Art to celebrate the advent of the talkies with American MovieMakers: "The Dawn of Sound." It's a rediscovery of a rich national legacy—selected features and shorts made between 1926 and 1931— the union of art and technology that changed the way the world communicates. We think it only proper that the first American corporation to sponsor a major film retrospective and restoration program is the same company that helped Hollywood prove a bold theory: When it comes to the silver screen, silence *isn't* golden.

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ART—Cont'd

readers of this magazine, but most other drawings on view by our chronicler of the freakishly normal and the routinely queer will be familiar. Through Dec. 3. (The Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Lydia Dona—This artist's very proficient, somewhat lacklustre recent paintings suggest the combined influences of fifties Scandinavian design and recent intellectual conceits involving the actual and metaphoric connotations of computer circuitry. The beiges, browns, and flesh tones get tedious fast. The green painting is better. Through Nov. 25. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Raymond Hains / André Cadere (1934-78)—Exceedingly pretentious works by a French *nouveau réaliste*. / Striped batons that were originally carried as symbols of protest (when the artist crashed prestigious art events) are, in this exhibit, arranged as wall and floor pieces. Through Dec. 10. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators. The show is a glorious sight—brassy and boisterous. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

"Ancien Régime"—The thought that the Kyoto Costume Institute would so meticulously preserve the extravagant, bustle-backed embroidery of eighteenth-century France and England is a curious one. Here are the fruits of such a labor, including an elaborate display of literally breathtaking corsets, dresses wider than the wearers' height, and a mammoth, curlicued coiffure topped by a small frigate. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Historical Mode"—However indulgent the garb of the ancien régime may seem, ours seems more so in a companion exhibition of contemporary fashion that has mined history for its inspiration. From Mary McFadden's pleated Byzantine evening gown to Thierry Mugler's mod bell-bottom updates, the show makes clear the fashion industry's frenetic and exhaustive reprocessing of style, with many exquisite outfits, most notably by Lagerfeld, Lacroix, Gaultier, Miyake, and Rhodes. The outfits are arranged in a quotation time line, and on the walls opposite them are long lists of historic events and art works contemporaneous with the fashions being lifted. Through Jan. 27. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Short List—**REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER,** Paine-Webber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6, through Jan. 5); **DENA SCHUTZER,** Union Square Gallery, 32 Union Square E. (Fridays, 1 to 7, and Saturdays, noon to 5, through Dec. 16).

PHOTOGRAPHY

FRANK MAJORE'S show at the Holly Solomon Gallery is tiny—there are only four photographs. But one of these images should get an award for the creepiness that so many photographers seem to be after these days. The photograph, titled "Intemperate Zone," features a Shocking-pink plant, a heliconia, taken from such an angle that its flesh-colored pods look like fingers in a horror movie. Down at the bottom of the image is a lavender telephone. The receiver is positioned so close to one of the heliconia's dangly leaves that it looks as if the plant were on the phone getting instructions to do something awful. While we were at the gallery, two visitors whisked by the image, one saying to the other, "Pretty. Colorful." Actually, it's anything but. Majore's photograph could inspire a re-remake of "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on view span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these views—of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building—made us realize how rarely pictures focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays, from 10 to 6.)

New Photography at MOMA—Three eccentric photographers who work in color. Thomas Florschuetz shows hyperreal blowups of details of his hands, his face, and a nail; one of Vincent Borrelli's subjects is the interior of a 1956 Ford whose décor is part disco and part Bible; and Mike Mandel, the most original of the three, fits his subjects with tiny colored bicycle lights that function as strobes—the resulting trails of light enliven such mundane actions as "Emptying the Fridge" or "Having a Talk." Through Jan. 9. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Magnum Photographers—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum coöperative—Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ "In Our Time," another Magnum-based show, includes more than three hundred works by sixty past and present members. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**KEN GRAVES,** O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Dec. 2); **LEWIS W. HINE,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 25); **PAUL ICKOVIC,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens Saturdays at noon, through Dec. 2); **MICHAEL KENNA,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 16); **HELEN LEVITT,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 2); **FRANK MAJORE,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 25); **ROGER MAYNE,** Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. (opens at noon, through Dec. 9); **LAURIE SIMMONS,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **JOEL STERNFELD,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **WALLACE WILSON,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Dec. 21).

MUSIC

ART has learned to regard commerce with caution and to look twice at its gifts; the threat of trivialization is not to be flirted with lightly. Patronage is a different thing: it has its own hazards, but also a high tradition. For long years, patronage for music came from court and church. Later, the commercially (as opposed to aristocratically) wealthy individual patron became an important force, and the government council, in its various shapes, did, too. But direct commercial—corporate—sponsorship of new music has been sufficiently sparse that we cannot recall any precedent for the concert that Carillon Importers is presenting on the twenty-ninth at Avery Fisher Hall.

Carillon brings Absolut Vodka to these shores, and the program is being billed as "Absolut Concerto." We disapprove mildly of the title as an unidiomatic and somewhat cryptic usage of the Italian noun (it would be all right in Italian; in English we use "concerto" to mean a single musical work for soloist and orchestra). But we can see nothing to disapprove of, nothing even to regard with suspicion, in the idea. Four composers—John Adams, Lukas Foss, Michael Torke, and Joan Tower—have been commissioned to compose new orchestral works. A fifth, John Duffy, will be represented by the first performance of a work commissioned separately by the Sierra Club.

These are well-regarded composers whose music has been received with varying but never negligible warmth by music lovers, yet ticket and record sales alone would not be likely to support any of the five in the habit of orchestral composition. These composers are just the right target for enlightened patronage, we think. Of course, their pieces may turn out to be of no lasting value; so has the vast majority of commissioned music (and every other kind) since the world began. But even if only one of them is fairly worthwhile, or if the Absolut concert turns out to be nothing more than upscale P.R., the money will not have been wasted.

"Hippolyte et Aricie"

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Ruth Welting, Myra Merritt, Judith Forst, Luis Lima, and José van Dam; conducted by Sylvain Cambreling. (Nov. 20 at 8 and Nov. 25 at 1:30.) . . . With Ruth Welting, Catherine Malfitano, Judith Forst, Luis Lima, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Nov. 29 at 8.) . . . **DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN,** with Mechthild Gessendorf, Marilyn Zschau, Gary Lakes, and Bernd Weikl; Christof Perick. (Nov. 21 and Nov. 24 at 7:30.) . . . With Johanna Meier, Janis Martin, Robert Schunk, and Bernd Weikl; Christof Perick. (Nov. 27 at 7:30.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 22 at 8.) . . . With Hei-Kyung Hong, Dennis O'Neill, and Leo Nucci; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 25 at 8.) . . . With June Anderson, Dennis O'Neill, and Frederick Burchinal; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 28 at 8.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Andreas Delfs conducting a staged production of "Così Fan Tutte." (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Monteverdi's "Return of Ulysses," in English. (Lillie Blake

School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Nov. 22 and Nov. 24 at 8, and Nov. 26 at 7. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 25 at 7:30 and Nov. 26 at 2:30.)

"Acis and Galatea"—Gerard Schwarz conducting the New York Chamber Symphony and the Y Chorale in a concert version of the Handel work. With Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Peter Kazaras, tenor; Jan Opalach, baritone; and other vocal soloists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 25 at 8.)

"Hippolyte et Aricie"—James Richman conducting the Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra in a concert version of Rameau's first opera. With Julianne Baird, soprano; Jan Opalach, baritone; other vocal soloists; and I Cantori di New York. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 29-30 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Nov. 21 at 8: A Mussorgsky-Shostakovich-Dvořák program. With Natalia Gutman, cello. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2, Nov. 25 at 8, and Nov. 28 at 7:30: Works by Vivaldi, Nielsen, Roger Kellaway, and Sibelius.

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting five works by French composers. With Anton Nel, piano, and other instrumental soloists. (Town Hall, 125 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting the ensemble in the première of a work by Larry Bell, along with works by Ernst Krenek and Barbara Kolb. With Mr. Bell, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 22 at 8.)

New York Symphonic Ensemble—Mamoru Takahara conducting works by Albinoni, Bach, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—Peter Tiboris conducting the Christmas portions of Handel's "Messiah." With a very large chorus. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 27 at 8.)

"Absolut Concerto"—The Orchestra of St. Luke's performing the premières of works by John Adams, Lukas Foss, Michael Torke, Joan Tower, and John Duffy. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 29 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Performing in a program of works by Beethoven, Schubert, and Jon Deak. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Fou Ts'ong—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 24 at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—Performing, among other works, the première of Astor Piazzolla's "Five Tango Sensations for Quartet and Bandoneon." With Mr. Piazzolla, bandoneon. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 25 at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra playing chamber works by Beethoven, Del Tredici, and Matiega-Schubert. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 26 at 3.)

Thomas Zehetmair—Violin, in his New York début. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Nov. 26 at 5.)

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 28 at 8.)

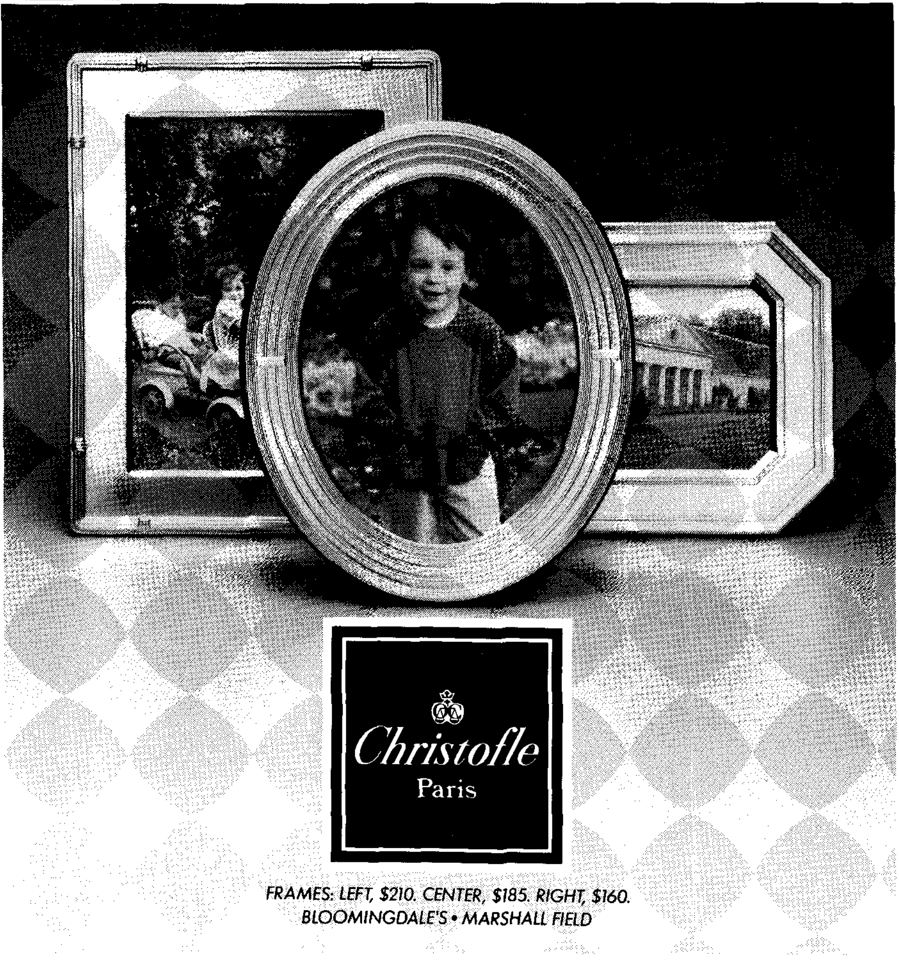
Mia Wu and Jean Anne Albee—Violin and piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Nov. 28 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 144 W. 66th St. Nov. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Benefit Concert—With Edward Alwell and Richard Goode, piano; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and others in a performance for Amnesty International. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Nov. 25 at 8. For information about tickets, call 928-7591.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

George Clinton—Dr. Funkenstein, whose motto is "Free your ass and your mind will follow," is back, making records at Prince's Paisley Park studio and touring in support of a new album, "The Cinderella Theory." As the leader of the seminal Parliament-Funkadelic thang, Clinton never achieved the popularity he deserved. Recording mostly under his own name since 1982, he has been pioneering the three "S"s of hip urban music—samplers, synthesizers, and



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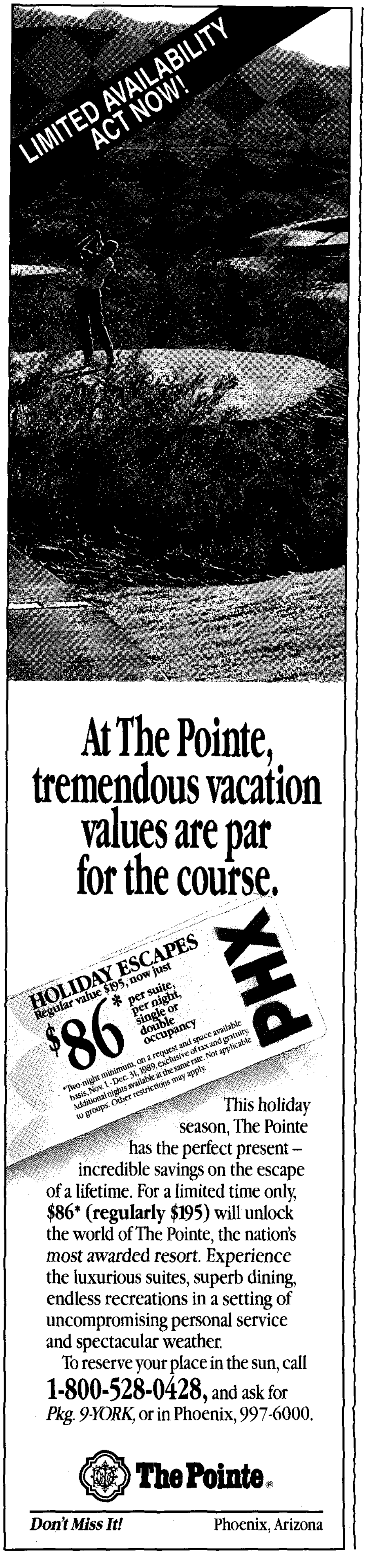
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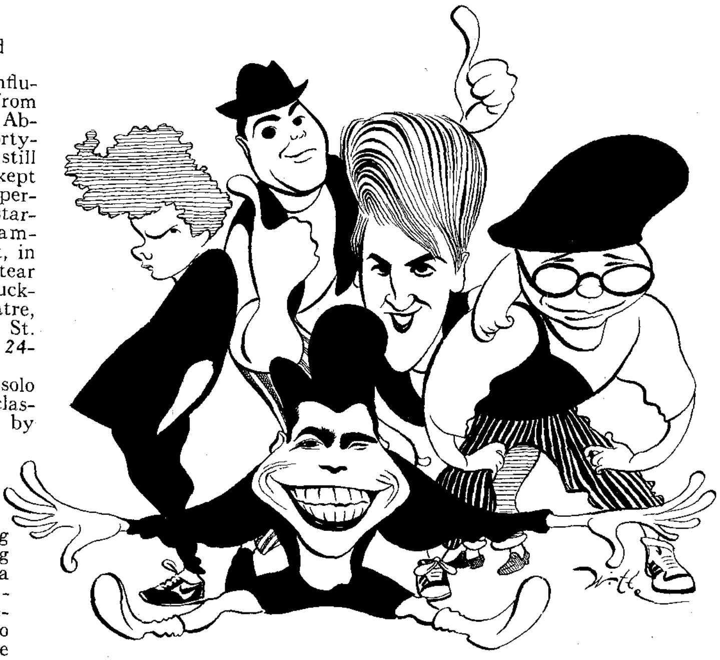
MUSIC–Cont'd

scratch. He's influenced everyone from Prince to Paula Abdul, yet, at forty-nine, Clinton is still a critic's best-kept secret. His live performances are startling, body-slammin' affairs that, in his own words, "tear the roof off the sucker." (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Nov. 24-25 at 8.)

Arlo Guthrie—A solo performance of classical folk music by an entertainer of surpassing warmth, humor, and wit. Guthrie will be playing six-string and twelve-string guitars and a Kurzweil keyboard, and, despite vows to the contrary, he may be prevailed upon to sing "Alice's Restaurant." He'll probably also sing "When a Soldier Makes It Home," a moving new song about veterans of Vietnam and Afghanistan. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 24-25 at 8.)


New Kids on the Block

Marianne Faithfull—This concert, the perfect showcase for a weathered jewel of a singer, is being recorded for a future album and filmed as well, but no one is likely to mind the distractions. The evening is a collaboration with Hal Willner, the music producer of NBC-TV's amazingly eclectic "Night Music," and the mastermind behind a series of brilliant anthology albums that pay tribute to Kurt Weill, Thelonious Monk, and Walt Disney. Willner, who also produced Faithfull's most recent album, "Strange Weather," has assembled a band here that includes Dr. John on piano, Garth Hudson on accordion, Marc Ribot on guitar, and Fernando Saunders on bass. The voice at center stage, by turns caustic, elegiac, despairing, and wistful, is worthy of the stellar support. (St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. 1-718 858-2424. Nov. 25-26 at 8.)

Carole King—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 20-21 at 8.

Chita Rivera—Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 3. Through Dec. 3.

New Kids on the Block—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 23 at 8.

Michael Tomlinson and David Lanz—Beacon Theatre. Nov. 24 at 8.

Van Morrison—With Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 27-29 at 8.)

Julius Hemphill Quartet—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Nov. 29 at 8.

Dance Theatre Workshop—Nov. 22 and Nov. 24-25 at 8, and Nov. 26 at 3: "Kabbalah," with music by Stewart Wallace and libretto by Michael Korie; directed by Ann Carlson. . . . ¶ Nov. 27-28 at 8: Miles Green and Bop Apocalypse. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the Atlanta Falcons, Nov. 26 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Nov. 26. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Nov. 25. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 28 at 7:45.

Knicks—Vs. the Houston Rockets, Nov. 21 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Nov. 25 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Nov. 27 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Boston Celtics, Nov. 29 at 7:30. (The Jets, the Devils, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead, Long Island, 1-516 587-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time on Thanksgiving Day is 11. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIP

Tennis—The Nabisco Masters. Lendl, Becker, Edberg, Gilbert, McEnroe, Agassi, and Krickstein will vie for the title. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 28-29 at 5. Through Dec. 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Thanksgiving—The parade itself starts at Central Park West and 77th Street at 9 A.M. on the twenty-third, and winds down to Broadway and 34th. You can also see the inflating of the giant parade balloons—Big Bird, Garfield, Spiderman, Bugs, and others—on the evening of the twenty-second. The puffed-up celebrities will spend the night trying to hide behind the Museum of Natural History, but it's no use. They're more than sixty feet tall, and very easy to spot.

After Thanksgiving—Walk it off with a hike up the West Side, a trip sponsored by the environmentally minded Shorewalkers. Start from the hot-dog stand in front of the Staten Island Ferry terminal and march to the George Washington Bridge. (Nov. 25 at 9:30. For information, call 663-2167.)

Singing Tree—Twice a day, Thursdays through Sundays (starting Nov. 24), a group of choristers will ascend a tree-shaped stage at the South Street Seaport, from which they will sing carols. The stage is wrapped in fir boughs, and the singers are draped, ornamentally, in red and green robes. For information about performance times, call 732-7678.

Movies About Trains—A three-hour program of films starring steam locomotives, the Myrtle Avenue El, and trolleys. Co-stars are diesel engines, the Third Avenue El, and cable cars. (Y.M.C.A., 2244 Westchester Ave., the Bronx. Nov. 25 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

"Edible Architecture"—Beds made of strawberries, chandeliers made of gumdrops, and whole villages made of cake are among the architectural delicacies displayed. All the models will be auctioned off later in the month, and the proceeds will help people with AIDS. (Steelcase Design Partnership, 305 E. 63rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Dec. 12.)

"What's in a Flame?"—In a series of rather unusual screenings, Cathy Quinn's film will be projected onto the oval window above the entrance to the Cable Building, 611 Broadway. The ten-minute loop, with images and text, will be shown Thursdays through Sundays from 8 to 12, starting Nov. 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 33.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 3: "The Girl in a Swing" (Gordon Hessler), with Meg Tilly and Rupert Fraser.
Theatre 4: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 5: "A Dry White Season" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Entertainer" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 35 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 6: "High Stakes" (Amos Kollek), with Sally Kirkland.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Nov. 21: "Dad" (†).
From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, and Lea Thompson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Bear" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 21: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
From Nov. 22: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Shocker" (Wes Craven). From Nov. 22: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 2: "Times to Come" (Gustavo Mosquera).
Theatre 3: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dad" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987, Gyula Gazdog; in Hungarian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Zemeckis), with Fox, Lloyd, Thompson, and Wilson.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Everlasting Secret Family" (directed by Michael Thornhill).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (Monika Truet and Elfi Mikesch).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods. From Nov. 22: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Dad" (†). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).
Theatre 3: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 4: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell.
Theatre 6: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: "Steel Magnolias."
Theatre 8: Through Nov. 21: "Sea of Love" (†). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Zemeckis), with Fox, Lloyd, Thompson, and Wilson.
Theatre 9: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland. From Nov. 22: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 21: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund. From Nov. 22: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 21: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Zemeckis), with Fox, Lloyd, Thompson, and Wilson.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Bear" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Tora-San Goes to Vienna" (Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Henry V" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Kelly Lynch and Matt Dillon in "Drugstore Cowboy"

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Valmont" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.
Theatre 5: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dad" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "The Bear" (†). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Communion" (directed by Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 23: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn. From Nov. 24: "Heroes Stand Alone."
Theatre 3: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 6: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 4: "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund. From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard). From Nov. 22: "Back to the Future Part II."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Shocker" (Wes Craven).

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 20: "Big City" (1948, directed by Norman Taurog), with Margaret O'Brien, George Murphy, Danny Thomas, and Robert Preston; and "The Great Ziegfeld" (1936, Robert Z. Leonard), with Luise Rainer, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.
Nov. 21: "The Cocoanuts" (1929, Joseph Stanley and Robert Florey), with the Marx Brothers; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974, Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.
Nov. 22: "Kid Millions" (1934, Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman; and "On the Avenue" (1937, Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell.
Nov. 23-25: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†); and "Top Hat" (1935, Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.
Nov. 26-28: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.
From Nov. 29: "Othello" (1965, Stuart Burge), with Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 21: "The Hunger" (1983, Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "Vampire's Kiss" (1989, Robert Bierman), with Nicolas Cage, Maria Conchita Alonso, and Jennifer Beals.
Nov. 22-23: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984, Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro, James Woods, and Elizabeth McGovern.
Nov. 24-25: "Diva" (1981, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983, Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
Nov. 26: "The Damned" (1969, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971, Visconti), with Bogarde.
Nov. 27-28: "A Fish Called Wanda" (1988, Charles Crichton), with John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin; and "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).
From Nov. 29: "Dead Calm" (1989, Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill; and "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (1989, Vincent Ward), with Bruce Lyons.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Nov. 21: "Lady in the Lake" (1947, Robert Montgomery), with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, and Leon Ames; "Cry Terror!" (1958, Andrew Stone), with James Mason, Inger Stevens, and Rod Steiger; and "Trapped" (1949, Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges and Barbara Payton.
Nov. 22-23: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Wise Blood" (1979, John Huston), with Brad Dourit, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Nov. 24-25: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Duellists" (1978, Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 20: "Lucrèce Borgia" (1935, Abel Gance; in French), with Edwige Feuillère; and "Volpone" (1939, Maurice Tourneur; in French), with Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet.
Nov. 21: "The Divorce of Lady X" (1937, Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; and "Clouds Over Europe" (1939, Whelan), with Olivier, Valerie Hobson, and Ralph Richardson.
Nov. 22: "The River" (1951, Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields; and "The Southerner" (1945, Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.
Nov. 23: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938, Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†).
Nov. 24-25: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "The Bishop's Wife" (1947, Henry Koster), with Loretta Young, Cary Grant, and David Niven.
Nov. 26: "Odd Man Out" (1946, Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952, Reed), with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley, and Wendy Hiller.
Nov. 27: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny; and "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.
Nov. 28: "Harold and Maude" (†) and "Where's Poppa?" (†).
Nov. 29: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Head" (1968, Rafelson), with the Monkees.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE I: Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Lights of New York" (1928, directed by Brian Foy), with Helene Costello, Cullen Landis, and Eugene Pallette; and four short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "The First Auto" (1927, Roy Del Ruth), with Barney Oldfield, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Charles Mack; and two short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Don Juan" (1926, Alan Crosland), with John Barrymore and Mary Astor; and eight short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Old San Francisco" (1927, Crosland), with Dolores Costello, Warner Oland, and Charles Mack. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6: "Noah's Ark" (1928, Michael Curtiz), with Dolores Costello and George O'Brien; and two short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "The Divine Lady" (1929, Frank Lloyd), with Corinne Griffith, Victor Varconi, and H. B. Warner. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "Viennese Nights" (1931, Crosland), with Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "The Broadway Melody" (1929, Harry Beaumont), with Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The First Auto" and two short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "Under a Texas Moon" (1930, Curtiz), with Frank Fay, Raquel Torres, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Lights of New York" and four short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Old San Francisco." **THEATRE 2:** Films from Canada. Nov. 21 at 3: "Little Aurore's Tragedy" (1952, Jean-Yves Bigras; in French), with Yvonne Laflamme. . . . Nov. 21 at 6: "Drylanders" (1963, Donald Haldane), with Frances Hyland. . . . Nov. 24 at 3: "Goin' Down the Road" (1970, Donald Shebib), with Doug McGrath. . . .

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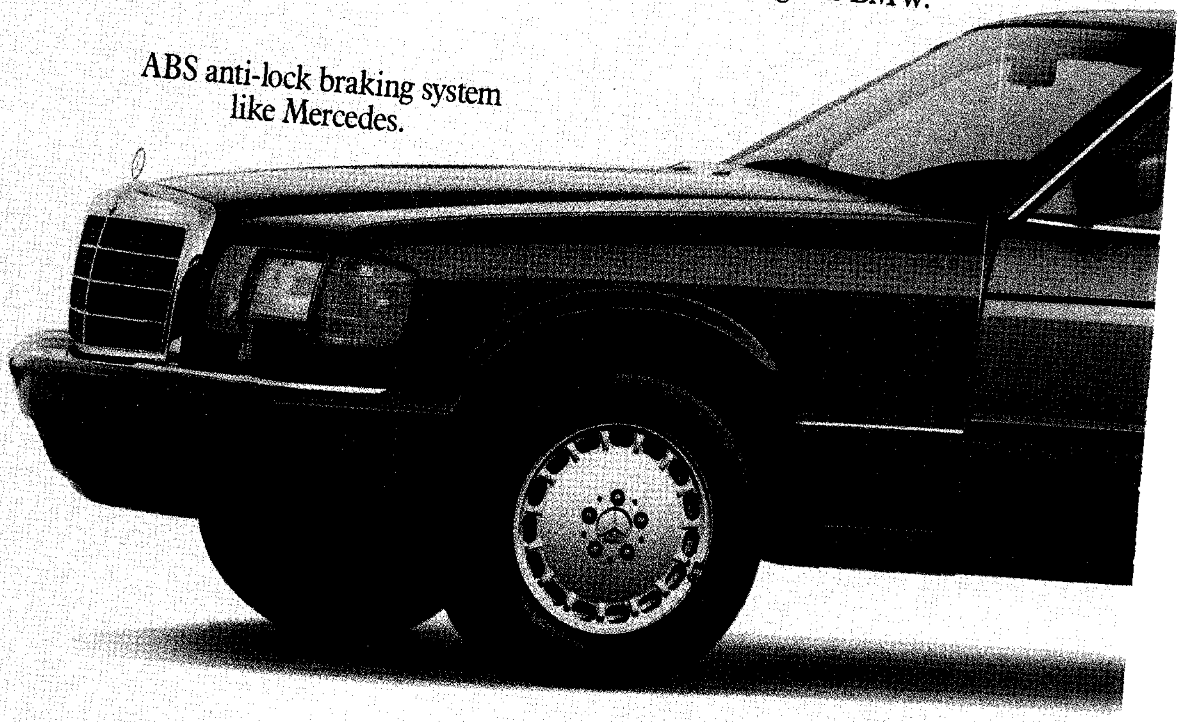

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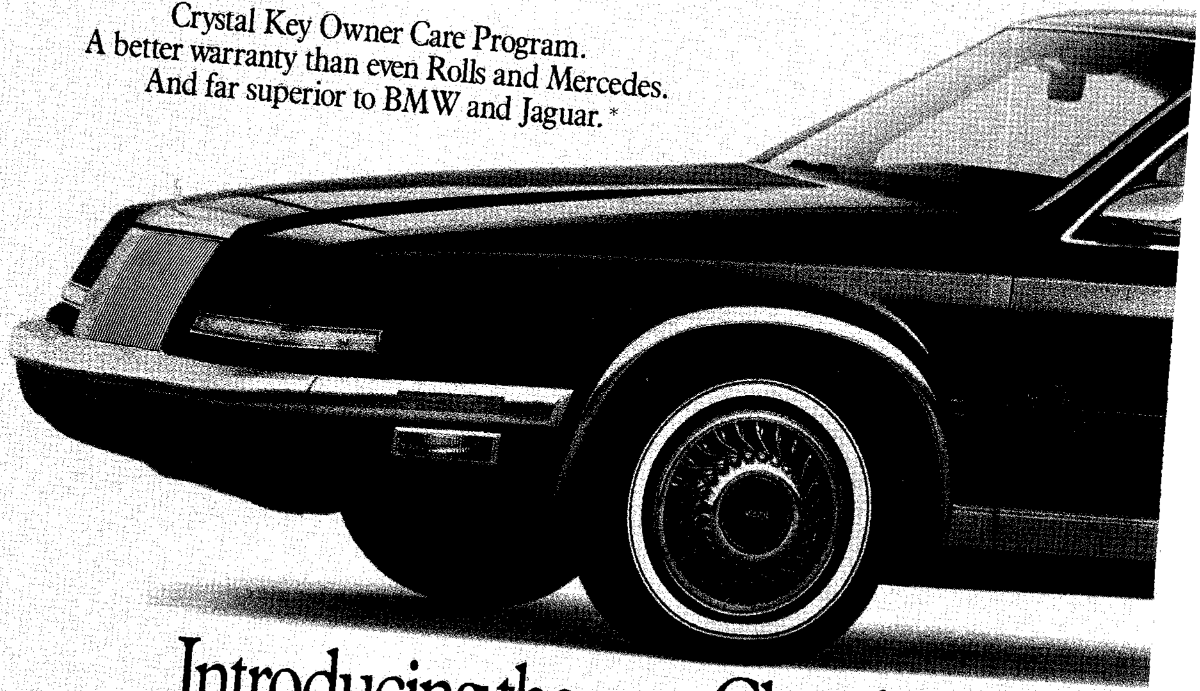

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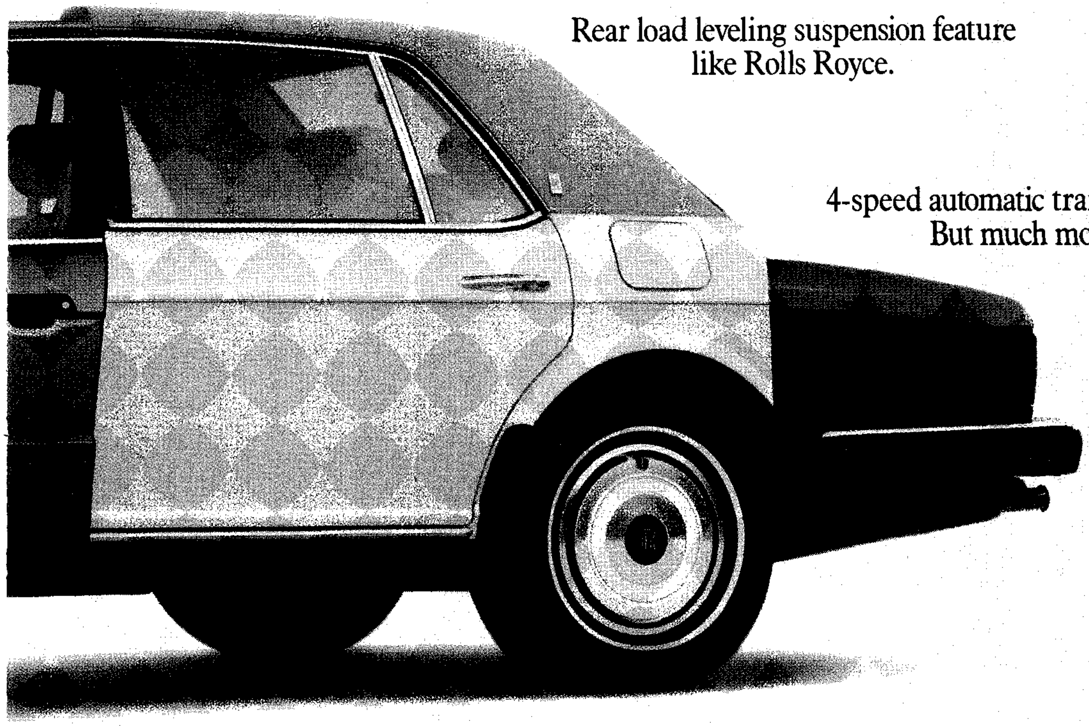

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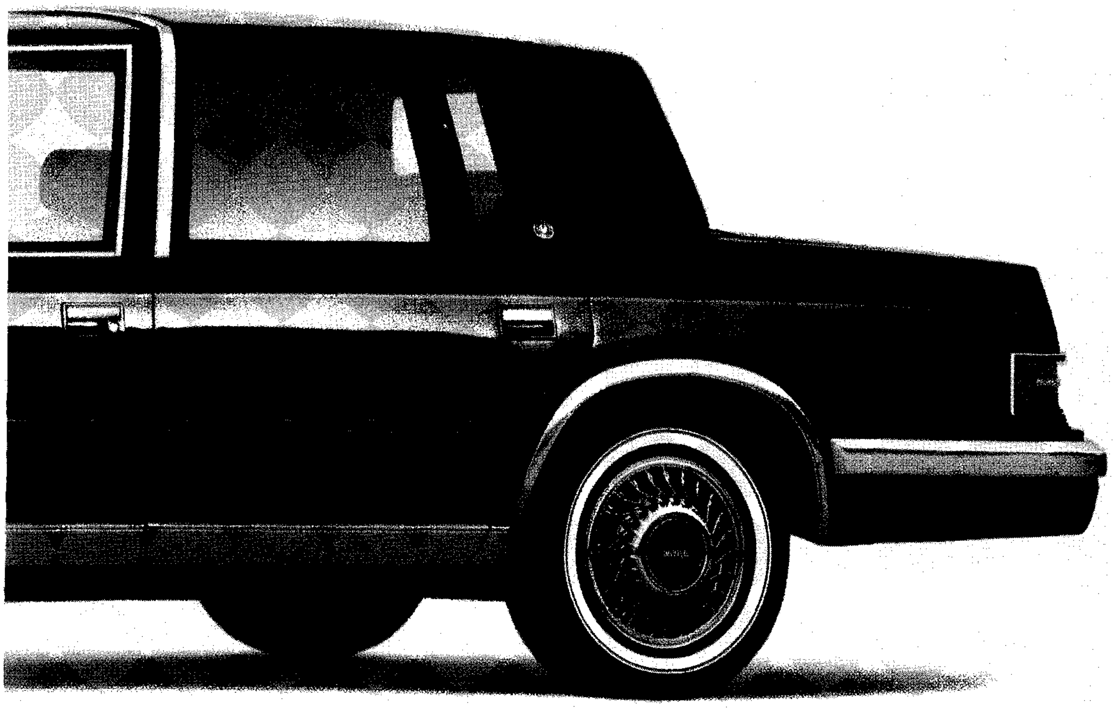

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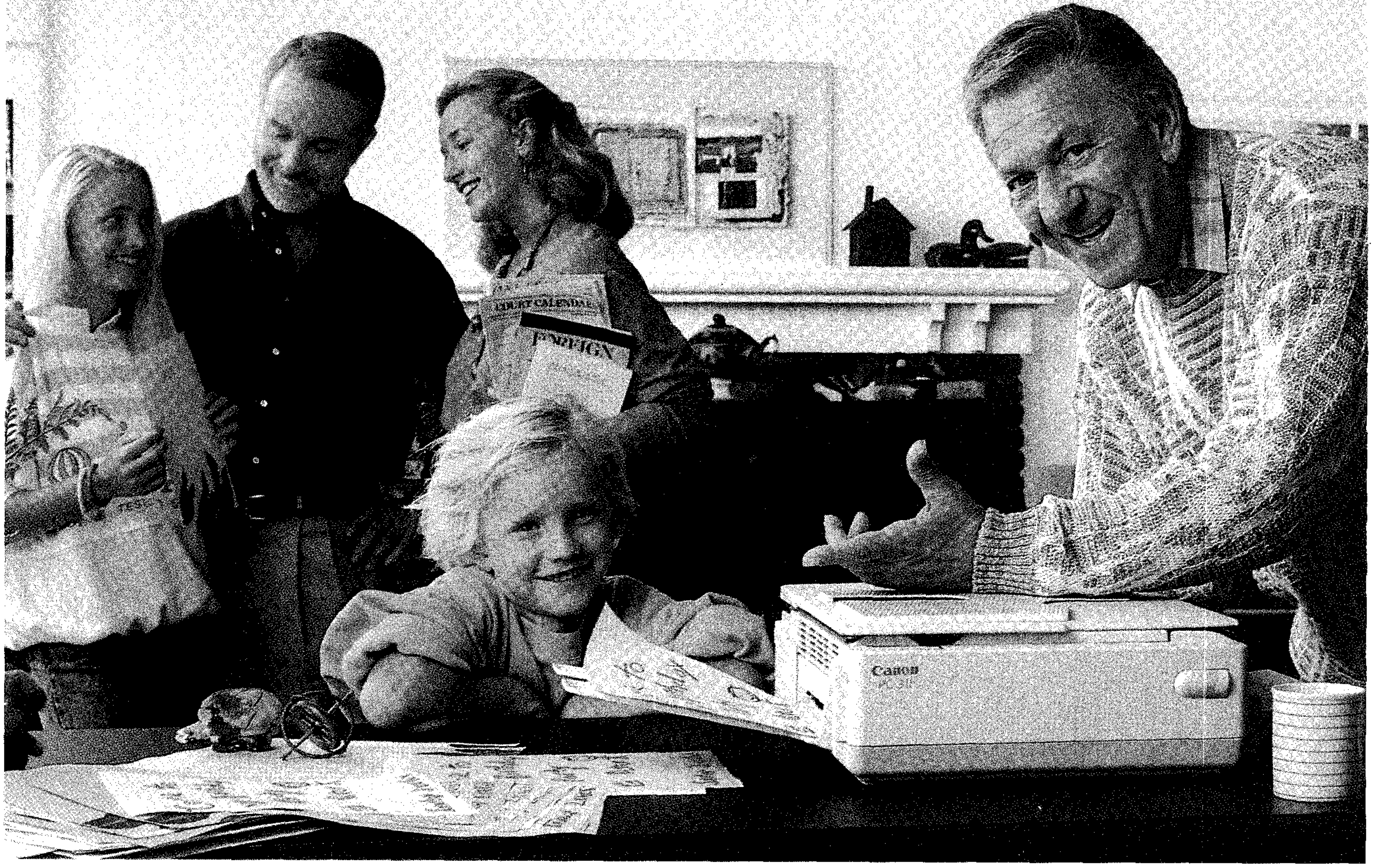

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Nov. 24 at 6: "Nobody Waved Goodbye" (1964, Don Owen), with Peter Kastner. . . . Nov. 25 at 2:30: "My Uncle Antoine" (1971, Claude Jutra; in French), with Jean Duceppe. . . . Nov. 25 at 5: "Red" (1970, Gilles Carle; in French), with Daniel Piton. . . . Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (1974, André Brassard; in French), with Denise Filiatrault. . . . Nov. 26 at 5: "Réjeanne Padovani" (1973, Denys Arcand; in French), with Luce Guilbeault. . . . Nov. 28 at 3 and 6: "Drifting Upstream" (1967, Michel Brault; in French), with Claude Gauthier. . . . ¶ Nov. 25-26 at noon: Two different programs of "Sesame Street" episodes.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Nov. 21-22 and 24-25: Maya Angelou's "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" (1979, CBS), with Constance Good, John M. Driver II, Diahann Carroll, and Paul Benjamin. . . . From Nov. 28: William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" (1959, CBS), with Thomas Chalmers, R. G. Armstrong, Michael J. Pollard, and Jo Van Fleet. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Nov. 21-22 and 24-25: Episodes 26-30 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Nov. 28: Episodes 31-35 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, women in New York as portrayed on film and television. Nov. 24 at 7:30: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953, Jean Negulesco), with Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe, and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 1: "Give a Girl a Break" (1953, Stanley Donen), with Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds, and Bob Fosse. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 3: "The Big Telecast" episode from "My Little Margie" (1954), with Gale Storm; and the "Society Party" episode from "Amos 'n' Andy" (1952), with Ernestine Wade, Tim Moore, and Spencer Williams, Jr. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 4:30: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960, Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin. Betty Comden will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 1: "Ask Any Girl" (1959, Charles Walters), with Shirley MacLaine, David Niven, and Gig Young. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 3: ". . . Meet Betty Furness" (1953), Miss Furness interviewing Stu Erwin and June Collyer; and "What's My Line" (a 1960 episode), with Dorothy Kilgallen and Arlene Francis as panelists and Jack Lemmon as the mystery guest. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "The Tender Trap" (1955, Charles Walters), with Debbie Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, and David Wayne. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "My Little Margie" and "Amos 'n' Andy." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "How to Marry a Millionaire."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Nov. 22 at 8 and 10: "Une Femme Douce" (1969, Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles), with Dominique Sanda. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 8: "Charles Simonds—Dwellings" (1974), "Alex Katz Painting" (1978), "Neil Welliver Painting in Maine" (1980), and "Yvonne Jacquette Painting Autumn Expansion" (1981), all by Rudy Burckhardt. . . . ¶ Nov. 24-25 at 8:30 and 10:30 and Nov. 26 at 9:30: "Viva Eu!" (1989, Tanya Cypriano; Brazil), "USSA" (1989, Vivian Ostrovsky), "Trois Etoiles" (1987, Ostrovsky; France), "Gregorio and the Sea" (1988, Mady Samper; Columbia), and "This Is a History of New York" (1987, Jem Cohen). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 10, Nov. 25 at 8, and Nov. 26 at 7: "L'Argent" (1983, Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: Films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 10: "The Apple" (1967), "In Bed" (1986), "Indelible, Inedible" (1983), and "Good Evening Everybody" (1977), all by Burckhardt. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 7: "The Book of Logic" (1988, Lionel Ziprin). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 9: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1970, Brakhage). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "Kameradschaft" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "The Ruler" (1937, Veit Harlan; in German).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Nov. 21 at 1:30: "Kovacs Specials" and "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson." . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3:30: "Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment" (1963), and "Civil Rights March on Washington Led by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr." (1963) . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "That Was the Week That Was." . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at noon: A two-and-a-half-hour program of videotape of the assassination and funeral of President John F. Kennedy. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at noon: An episode each from "The Monkees," "Batman," and "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Our World" (1967). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at noon: "Report" (1967), "Know Your Enemy—The Vietcong" (1967), and "Columbia Revolt" (1968). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30 "Medium Cool" (1969, Haskell Wexler), with Robert Foster, Verna Bloom, and Peter Bonerz. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 1: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1967, Andy Warhol), with Taylor Mead and Viva. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 3:30: "Who's Knocking at My Door?" (1969, Martin Scorsesi), with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 1:30: "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 3:30: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969, Emile de Antonio), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Moon" (1969, Scott Bartlett), "Electronic Moon No. 2" (1969, Nam June Paik and Jud Yalkut), and "Rape" (1969, Yoko Ono and John Lennon). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at noon: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969, Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "The Comic" (1969, Carl Reiner), with Dick Van Dyke, Mickey Rooney, Cornel Wilde, Reiner, and Michelle Lee.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 22 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Field of Honor" (1987, Jean-Pierre Denis; in French), with Cris Campion. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "La Lectrice" (1988, Michel Deville; in French), with Miou-Miou and Maria Casarès.

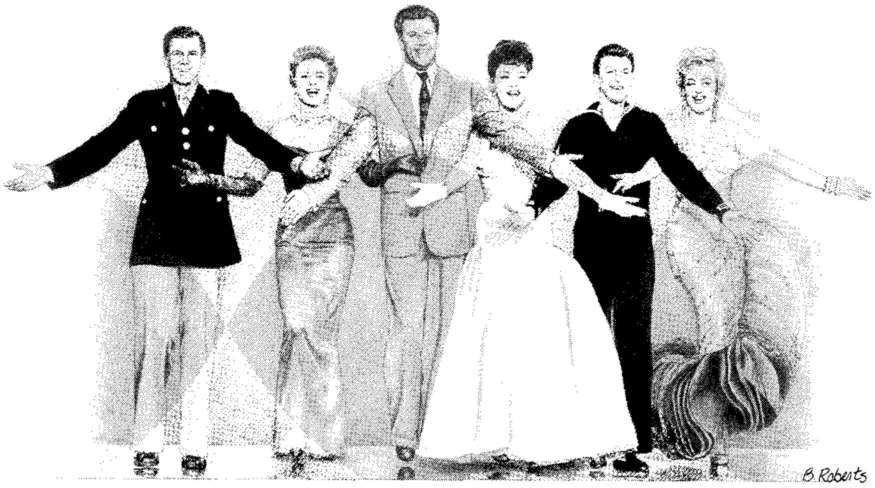
Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 25 at 1 and 3:50: "God's Stepchildren" (1938, Oscar Micheaux), with Alice B. Russell; "St. Louis Blues" (1929, Dudley Murphy), with Bessie Smith; "Tall, Tan and Terrific" (1946, Arthur Leonard), with Francine Everett; and "Big Timers" (1945, Leonard), with Everett and Stepin Fetchit. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 7: "Miracle in Harlem" (1948, Jack Kemp), with Hilda Offay; and "A Raisin in the Sun" (1961, Daniel Petrie), with Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee, Diana Sands, Al Freeman, Jr., and Ivan Dixon. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 1 and 3:30: "Porgy and Bess" (1959, Otto Preminger), with Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Sammy Davis, Jr., Pearl Bailey, and Brock Peters; and "Bubbling Over" (1934), with Ethel Waters. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6:30: "Imitation of Life" (1934, John Stahl), with Fredi Washington, Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, and Warren William; and "Black & Tan Fantasy" (1929), with Washington and Duke Ellington. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesserling's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. Adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23.)



Johnnie Ray, Mitzi Gaynor, Dan Dailey, Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, and Marilyn Monroe in "There's No Business Like Show Business"

The Bear—This French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pictures that Hollywood turned out in the silent era is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch. A whimpering orphaned bear cub tries to attach himself to a huge male bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threats, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells, and our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then tried to get animals to act out the parts of the story that couldn't be faked; they fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that

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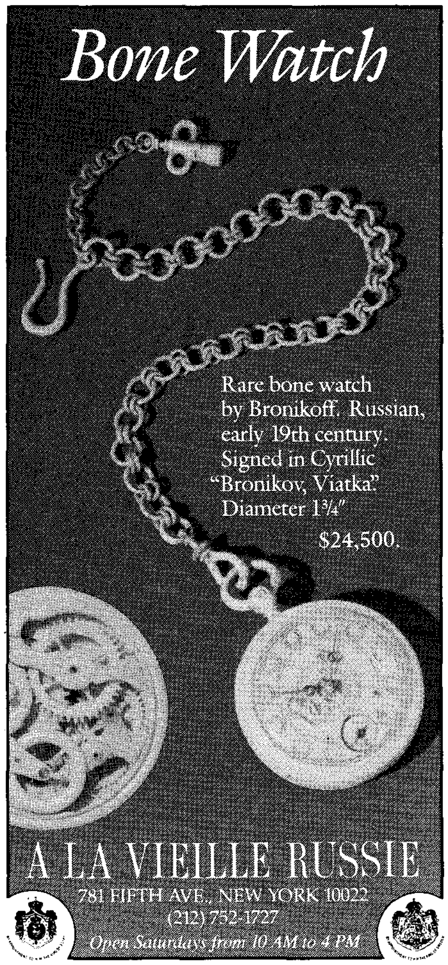

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never quite covers up the gaps. The human grunts and groans of the cornered big bear and the cub's constant crying out in terror are usually as close to telling the story as the film gets. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. Set in British Columbia in 1885; shot in the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. Based on James Oliver Curwood's 1916 novel "The Grizzly King." —P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/13/89.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 21.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that *they* can do *anything*, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, 8th Street Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life; he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh. Based on the William Wharton novel.—P.K. (11/13/89) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Art Greenwich Twin; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Nov. 22.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Dry White Season—In Johannesburg, a naïve white schoolmaster (Donald Sutherland) has his eyes opened to the police brutality involved in the death of his black gardener, and imagines he can obtain justice for the man's family. Marlon Brando is airily light and masterly as the veteran anti-apartheid barrister who takes the case even though he knows that he can't get anywhere with the rigged court. The romantic in Brando must have responded to the old rebel's *romantic* gesture: he saves the picture for the (short) time he's onscreen. But the director, Euzhan Palcy, seems lost; her work is heavy-handed, and the script (by Colin Welland and the director, from a novel by André Brink) is earnest and didactic. Performers such as Susan Sarandon, Jurgen Prochnow, Winston Ntshona, Janet Suzman, Michael Gambon, and Zakes Mokae sink into the obviousness of their roles and leave no trace. (Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper.)—P.K. (10/2/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

"It takes two to tangle" is the overriding message of "The Duellists" (1978), a wry, volatile adventure marked by extravagant swordplay and voluptuous imagery. The anti-heroes start out as two of Emperor Napoleon's hussars: Feraud (Harvey Keitel) is a squat demon dueller; D'Hubert (Keith Carradine) is a slim, sweet-tempered gentleman who has the bad fortune to enrage him. Because of a manufactured slight, which is so minimal that Feraud constantly "remembers" new ones, Feraud, the eternal instigator, engages D'Hubert, the eternal complier, in a succession of duels spanning more than a decade. This serial swordfest turns into a folie à deux. Feraud becomes the walking expression of D'Hubert's self-doubt. Together, the men have some of the comic symbiosis of Humbert and Quilty in "Lolita." D'Hubert meets Feraud's duelling seconds wherever he turns; it's almost as if he were Humbert asking the disguised Quilty, "Are you with someone?" and hearing Quilty reply, "I'm not with someone—I'm with you."

Adapted from Conrad's (not Chekhov's) story "The Duel," Ridley Scott's first feature (playing November 24-25 at the Thalia SoHo) is still his best; unlike everything else he's done, from "Alien" to "Black Rain," "The Duellists" is rarely fussy, pulpy, or pretentious. Scott, like Conrad, captures the naïve heroic aura of the Napoleonic epoch: both his still-lifes and his battlescapes have a supernal glow. Shrouded by mists, the duellists pass simultaneously into history and legend. Yet their fights flare up with jolting suddenness. This movie is like "Barry Lyndon" paced by Howard Hawks.

The Entertainer (1960)—The John Osborne play, set during the Suez crisis of 1956, was staged by Tony Richardson in 1957, starring Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice; it was his greatest contemporary role, and he appears in this film version, again directed by Richardson. The play is a lewd, tragic vaudeville about the life of a bankrupt pursued by creditors, a crapulent song-and-dance man whose emotions break through onstage in stale blue jokes as he ogles the half-naked chorus girls and razzes the orchestra leader. "Don't clap too hard—it's a very old building," he jeers at the patrons, who are sitting on their hands. And if there's mincing hatred in his tone, and the desperate self-disgust of a performer who can't get a response, there's also a trace of affection for the run-down theatre, which suggests dilapidated, crumbling England. The action shifts between the music-hall stage and the rooms that Archie and his wife, Phoebe (Brenda de Banzie), share with his father, Billy Rice (Roger Livesey), who was a headliner in his day but now, in his seventies, is retired to a life of mildewed gentility. Archie, still hanging on at fifty, has never had the purity that his father had—he refers to himself as "old Archie, dead behind the eyes." Osborne can't bring Archie's principled, observant daughter, Jean (Joan Plowright), to life, but when it comes to a character like Archie—a man who does so much to make you hate him that you can't—he gives him a Shakespearean fury. The film errs in many ways, and at times the editing seems glaringly poor, but Olivier's performance gives it venomous excitement. Adapted by Osborne and Nigel Kneale. With Albert Finney, Alan Bates, Shirley Ann Field, Daniel Massey, and Thora Hird.—P.K. (Public Theatre.)

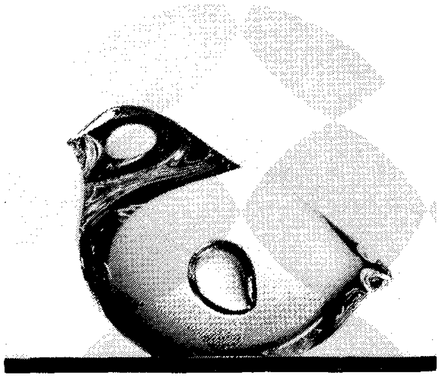
The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Coronet, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; starting Nov. 22.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly; maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without scaring his unflappable mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor. But Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance and the dialogue reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. Music by Cat Stevens, with mush-minded lyrics.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

Henry V—With Kenneth Branagh, directed by Branagh. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

How to Get Ahead in Advertising—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an

a present
with a future.



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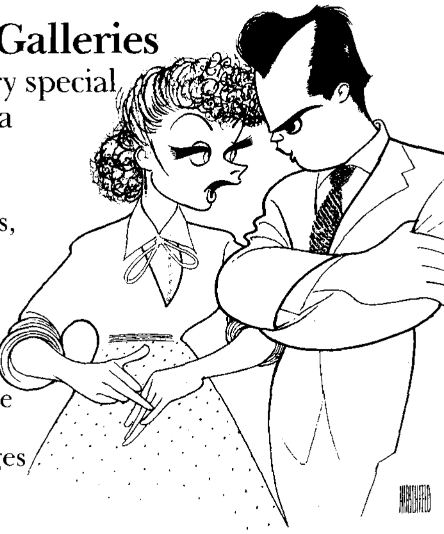

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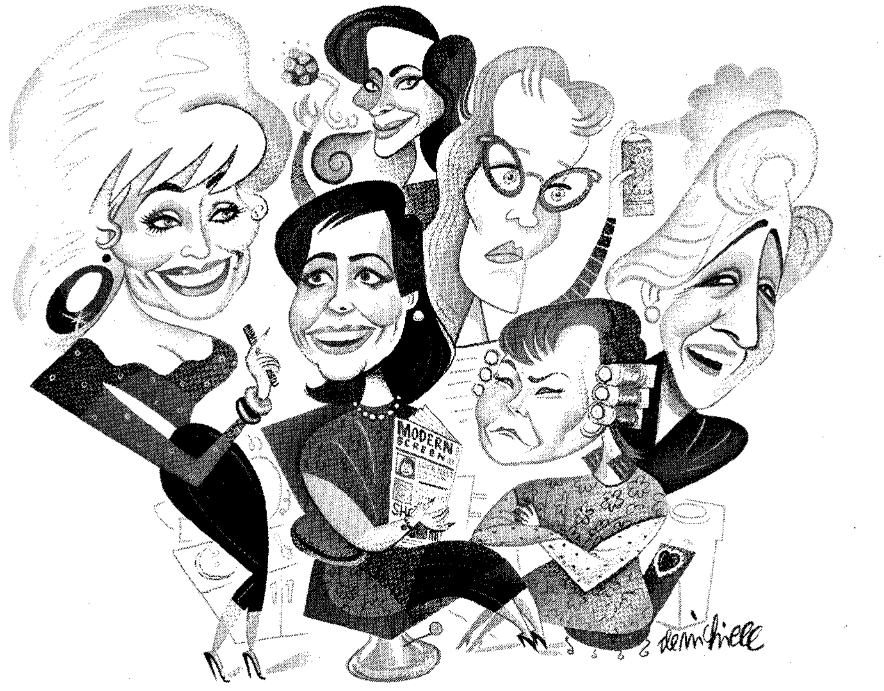


Dolly Parton, Sally Field, Julia Roberts, Daryl Hannah, Shirley MacLaine, and Olympia Dukakis in "Steel Magnolias"

extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward, Richard Wilson, and Jacqueline Tong.—T.R. (Cinema Village; Nov. 27-28.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done. But it's fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public. Capra takes a serious tone here though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. The picture developed a considerable—if bewildering—reputation, based largely on television viewing, about three decades later.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted from Helen Jerome's play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, E. E. Clive, Bruce Lester, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villain (Edward Ashley) and a villainess (Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice). Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 26-28.)

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects (Ellen Barkin). But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker.—T.R. (9/18/89) (Angelika Film Center, Manhattan Twin, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Nov. 22.)

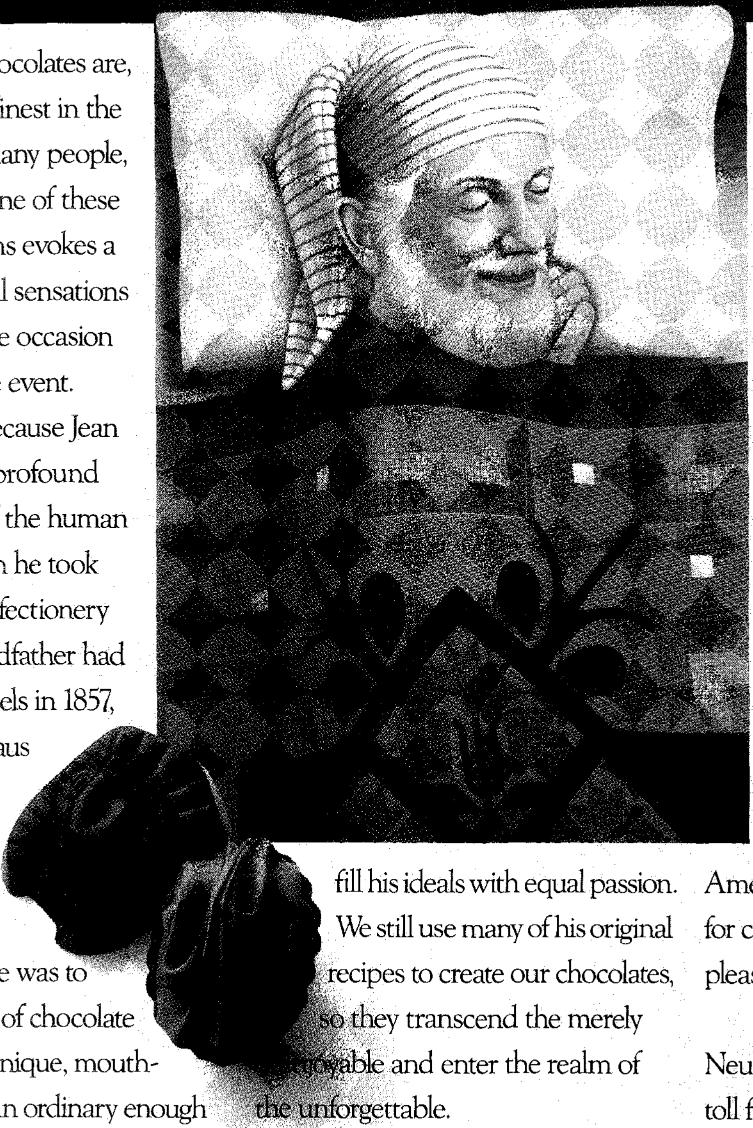
Sex, Lies, and Videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—Square and garish. Conceived as entertainment for the whole family, this musical is about a family of Irish vaudevillians—the Five Donahues; Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are the parents, and Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Johnnie Ray are their progeny. The plot is almost insultingly sentimental; it involves a misunderstanding between O'Connor and the girl he loves—Marilyn Monroe, as a seductive but good-hearted Broadway star. You have to put up with Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. But there's good, fast hoofing by Dailey and O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, who has a gleeful bounciness; she and O'Connor are wonderful together. And the Irving Berlin songs can carry you through a lot of tedious silliness. The costumes are so grotesquely tasteless they become enjoyable—Ethel Merman sings the title song in a monstrous white gown that looks as if it's going to attack her. With Hugh O'Brian. The choreography is by Robert Alton and Jack Cole; the script is by Henry and Phoebe Ephron, from a story by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 23-25.)

Valmont—With Colin Firth, Annette Bening, and Meg Tilly; directed by Miloš Forman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Regency.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omni-destructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

JEAN NEUHAUS DREAMED IN CHOCOLATE.



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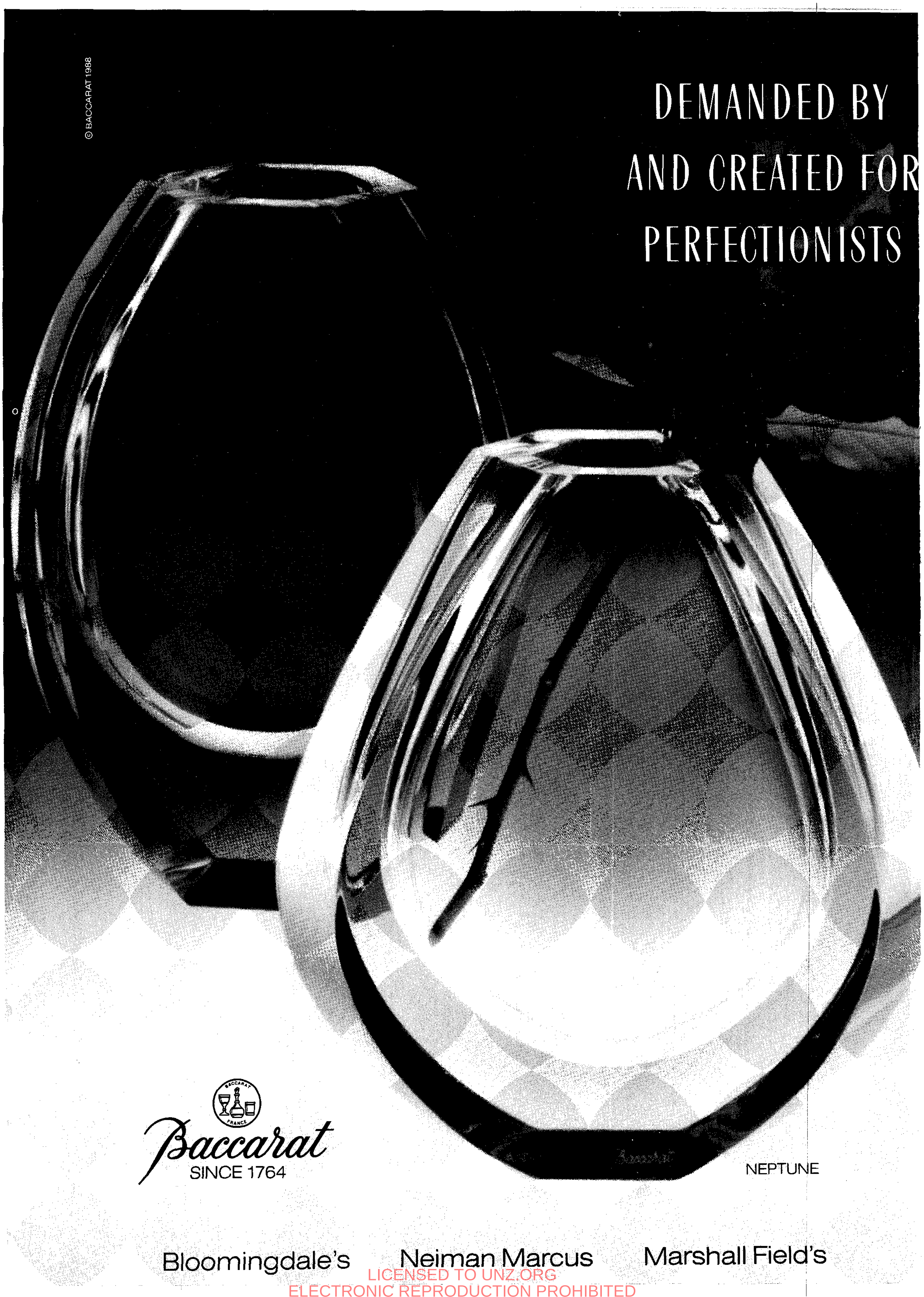
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT was startling last week to find the words "joyous" and "jubilant" and "rejoice" and "exults" in headlines in the *Times*, in the typeface of sobriety:

JOYOUS EAST GERMANS POUR
THROUGH WALL; PARTY PLEDGES
FREEDOMS, AND
CITY EXULTS

EAST GERMANY OPENS FRONTIER
TO THE WEST
FOR EMIGRATION OR VISITS;
THOUSANDS CROSS
A JUBILANT HORDE

EAST GERMANS FLOOD THE WEST,
MOST TO REJOICE, THEN GO HOME;
KOHL AND KRENZ AGREE TO MEET

It may have been the first jubilant horde to flood the front page of the *Times* since V-J Day, in 1945, and to an American newspaper reader of our age—to us—the jubilation is almost beyond the power to imagine: that the Cold War may be ending, and that forty years of nuclear dread might diminish, and that anti-Communism, an engine that has propelled so many American political careers, could fall into disuse—a newspaper reader hardly dares to be so hopeful.

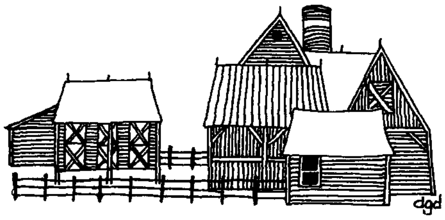
We saw Berlin last April, when trees were budding and beds of yellow daffodils and tiny bright-blue violets bloomed along the walks in the Tiergarten. We heard the Philharmonic twice, went to church once, spent an opulent morning at the KaDaWe department store, shuffled through museums, held our own at the dinner table, and every morning, in the company of naked Germans, cooked ourself for fifteen minutes in a steam room and took a freezing-cold shower. In the dining room of our hotel, on the Kurfürstendamm, one morning, the waitress put us at a table with four young people eating breakfast—two Norwegian men, an American woman, and a Scotsman, all about eighteen, and all, we found out, heading for East Berlin that morning. So we attached ourself to them. We hiked through the Tiergarten toward the Brandenburg Gate and along the Wall to Checkpoint Charlie. The Wall, built of prefabricated concrete slabs and about twelve feet high, was covered with graffiti, including, in one short stretch:

Hi Loulou
Hi Almut your name is on the Berlin Wall!
Gott steht über alles
Kilroy was here
Is this necessary?
Erste Sprengung hier
The Holzers Roy Pat Jim Robert Sherry
All this in the name of the people
Tränen für die Mauer
Mein Herz nur für Berlin
Mellow out

The Eastern Sector was depressing enough to behold—the old center of Berlin a desert of vast, empty plazas and brutal architecture, graceful old buildings moldering away and impoverished stores—yet what remained with us afterward was not the bleak landscape but the sense that this, too, must pass. Walking with teen-agers in Berlin, you discover the chasm between those who remember the war and those who can't.

Teen-agers don't even remember the Cold War very well. To them Berlin is a great city with shops and sights and crowds and a meaningless wall running through it. They don't walk through the city, as their elders do, with a sense of evil spirits in the air, looking at old men and wondering what they were doing in 1943. Our friends saw only what was there, an ordinary Tuesday, and we came back to the hotel with the uneasy conviction that Europe is waiting for more of them to grow up and more of the rest of us to die off, and then the war can finally be over and ordinary life will resume. Living in a time of terrible history, you keep reminding yourself you must never forget, *never* forget—the sacred obligation of memory—and suddenly something changes, and you remember another obligation: to die and take your memory with you and let the young make their own life.

Last week, time lurched forward, without any government's intending it to. Something changed. The past loosened its grip, and the Wall of history opened, and people flooded through for a look at the present. They wandered the West, looking at freedom and also at the latest cars in the showroom windows. A few days later, an American entrepreneur bid fifty million dollars to buy the Wall and break it into chunks to sell for souvenirs. As it is written on the Wall near Potsdamer Platz, "they came, they saw, they did a little shopping."



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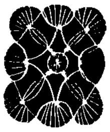
The Caligari Club

CHARLIE GIFFORD is an architect who practices an unusually benign and ardent form of trespassing. At moments of high emotion, he likes to sneak up to the summits of the romantic skyscrapers of New York and walk around in them. He has nosed around in the jukebox Art Deco on top of the McGraw-Hill Building, discovered a freestanding multistory spiral staircase in one of the towers of the Waldorf-Astoria, and promenaded along the multicolored faience on the setbacks of the Fred French Building. He has no use for observation decks or platforms, with their grimy pay-per-view telescopes. "Those are just for walking around and looking out," he says. "I like to look *in*. There are *worlds* up there. I found a bedroom suite once—an abandoned bedroom. You could see the headline in the old *Journal-American:* 'TYCOON FOUND IN LOVE NEST.' What I do is challenging, but it's not *too* challenging. All the great and beautiful buildings—the Chrysler and the French and the New York Central and the old General Electric—are operated by big management agencies now. They're in the hands of caretakers. You can wander around up there and suit yourself, like those peasants you see doing folk dances in old Roman temples in eighteenth-century paintings. I've been doing this for years, and I've *never* been stopped."

The impending birth of a son recently put Charlie in a mood at once celebratory and sober. He planned to walk up into the cupola that sits on top of the pyramidal roof of the New York Central Building, as Charlie still calls it (its real name now is the Helmsley Building), and he invited us to come along. "Come exactly at noon," he said. "Bring a briefcase. Dress in a suit."



At exactly noon, we met Charlie inside one of the great arcades at the base of the building. He was wearing a sand-colored suit and a beautiful, intricately patterned tie—he is famous among his friends for his ties—and under his arm he carried a simple, all-purpose portfolio.

We followed him into an elevator and by the time we reached the highest floor everybody else had got out. Just before the doors opened, Charlie said, "Now, when we get off, just turn the corner and keep talking." As we passed a receptionist, sitting at her desk, he began to speak with uncharacteristic heartiness: "Well, we may have to diversify our way into a multiparty situation, while the . . ." The receptionist didn't even look up. Rounding a corner, Charlie walked directly over to an inconspicuous-looking green metal door and turned the knob. It didn't move. He tried again: still locked.

"Well, bad luck," he said quietly. Then he gave the knob another shake. "Damn. All week, they've been leaving this door open." He looked up at the ceiling. Then he walked down the corridor and looked through a small window at the Chrysler Building, its preposterous fins and radiator ornaments glittering in the noon sun a couple of blocks away.

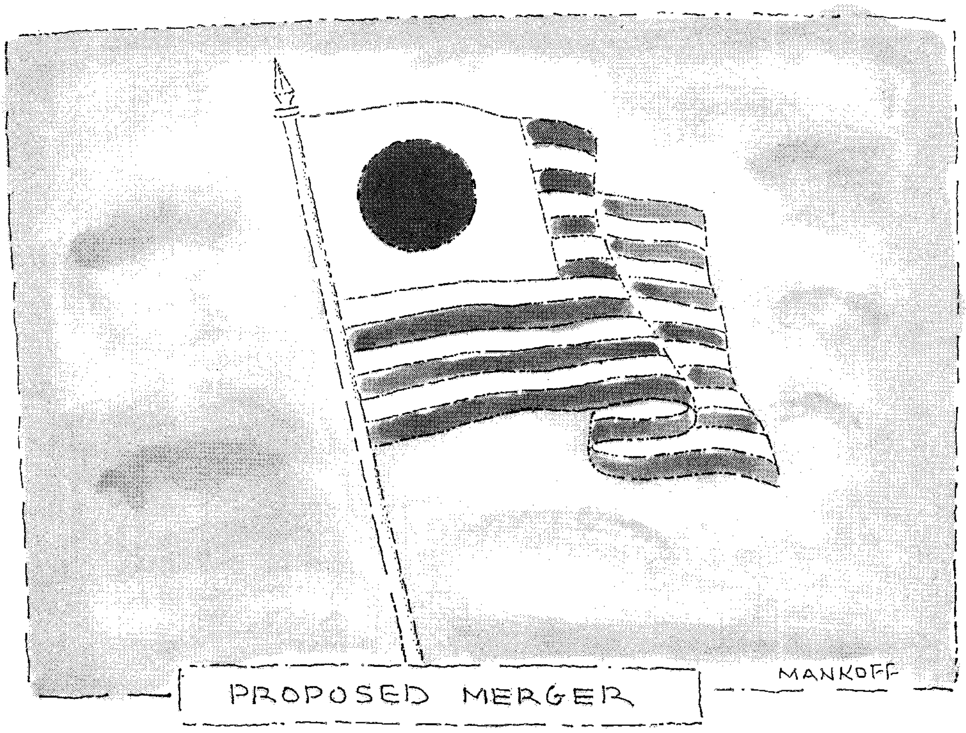
"Let's go up *there*," he said, almost grimly, and a few minutes later we found ourself trying to look high-minded and innocent in the Chrysler Building's Egyptian-cum-Minoan-cum-Belgian Art Nouveau lobby. As we waited for the elevator, Charlie talked about why he likes to explore high places. "I think it may be that when I was a boy, growing up in Omaha, there was a secret passageway to the roof of our house which my father showed me," he said. "On holidays, on special occasions, we would go up there together, and look down on the world—see it in plan. It felt at once enchanted and safe, and one of the things I've enjoyed doing as a grownup is trying to recapture that feeling."

Charlie already knew his way around the Chrysler Building. We are sworn to secrecy about the precise route that enables one to get up into the interior of the spire, and will say only that it involves a fast shuffle of elevators and a twenty-floor dash up concrete stairs. From inside, the famously theatrical summit of the Chrysler Building looks a lot like any other stage set seen the wrong way around. The interior is filled with struts and braces, laid at what seem to be makeshift angles. The floor was encrusted with an odd conglomeration of nets, coiled rope, broken beer bottles, and antenna cables. The fluorescent lights that illuminate the spire at night had an oddly makeshift look about them, too—as though somebody had stripped a public elementary school of its fixtures and stapled them vertically inside the spire.

"What a neat place," Charlie said, his face alight with pleasure. He walked over and looked through one of the slit-like triangular windows. "You know, the scale of the tops of skyscrapers is shocking," he said. "Look at the McGraw-Hill Building, there—the one with the concrete fins. The fins look enormous, but when you're standing beside them they're really only about four feet high. When I was in the cupola of the Central Building last week, I found that it was just big enough for me to move around in. It's weird—these summits are like abstract billboards beckoning people to the city, and then you get up there and they're so small." He was quiet for a few moments, and then said, "Look out there." He pointed to one of the anonymous International Style buildings that fill the cityscape. It had a flat gravel top, like a parking lot, and two enormous ventilation fans. "I've walked out onto a few of those," he said. "They're flatter than you can imagine—no parapet, or anything. You can just walk out and let your toes dangle over, sixty stories up. It's a neat feeling."

Suddenly, sounds of clunking and thunking and hearty conversation came from the elevator well in the center of the spire. Charlie slipped swiftly around a corner and down a flight of stairs, with us close behind. He stopped to listen: the voices seemed to be following him. He raced down another flight of stairs and grabbed at a door and opened it. Inside was a large room, wood-panelled in mock-Italian-alpine style; the floor was covered with green carpet, and there were ghostly outlines on the carpet of places where tables had once stood. On the wall opposite the windows were murals of the city and rows of empty glass shelves. We walked with Charlie into a little anteroom with a switchboard: red jacks and green jacks and gray jacks. The sockets in the switchboard were labelled "Booth 1," "Booth 2," "Office," "Kitchen," "Booth 3." And then, in a row underneath, "Lounge," "Bar," "Grill," "Pantry," "Booth 4," "Booth 5."

Beyond the anteroom was a checkroom, with big wire bins, where men must once have checked their hats. Looking around at the irregular, triangular windows, Charlie said, "They must have called this place the Caligari Club, or something. It's so weird. Except it's so spacious, and so happy." He walked past the checkroom toward a small room with leatherette window seats and a little bar. "This must have been the lounge," he said. "Your date waited for you here while you waited for the elevator on the ground floor, looking at your watch, like a guy in one of those old *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons."



The Caligari Club also had, we discovered, a Governor's Room (it said so on the door), carpeted in royal blue; a second, larger lounge; and a big but cramped-looking tiled kitchen. "What do you suppose this place was, exactly?" Charlie asked. "Was it expensive? Or popular? Was it a place like the Rainbow Room, where you came on a special occasion to dance and listen to the orchestra? Or was it a club, where you brought a business friend and had lunch and schemed? When did they close it? Twenty years ago? Thirty years ago? You can't tell."

There was a clatter outside, and a moment later a couple of workmen turned the corner and stared through the door at us. "Hi," Charlie said. They said "Hi" back, and then they left. We walked with Charlie out of the empty night club and down the remaining flights of stairs and into an elevator, and were soon saying goodbye out on Forty-second Street. Charlie rode his bicycle back downtown to his office. He called the next day to tell us that his son, Theodore, was born that morning, and that mother and child were both doing wonderfully, at the New York Hospital (in a room on the sixth floor). Then he said, "I found out more about the Caligari Club. It was really called the Cloud Club, and I'm afraid they closed it only a few years ago. It's merely a relic of the seventies. The tops of tall buildings are filled with disillusioning things."

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Questions, Questions

WHERE was German Titov? German Titov, Vostok 2 cosmonaut, the youngest person ever in space, and the first to *sleep* in space, was unable to attend this year's Association of Space Explorers' Fifth Planetary Congress, which took place in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, with cable links to several places, including the Hayden Planetarium's Guggenheim Space Theatre, where reporters and students gathered to listen or ask questions. (The Association of Space Explorers is a four-year-old organization with only one membership requirement, but that requirement, as the magazine *Air & Space/Smithsonian* points out, is "a doozy." All the members must have been in outer space.)

We don't know why Titov wasn't there. Maybe he was out of town, in the most extreme sense of the word. Or maybe we're wrong—those teleconferences with satellite hookups can be confusing. Maybe Titov *was* there. What does he look like?

Who was on this year's panel?

In the center, the extremely handsome Prince Sultan bin Salman Al-Saud, of Saudi Arabia, a founding member of A.S.E. and this year's host; he's the first astronaut from an Arab country (STS 51-G, in 1985).

Also: Dr. Yash Pal, of India, who is this year's recipient of the association's Planetary Award, for his design of a satellite information network to serve five thousand rural villages in India.

Ulf Merbold, West German astronaut (STS 9, in 1983), who at one point in the discussion said, "In the European Space Agency, we use one language, and that is called B.E.—broken English—and it works out great. I feel E.S.A. is on its way to unifying the different countries and cultures. Unification is easier in the field of space, because there is no tradition."

Russell Schweickart, who commanded the first manned flight of a lunar module (Apollo 9, in 1969).

Aleksei Leonov, who was the first man to walk in space, and is celebrating his thirtieth year as a cosmonaut.

Georgy Ivanov, of Bulgaria (Soyuz 33, in 1979), recipient of a question about language barriers in space which was nearly lost in translation in Riyadh.

Arthur C. Clarke, whose feet don't have to leave the ground in order for him to win favorable notice from everyone.

Who was in the audience?

Among others, Tass, *Aerospace Daily*, and a freelance camerawoman who said, "We're getting 'Good Morning America.' It's very low."

Themis J. Hadges, representing the national Greek-and-English magazine *Η ΝΕΑ ΥΟΡΚΗ*.

Frank V. Vernuccio, the head of The Space Press. "The Space Press provides several different things," Mr. Vernuccio told us before the discussion started. "It provides syndicated columns for news services; a newsletter, which is sold here at the Planetarium; and speakers—I myself lecture on United States-and-Soviet space-related activities. It's going to be interesting looking at space from the angle of the people who've been there. I'll be asking about the workload. Every minute in space is, of course, very expensive, and the crew is expected to do an onerous amount of work. Nineteen hours a day is not unusual. On one of the Skylab missions, there was what I would call a mutiny—a work slowdown."

Mr. Vernuccio stood before a large table of pastries, behind which stood two waiters, and behind them was a vast projected image of Saturn. When we finished looking at Saturn, we turned around to study the teleconference screen, which was set between two rows of flags. "Unless I'm wrong, protocol dictates that the U.S. flag be on the other side of that screen," Mr. Vernuccio told us. "U.S. law always specifies that on American soil and on American warships U.S. flags appear on their own right."

"On their *own* right?" we said. "You mean as if the flag had arms and thought of itself as a righty or a lefty?"

Mr. Vernuccio nodded.

What steps should be taken to insure the rights and safe working conditions of astronauts and cosmonauts? What about excessive workloads and invasion of privacy? (Questions posed to the panel by Mr. Vernuccio.)

Mr. Leonov said, "Despite very good and necessary steps forward, I think they've forgotten a little bit about the *life* of people on board. On future stations, over the next thousand years, where our children and grandchildren may be working, we'll want to give them a little more comfort."

Mr. Schweickart said, "In the near term, any questions can be worked out quite easily between astronaut/cosmonaut and people on the ground. In the long-term future, we'll be dealing with communities living in space, children being born in space, the rights of spacekind. The International Institute of Space Law for rights of the individual is doing some interesting work on these issues now."

Mr. Clarke said, "The cultural aspects pose very good issues. I'm sure space exploration will ultimately affect all aspects of art. I don't know yet who is going to write the 'Moby Dick' of the space age. He may be alive now."

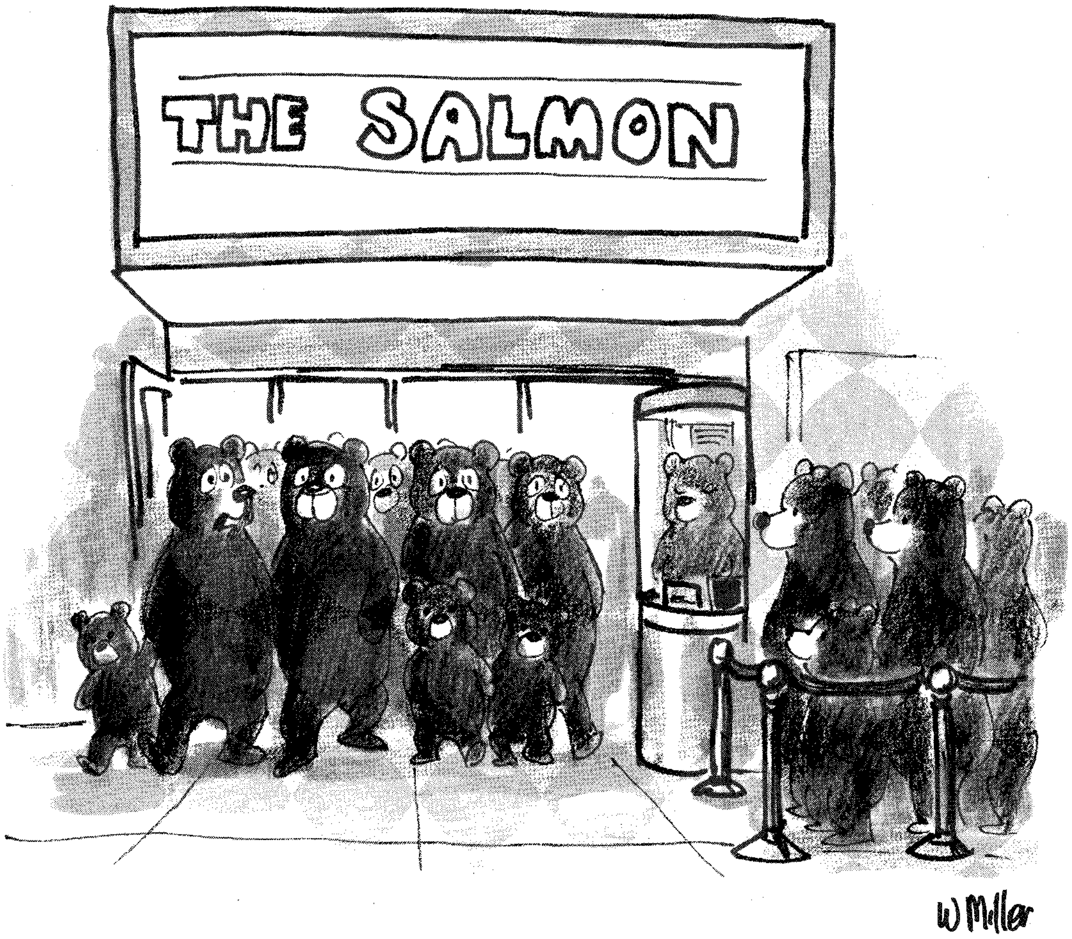
How can we use space technology for a better life on earth when the majority of countries cannot even afford basic modern technology? (Question posed by a woman from New Delhi's *National Herald.*)

Dr. Pal said, "If space technology is of any use at all, then developing countries need it more than anyone else—to reach places that are hard to get to. Cartography, forest surveys, and such are very difficult to do any other way than by satellite. People used to use airplanes. Very expensive. But with satellites developing countries can actually save money."

Mr. Clarke said, "Applications satellites are the immediate dividend of space. But why spend the money? In 1977, a great cyclone hit the Indian subcontinent and ten thousand people were killed. Last week, a similar cyclone hit the subcontinent and thirty-nine people were killed. The difference was a satellite. If, heaven forbid, you had to choose between building a hospital and launching a satellite, the satellite might actually save more lives. So think about that."

About ten years ago, Buzz Aldrin told the press the most beautiful sight in the universe was a waste dump being emptied into space. Would you like to update that? (Question posed to Prince Sultan by a young man from the magazine *3-2-1 Contact.*)

The Prince said, "How small the earth gets as you go around it every day. Places you always thought were too far from each other actually become too close."



"I never realized they had feelings."

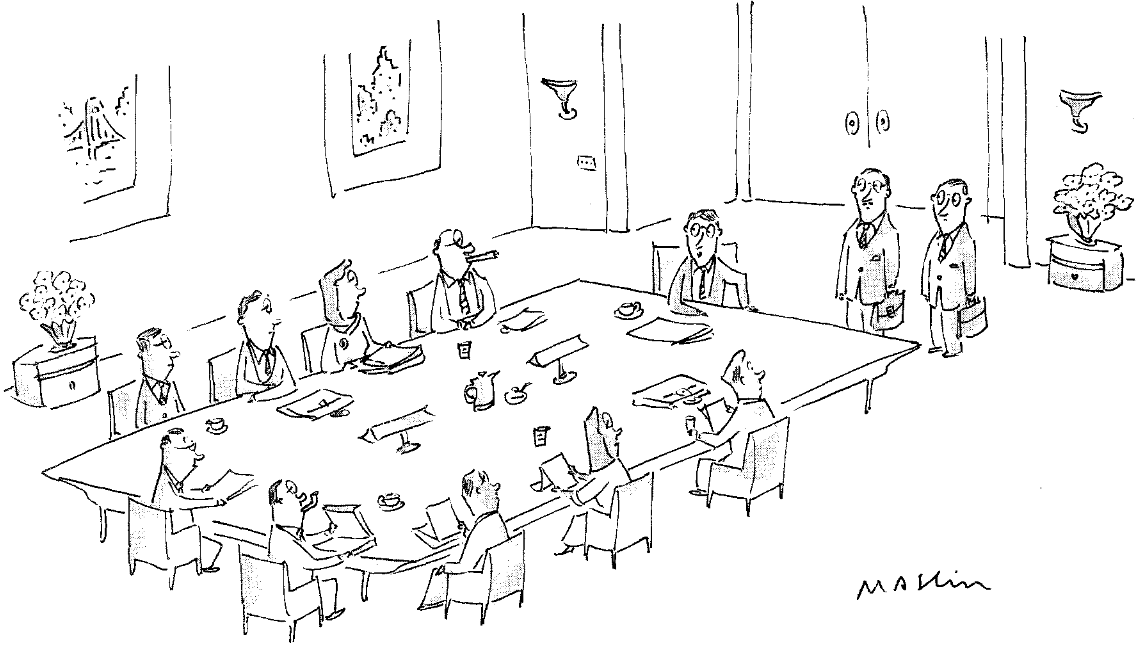
Tour!

THE invitation read:

SNEAK PREVIEW!!
The curtain is about to go up on the new NBC Studio Tour and we invite you to join us for a sneak preview.

Bob Wright, NBC's President and CEO, and Al Roker, NBC's weather and feature reporter, will launch the exciting new elements of this landmark New York television attraction.

We took the new studio tour. We suspect that it's a lot like the old studio tour. That's what people were saying, anyway. First, we saw the pages, pride of the network. They wore blue blazers decorated with the crest of the organization. According to our press kit, the pages get to wear those blazers for only eighteen months, a "tour of duty." Then a page returns his or her "trademark blue blazer" and goes on "to find a job at NBC or at other television industry companies." The page program at NBC is sometimes called "the West Point of the Airwaves." Former pages: Willard Scott, Ted Koppel, Kate Jackson, David Hartman, Regis Philbin, and Bob Keeshan, who plays Captain Kangaroo.



"Would everyone check to see they have an attorney? I seem to have ended up with two."

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The tour began in a small, narrow, windowless room off a corridor on the second floor. Chairs had been set up in front of a television. On either side of the TV were artifacts, behind glass, from the early days of radio—"The 1920s carbon spring microphone," "The 1940s ribbon microphone"—along with various devices for producing sound effects; for example, "Gravel box with coconut shells."

A woman told guests as they arrived, "This tour is a big event for people coming to New York. Our calculations are that nearly two hundred thousand visitors come through here every year. Of course, that probably doesn't compare with the Statue of Liberty or the Empire State Building." This woman was tall and slender, with dark-brown hair and large eyes. She clasped a clipboard to her chest as she spoke, her arms folded like a cross, and she looked like someone who expected bad news.

A guy taking the tour shook hands with a woman in public relations for the network and said, "We've spoken—I don't know if we've ever actually met." The look in the woman's eye suggested that the next time they talked he might have to remind her who he was.

A young woman sitting in one of the chairs addressed a companion, her words falling into one of those silences that occasionally descend on rooms full of people: "So I'm talking to Jeff, and I'm, like, 'Jeff, I'm *losing* it.' "

Two guys with cameras stood at the front of the room. One was dressed as if he were in a war zone and held the camera as if it were a weapon. He was waiting for the speeches to begin and for Bob Wright and Al Roker to cut a row of ribbons draped across the front of the television set. A tall woman in a pleated dress spoke first, briefly, to say something about the pages ("Very bright, attractive people—college graduates—are the pages") and then to introduce Bob Wright.

Here's some material about Bob Wright: "In Nigeria, they call him 'Chairman' Bob Wright. The prefix succinctly reflects Wright's role in JuJu Music, the prime popular music of the Yoruba people. If JuJu Music is BIG in Nigeria, then Bob Wright is undoubtedly the biggest. Even a casual look at the Nigerian charts over the last year will reveal a constant stream of No. 1 hits for Bob Wright. Indeed, it is unknown for a Bob Wright album to sell less than two hundred thousand copies; and the man has released some forty albums during the past decade."

No, wait a minute—that's Sunny Ade. We picked up the wrong press release. Bob Wright went to Holy Cross and to law school at the University of Virginia, and is the former manager of the plastics-sales department of General Electric and also the former manager of its housewares, audio, and cable-television operations. He is tall and has brown hair and looks like one of those good Olds guys whose faces flash across the screen in the Oldsmobile commercial.

We took the tour with Tashena, Dimitra, Nanita, Hector, Alfonso, Dameka, and some other kids from J.H.S. 265, in Brooklyn. They were the ones who told us that the new tour was pretty much the same as the old tour. They had taken the old tour last year. The only difference, they said, was that last year there was no one on the set of "Saturday Night Live." This year, a band was practicing and a bunch of guys from Federal Express were standing outside in the hallway watching them. In a glass case next to the Federal Express guys, like something in a museum, was a life-size statue of Eddie Murphy in his Gumby suit. One of the kids said, "There go Gumby," and his teacher said, "Watch your grammar."

HOLE IN THE DAY

SIX hours ago Lonnie took one last look at Grant, at the oily flowered curtains and the kerosene heater, the tangled bed and the chipped white stove, at the very light of the place that was dim no matter how bright and was unlike any light she'd ever known before, and she ran. She ran from that single weathered dot on the plains because the babies that kept coming out of her were not going to stop, a new one was just beginning and she could already feel the suckling on her breast. Soon she will cross into Montana, or Minnesota, or Nebraska; she's just driving and it doesn't really matter to her where, because she is never coming back.

Grant sits in the darkened parlor room, still and silent. He's only twenty-nine, but he's got four children. It's five-thirty, maybe six, in the morning. He's in his Jockeys, and his long legs and arms are brushed with the white of his blond hair. He feels as if the roof of his house has been lifted, as if he's being stalked by a drafting eagle high above. Straight ahead of him on the other wall, above the sofa and framed in weathered board, is a picture of mountains, of Glacier Park, but Grant isn't looking at the picture; it was Lonnie's. He is listening to the sound of the grass, a hum of voices, millions of souls, like locusts. Outside there is a purple dawn over the yellow land, reaching toward this single house, and a clothesline pole standing outside casts a long, heaving shadow. There is a worn lawn between the house and garage, and beyond that in the rise and fall of Haakon County there is nothing, but still always something, maybe just a pheasant or pronghorn, or maybe something you don't want to stare hard enough to find; it's like swimming in the river and looking straight down into the deep.

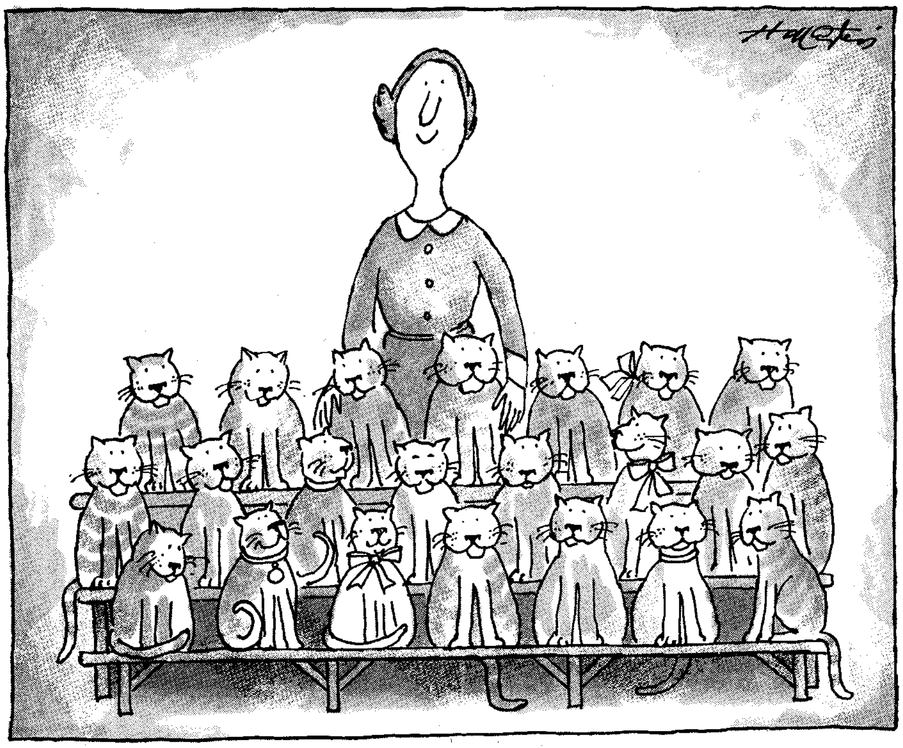
Grant shifts his weight off the thigh that's fallen asleep on the wooden edge of his sagging easy chair. He's got his twenty-gauge bird gun at his side, but it isn't loaded, it's just there. The grass tells him to forget her, *Forget Lonnie the Whore*. There is a sigh from the kids' bedroom, a sigh and a rustle. Through the half-opened door of his bedroom Grant can see the tangled sheets where she stopped him last night a few inches away, left him hunched over an erection dying in its rubber sheath, a precaution taken too late and too sporadically to save her. The white dresser on the far side is now empty, the small bottles and pink boxes swept off the top into a duffelbag that she shut with a loud snap from the clasp. Grant had watched from the chair, and his mouth had settled open. *Lonnie the Whore*, sings the grass, and Grant cannot resist the song even though he knows she's never been unfaithful.

The kids' door opens and five-year-old Scott comes out, sees Grant, comes over and stands at his father's side for a minute or two, until he understands there will be no response. He goes off to the kitchen hoping to find his mother, and does not come back. Grant hears the rest of them stirring, but he cannot help them, he's not sitting there. He's out on the plains, swooping low over a pack of coydogs, looking for the bitch Lonnie; he's up on the light-brown waters of the Cheyenne, waist-deep and getting ready to launch out naked into the passing root clumps and cedar hulks. He's standing on a four-corners in the middle of the grass, underneath the solid dome of silver sky, and he feels the hills dark in the west, and he knows that is where she's headed.

Grant looks at Leila, his oldest; she's eight, sandy and freckled, already almost as tall as her mother. Grant understands that she has been talking to him, remembers that she has just said *they are out of milk*, Dad, *the kids are hungry*. In the kitchen the baby wails as he is passed around; the sun is now high outside, dropping across the draped window casings. Grant cannot answer, even though he knows she is very frightened and wants to know what is happening and where her mother has gone. After a while, Leila shrugs bravely and says, "I'm takin' us to Mueller's."

He looks through the window and watches as they settle the baby in his stroller, Scott holding his bear, and the four of them head down the shoulder, clumped together like the grass.

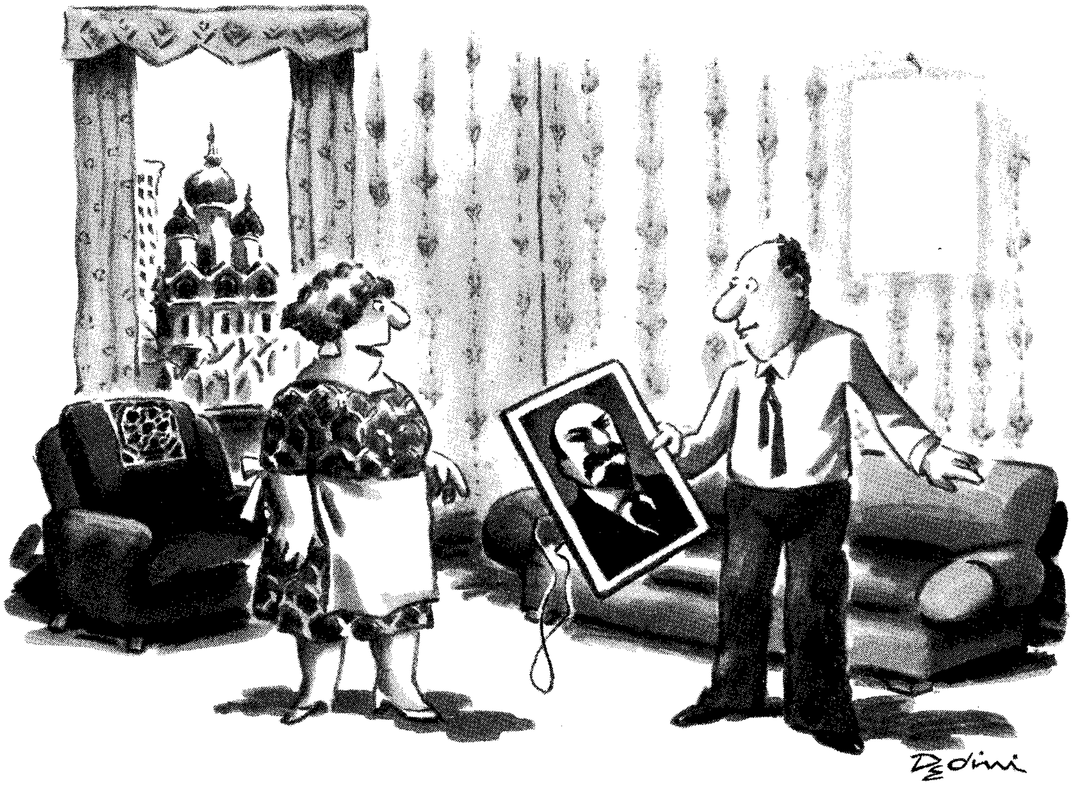
Grant's open mouth is caked, his lips tight, his teeth glazed like china; he feels as if he's got no defense against the hot air, as if his mouth and nose are



Front row: Smarty, Itty Fitty, Daisy, Boo, Mercedes, Foo Foo, Aka.
Second row: Spanky, Charlie, Mouse, Tigger, KiKi, Fluffy, Honey, Jerry.
Third row: Sweetheart, Pumpkin, B.J., Dennis, Emlyn, Pearl, Annie.
Back row: Miss Perringer.

just holes in his skull. He moves finally because his bladder is full, has been full for hours, but he's afraid to stand up because of what she might have taken away: she's hollowed him out from the very point of his penis right up into the hard knot of his gut.

It's noon now, twelve hours since she backed the old Buick out onto the county road. She's a small woman, she's thin and taut; pregnancies have made her stomach wiry, not loose, but wiry like long scars. She's a fine-looking woman, but her teeth aren't good. The big car makes her look foolish, but there's no room for him as she throws it into reverse. She is crying the whole time, but she's also gone. Her breath is always stale from smoking, and when she's in Philip she goes to her friend Martha's room and they drink Canadian Club. She has a good time, but she comes back just the same. She's sleeping somewhere now, maybe at a scenic turnoff with the doors locked, or maybe she's driven down into a creek hollow where there are trailers beached like rafts on washed stones. Maybe while she sleeps there will be a flood of yellow waters under a cracked sky.



"I'd save it. It may become a collectible."

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Grant is back in his chair, but now he's thinking about his dead father, and before long Grant sees him. The whole room smells like him, of the cold cattle blood he brought home under his fingernails every day from the yards, ten crescents of decay. He's wearing his overalls, worn to the white warp everywhere but the pencil pocket. His neck is long, and bunches into dark sinews as it slides into his shirt. He walked five hundred miles in the furrows before he was fifteen. They changed teams at either end, but the boy held the reins all day and he walked alone so long that he learned to hear the voices in the ripping sound of parting roots; he walked in the furrows so much as a child that he tripped on smooth floors as a grown man, even years after the farm was lost.

Seems to me, boy, you got some things to attend to.

Grant nods; he'll do anything not to meet that gaze of the father he loved. When he seemed beaten by life and by cancer, his look burned with the coal fires of the other side, as if he'd been there before, and would come back again. Grant would do anything to finish it, to be done with him for good.

How long can you last out here like this? A couple of days? A week?

He gets up finally and looks at his watch for the first time of the day; it's almost three. He's hungry, and he goes into the kitchen and tries to find something to eat—not just something, but something good to eat. There's nothing—just some American chop suey left over from the night before, a few hours before she opened her thighs for him and then stopped him and then was gone. He steps through the back door and out into the dusty yard. He doesn't know who owns this place or any of the land around it; the owner probably doesn't know he owns the place; Grant sends his rent to a lawyer in Pierre. It doesn't matter, the place is Grant's, and could have been always, but Lonnie missed the birds out here, that's what she said. She missed the sound of people just passing the time.

He goes back inside to the bedroom, gets dressed, and then walks back outside to his truck. He pulls around halfway into the garage, and then crawls under the camper top to off-load his welder and his tools. He brings one of the mattresses from the kids' room and lays it out in the bed of the truck, and follows with a pile of blankets and pillows. He makes up a box of canned food and juice from the pantry and throws in a handful of knives and forks. He doesn't really know what clothes the kids wear, but he does the best he can, stuffing four shopping sacks. He gets his razor. He gets his gun. He takes one last look around the house and then drives off.

MUELLER'S is about two miles down the road, in a hollow that shields the place from the worst of the winds but gathers the frost like low fog. It's a big house, two floors and a porch, built by a farmer back when it was thought bluestem grass could survive the winter. Grant drives up and Tillie meets

THE THISTLE, THE NETTLE

The thistle, the nettle, the burdock, the belladonna
Have a future. Theirs are wastelands
And rusty railroad tracks, the sky, silence.

Who shall I be for men many generations later?
When, after the noise of languages, the award goes to silence?

I was to be redeemed by the gift of arranging words
But must be prepared for an earth without grammar,

For the thistle, the nettle, the burdock, the belladonna,
And a small wind above them, a sleepy cloud, silence.

—Czeslaw Milosz

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

* *

him on the porch. "They're havin' supper," she says.

"I'm leaving Leila with you."

"I cain't take no babies," says Tillie. She's not as old as she thinks, but she's telling the truth.

"That ain't the plan," Grant answers. "Just my oldest." Tillie nods and the flesh bunches around her chin; she's gotten fat out here; that's what happens to good women when the kids are grown—they just keep cooking the same as before.

"I'll explain myself to Hans," he adds.

Grant waits on the porch. He listens to his children finishing their supper and tells himself he's got nothing to be ashamed of.

"Evening, Grant," says Hans, passing him a bottle of his best ale.

Grant takes it, and takes the plate of pork chops that Tillie brings out to him. They sit on the porch; it's good to the west, clear and bright.

"I need a hundred, Hans," says Grant.

Hans goes back into the house and brings back three hundred. It's not kindness, it's just what it takes. Inside, Tillie is running a bath.

"This happens out here," says Hans. "Sometimes the women can't see beyond the day-to-day. I can't tell you why."

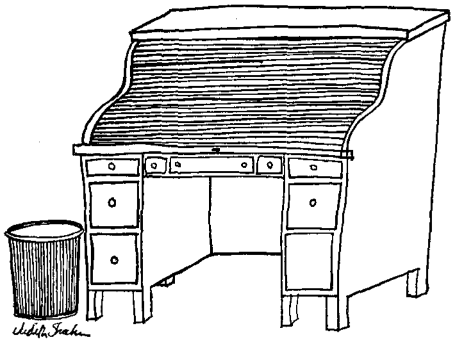
Leila comes out to the porch; she's got too much burden on her just now to cry or be frightened. "Tillie wants to know if you want them in p.j.s," she says, and Grant nods.

Grant sees Tillie walking over to the truck from the back door, and watches as she gathers the four sacks of clothes and carries them back to the house. She's getting a limp and Grant knows it's her hip, just like his mother. He hears the washing machine start up, and sits while Hans smokes his pipe, and then hears the clanking of overall buckles in the dryer. Pete and Scott come out, and they're excited about sleeping on a mattress under the pickup cover. Scott has his Teddy bear, and he's telling Teddy all about it, about how maybe they're going to Disneyland, which makes Grant think he may cry yet in front of Hans. Instead, it's Tillie, on the lawn, who brings a Kleenex to her eyes, and she draws Leila back, right under her bosom, and crosses the loose flesh of her biceps over the girl's soft cheeks. The baby is running hard back and forth over the lawn, and each time he makes a circuit he pats one of the truck wheels. "My turk," he says.

Leila helps them pack the clothes up again, and Hans brings his Coleman stove from the barn. They get the baby into the car seat in front, and the two big boys onto the mattress. Grant hugs Leila, but she's too brittle to let herself bend and she knows it, even though Grant's been good to her and will always be. He starts the truck up and sees Hans listening carefully at the engine until he's sure he likes what he hears, because everything has to be smooth out here.

"Sometimes," says Tillie, "God just wants to make sure He's got your attention, is all."

Grant nods and backs out. It's a clear night, but there's enough rain in the sky to bring out the musty acid of the grass. It's sharp on his nostrils, but clean; he thinks he can trust it. He turns for Nebraska, even though the hunter in him shouts, *Why are you going south? She went west; she's trying to outrun us to the mountains.* Grant looks back through the sliding door into the camper; the two are asleep now. It's in their blood to feel comfortable on the road, like Grant's great-grandfather, who left his first, maybe even his second, family and jumped off from St. Louis and went all the way to the Pacific before he turned around back to Nebraska. He arrived in time to gather in the farms the first wave had won and lost, the wives mad, the husbands strangled with worry, the children sick and ancient.



Grant is tired but the baby is alert in his car seat, his large blue eyes shiny. "See big turk," he says as a triple rig blows past. They've come down the interstate to Murdo, and are now heading south again toward Rosebud. Grant doesn't want to camp in the reservation; he's hoping to get across the border and stop outside Valentine. He's nodding a little, so he says, "Lots of fun," to the baby. "See Auntie Gay."

"See Mommy."

"Well, that's the thing," he answers, and he realizes he hasn't, in all this time, really thought about *her*, about Lonnie. He can't start now; he can't think of the sharp line of her chin, or her easy laugh in bed. The baby is asleep now, his lower lip cupped open like a little spoon. Grant crosses the Nebraska line, and he pulls over into the first creek bottom he finds. He finds a level place to park under the steep sides of a sand hill, and carries the sleeping baby around to the back. He pushes Scott and Pete to one side, takes a moment to piss, and crawls in beside them. He can feel their three hot bodies, Grant and his boys curled together. He doesn't know if this will ever happen again, or what will see him through the next few days, or whether his family will ever again be whole.

EVERYONE wakes crying, even Grant. The baby is soaked, and the air in the camper is strong with the smell of urine and shit. Scott is whimpering for Mommy. Grant sets up the Coleman stove and starts to warm up two cans of corned-beef hash, and Pete says, "Where's the ketchup? We always have ketchup."

"There ain't no ketchup," says Grant.

"I don't want to be here," the boy whines, and that starts another round of tears from the other kids. "I want to go home."

They eat, even without ketchup, and that makes everybody feel better. Grant sends Scott and Pete off to the small creek to rinse the dishes and the frying pan, and when they come back he leads them off a bit behind an outcropping of sandstone and tells them to squat and poop. They think this is funny, and so does the baby, who joins them in the line and pretends to push as the other two drop hot brown fruit onto the dry soil. They're back on the road, all four of them in the cab, a few minutes later, driving down the wide main strip of Valentine, a big city in the boys' eyes. They turn east, through Brown County, then Rock, and Holt. There are so many cars and trucks on the road that the baby kicks his feet with excitement; the boys keep asking him what color they are and he says red, and they laugh. There are so many pheasants along the road that Grant thinks for a moment of his shotgun, almost as if this were the hunting trip he'd always planned to take when they got older.

They pick up the Elkhorn River at Stuart and follow it down into O'Neill, where they stop and eat at McDonald's. It's as good as Disneyland for the boys; they each come out holding the plastic sand buckets and toys that came with the Happy Meals; by now they've figured out they're going to Grandma's. Grant wants to tell them what his father said years ago: these places suck the spirit right out of you. Grant was an eager boy then, but he knew his father was telling him this because they'd lost the ranch and now they were moving back to live with his mother's family.

It's Grant's sister Geneva who comes to the door when he rings, and she tries not to look surprised. His ma used to say to him, "It ain't Gennie's fault she was born without the gift of laughter." She's so slow unlatching the screen that Grant thinks maybe she isn't going to, but Scott and Pete have already run around to the tire swing they remembered in back, and it's just Grant, holding the baby.

"We didn't hear about this new one," she says. She doesn't ask about Lonnie; just the sight of Grant tending the youngest tells her she isn't with them.

"I'm leaving the kids here for a few days."

Grant knows she's about to say he can't leave no baby with them, but just then his ma comes around the corner, pushing her walker. She's shrinking, as if she's just folding together through her disintegrating hips, but she's tough; she's sheltered Geneva all these years. Grant leans down to give her a kiss, and she smells like ashes.

"Where's Lonnie?" she asks.

"She's left me. I'm taking the baby to Gay's," he says.

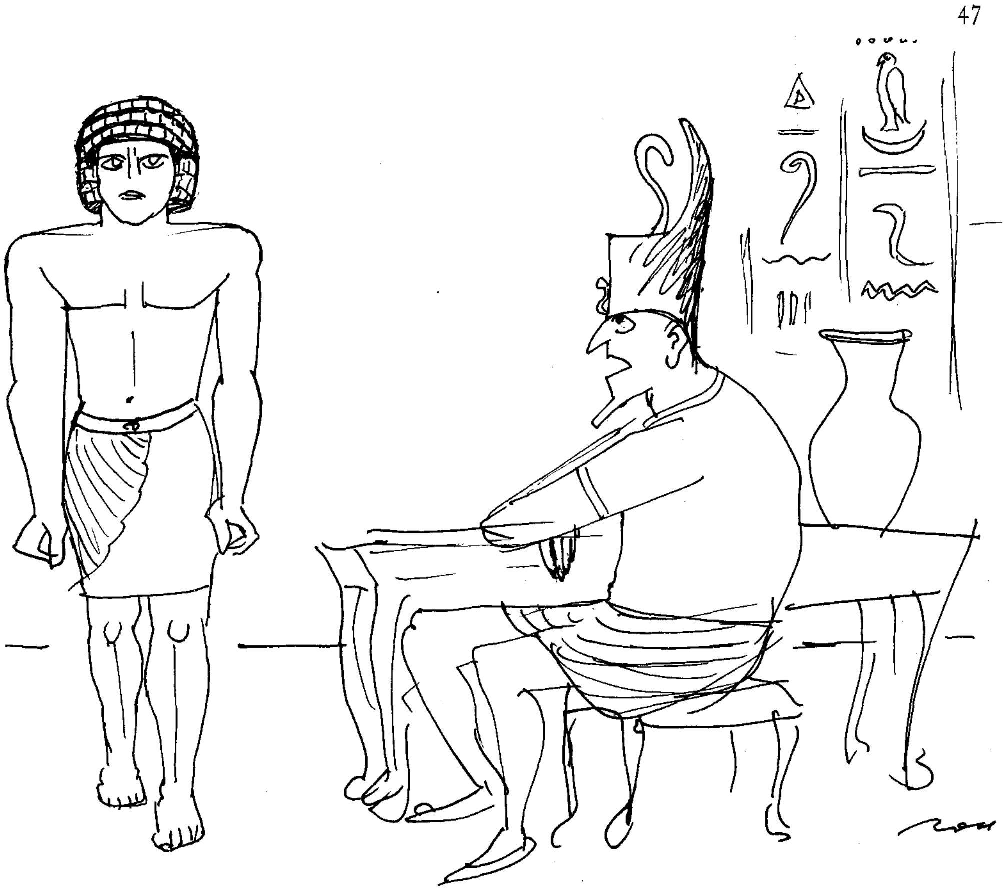
"That ain't going to work," his ma answers. "She's alone now, too."

The baby squirms in his arms, and finally works himself upside down, reaching for the floor.

"Put him down," his ma says. "There's no fire in the stove. No one delivers coal anymore." The baby comes over to the walker and slams his small hand on the tubing, and then starts to climb.

His ma brightens, but this gives Geneva her chance. "We can't keep no baby."

Grant goes out to the truck and brings back two of the remaining three bags of clothes. They still smell fresh from Tillie's dryer, all folded and carefully placed, even though they've been knocked around some. He looks to either side, at the other green lawns and pleasant houses on this quiet, tree-lined street. He doesn't know how his



"First of all, I want you to relax."

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ma did this, how she kept the house after the meat-packing plant was locked one night without word from the owners. Two days earlier the steers had stopped coming in, and when the men had split and carved their way through the emptying stockyards there was nothing more to kill.

Grant takes a nap in the back room, the vacant sleep of townspeople; his dreams are wild but they don't mean anything. He wakes drugged but rested, and he eats supper with his ma while Geneva get things ready for the boys to stay. "Go home, Grant," says his ma. "Go home and wait. You can't take the baby with you. Gay can't and Gennie won't keep him."

He knows she's right. He can't take his baby with him, but he can't wait either, because there is another baby that will need him when he finds Lonnie, a baby that may have to die anyway, but will most certainly not live if he waits for her at home. He says his goodbyes to the boys and gives Geneva fifty dollars. His ma works her way out to the truck and watches him put the baby back into the car seat. She's standing there as he drives away, with the baby waving both hands, fingers straight out and spread like two small propellers. "Bye-bye," he sings. "Bye-bye."

THEY'RE back out into the farmland in a few minutes, retracing their way toward Valentine. Grant is still fevered from his nap, and even though he keeps shaking his head and has the windows wide open to the chilly air, his eyes feel puffy and heated. The baby is content to ride high in his car seat, looking around at the land as they begin to roll into the sand hills. Grant doesn't know how he's going to work this: when he finds Lonnie she'll see the baby and that may be the end of it right there, because two hours before she left, the baby had brought her to tears, had finally made her understand that never again in her whole life would something happen easy, that she would forever be fighting just to get through the day. And Grant had tried to comfort her, first with love, and then sympathy, and then passion, and it had not worked.

"Piece of milk," the baby sings. Everything from him is melody.

Grant reaches down for one of the bottles he filled at his ma's.

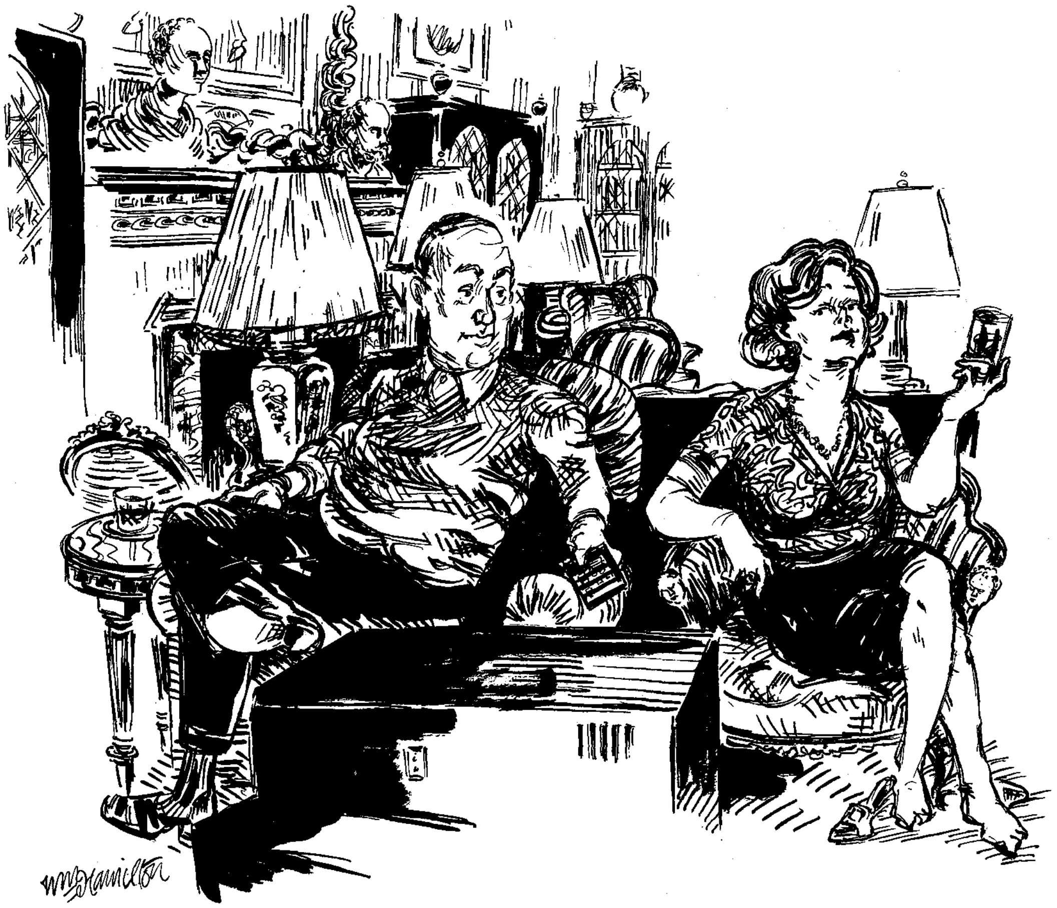
"No one wants you," he says to the baby.

"O-kay," he sings back unblemished.

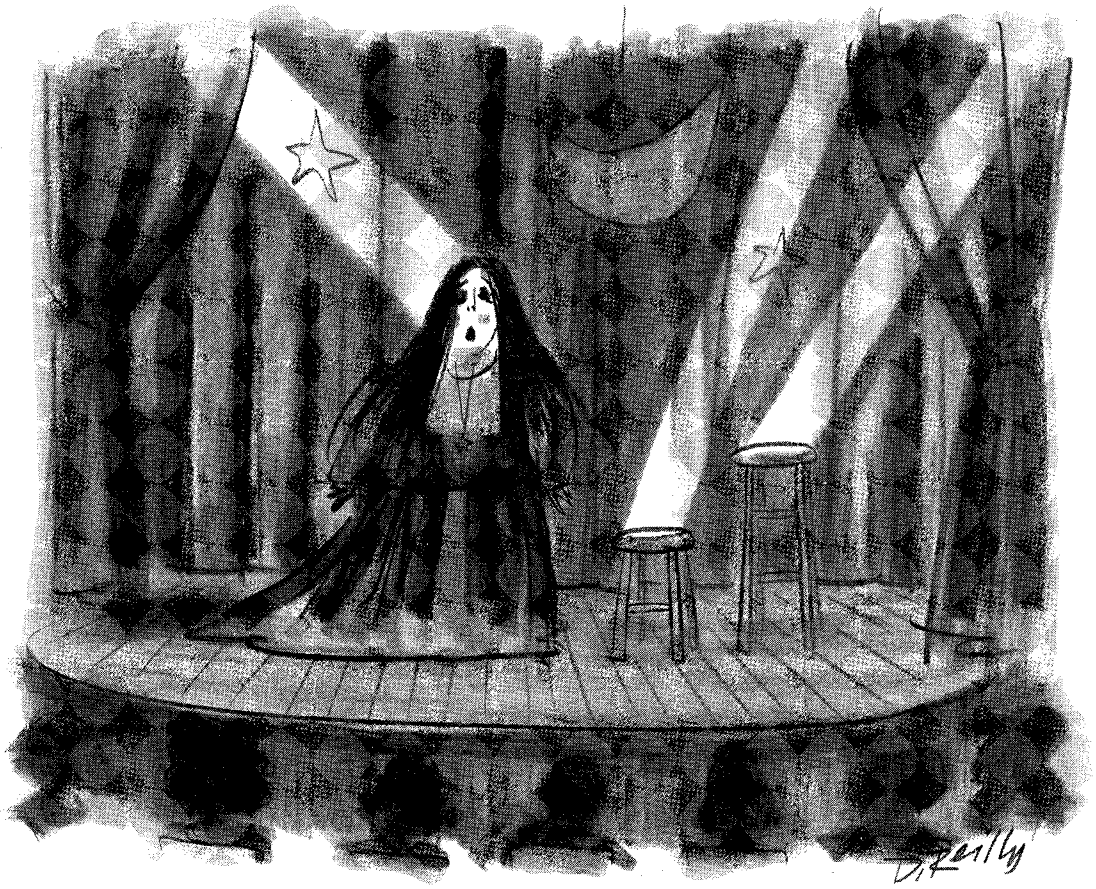
"No one but me," says Grant finally, and he gives him one of his large round fingers to hold, and the baby drinks his bottle and falls asleep like that. When Grant gasses the truck in Valentine he puts him in back. The little warm head rolls into the soft of Grant's neck; there's a firmness about the baby's body, an energy even when so completely at rest. This time Grant remembers to put on a dry Pamper, and then checks to make sure the screens on the sliding windows are strong and secure, and locks the tailgate from outside.

It's two in the morning when he crosses back into South Dakota. The grass doesn't speak to him anymore; Grant's at peace in the cab with his sleeping baby behind him. He knows Lonnie can be saved, he knows this now, for the first time, as he and the baby dart back across the Rosebud Reservation. He sees the contempt that comes to his sister Geneva's eyes when she thinks of Lonnie, and he knows why he loves Lonnie—because she's chosen the living, the light. She's not a whore, she did not become a whore on the plains; she became a mother. And she was not a whore when they met, in Pierre—just a nineteen-year-old who had enough fire and humor not to panic when she was dropped by her boyfriend hundreds of miles from home. Grant was twenty: what difference did it make that they left the Elkhorn Bar an hour later and he wasn't even trying to cover up the erection stretching his jeans? What difference did it make that she was pregnant with Leila when they got married in the Gem Theatre? After the ceremony, if he wanted to call it that, they went to Marston's store and were invited to pick a few things off the shelf, free, and all Lonnie wanted was a giant-sized box of Pampers.

Grant pulls over finally behind the fairgrounds in White River, and wakes up the next morning to the baby's big grinning face. "Daddy, Dad-dee," he says,



"Harlan, don't you ever get tired of being quiet money?"



"Is there a holistic care provider in the house?"

pounding on Grant's back. They stop at a café for breakfast—he doesn't have enough time now to cook out—and Grant feels a little funny there with the baby among the farmers and the road crew, as if they thought he was half man, and it hasn't really occurred to him he'll need to bring or ask for some kind of special seat for him. But the waitress is older than she looks; she gives the baby a handful of coffee stirrers to play with, and they are back on the road fast and up on the interstate by ten, heading west.

He hopes to make Sheridan by midafternoon, then up into the Bighorn and through the Crow Reservation before he sleeps again. In front of them the grassland buckles and slides, building for the Black Hills. The baby gets restless and starts to cry, and then to scream, and Grant lets him out of the harness. It's the tourist route, and there are billboards for Wall Drug and Reptile Gardens and exit signs for the Badlands and Mt. Rushmore. He knows she's been this way, he knew it before he started, but now he feels it.

They're in Wyoming, coming first into Beulah and now into Sundance. Grant wonders what the people who started this town were thinking of when they named it Sundance. He knows what it stands for: he's heard the stories about ghost dancing and the sun dance, about men stitched to buffalo bones with pegs through their breasts. He knows what it stands for, but he doesn't know what it means; no one does, maybe not even the Indians, maybe not even the Indians who danced. It was something for the spirit, not the body; it was too powerful, and forbidden, nothing like this town that is so quiet a generation could live and die before anyone noticed.

He has to stop a few times at rest areas to let the baby run around, and at Gillette he buys a grab bag full of small toys, and a long tube of Dixie cups that he hands back one by one through the window for two hours until the whole camper is covered with them. " 'Nother cup!" squeals the baby with delight and surprise each time. Grant has begun to catch the rhythm of the two-year-old. He wishes he didn't have the baby with him for this last dash to the mountains, but as long as he's got him he's grateful for the company, for a pal. Grant's got his friends stretched across the plains: they'll never leave the plains. But maybe he's never had a buddy, and maybe he's never guessed that a baby could be a buddy, willing and cheerful to go along, always surprised by events. The land is getting drier, baked hotter over the shining stones and the white rim of alkali at the waterlines. Lonnie is headed for the mountains, just the way the wagon trains yearned for the mountains ahead of them, no one worrying about snow in the high passes. Nothing was more foreign to them than the plains. At night, the Lutherans, Calvinists, and Methodists sang their hymns and hoped the sounds carried beyond the glow of the campfires. They knew they were up against something on the plains. He drives past a car wreck and it's a terrible one, two bodies laid out under tarpaulins, casualties on the way to the Bighorn. This is how it was told to him, like every schoolchild, that Custer would be alive today if he had stayed in South Dakota, but he was teased deeper and deeper into the grass. And it was the same for Lewis and Clark, led by the trapper Charbonneau, but they had a girl with them, an Indian girl, a sign of love and the promise of a gift, because she was pregnant—just like Lonnie.

In Sheridan, a long hot strip, they stop and he buys them a meatloaf-and-gravy supper at a café and then gives the baby a bath in the men's-room sink of a gas station next door. Grant has never before seen how that skin shines like silk; he traces a line down the flexing back and it feels like powder. Grant uses every muscle and nerve ending in his own body, as if keeping the baby from falling is the one job in his whole life that truly matters. He's towelling him off on the curb outside when he breaks away, naked and round-bellied, to the front, and three high-school girls who are gassing a big new Pontiac catch him and bring him back. All three are a little too heavy, and Grant thinks of them as pregnant. They're giggling with the baby and he's giggling back, but when they try to flirt with Grant they read something on his face that chills their laughter, and they hand the baby back to him and leave fast.

That night Grant and the baby sleep in Montana under a few cottonwoods that have found water somewhere deep. He's so tired when they pull in he doesn't notice a small house not much more than a hundred yards away. In the low yellow light of morning an elderly Indian couple appear at his side, just as he and the baby are finishing breakfast. He's made a kind of high chair out of rocks with a scrap of sheet iron as a table. The Indians don't say anything, and Grant guesses this means they're still inside the reservation. Off in the distance a dove is cooing and there is a flapping of laundry in the very slight breeze. It's a little chilly and Grant has on a sweatshirt, but the Indians are bundled up as if for winter, the man in an orange nylon parka shiny with dirt, and the woman in a heavy blanket jacket over jeans. Grant wonders why they're out at this early hour, but he straightens from his kneeling position in front of the baby when he notices them, and goes over to join the man at the truck while the woman comes over to the baby.

The old man points with a stubby damaged finger toward the baby; the woman is poking at him, taunting him with a piece of bread in a way that is not cruel but not kind either: a test, more like—the first of many. The baby laughs, and the woman swats his head. Grant stiffens; any more of this and he'll spring.

"Yours?" asks the man, and it is as if they're going to fight over the child, not because the Indians want him but because he's theirs anyway.

Grant looks hard into the old man's face. "That's my boy—my youngest."

"Where's his mama?" the Indian asks. "Where's his grandma?" It's the right question to ask, Grant can't fault it. By now, the baby has finished his breakfast. The woman has freed him from the pile of rocks and they're pitching small pebbles at each other. She's keeping him on the very edge between delight and fear, on the blade of some plan.

Grant doesn't answer; he looks over the Indian's shoulder at the house. There's an old tractor, a Ferguson or a Ford, painted hunter green, and it's plain it hasn't run in years. A sprinkler is watering a brown patch of grass.

"We're going after his mama," says Grant, finally. "I can't tell you where she is."

WHAT THEY ATE

All manner of fowl and wild game: venison, raccoon, opossum, turkey.
Abundant fishes, excepting salmon, which ws. found distasteful.
Meat of all sorts, especially pig, which roamed free and was fatty.
Also shellfish: quahogs and foot-long oysters; lobster, though considered wasteful.

Wild fruit: huckle and rasp, blue being known as "skycolored" berries.
Parsnips, turnips, carrots, onions: these sown loosely and rooted out;
while these were cultivated in orchards: apples, peaches, apricots, cherries.
Cabbage—favored by the Dutch as *koolslaa*, by the Germans as sauerkraut—

was boiled with herbs brought from England: thyme, hyssop, marjoram, parsley.
Pumpkin, dried, or mashed with butter, where yams grew sparsely.
Corn, with beans as *succotash;* called *samp* when milled to grist;
in the South, hulled and broken, as *hominy;* or fried with bacon as grits.
Maple ws. not favored; loaves of white sugar worth considerable money
were kept under lock, cut with special sugar shears. For honey,

bees were imported, called "English flies" by the Narragansett.

WHAT THEY DRANK

Water, rarely. Sometimes goat's milk, later cow's. Never coffee or tea:
too expensive to import.
Liquor reigned: flagons of ale, casks and demijohns of fine French brandy,
costly decanters of Spanish port,

all laboriously shipped or smuggled, until at last the miracle grain
of the New World, corn,
was mashed and fermented into whiskey at great pecuniary gain.
Thus was born

our second-oldest industry: distilling. Though the wild Concord grape lacked
flavor, breweries spread withal;
the growth of orchards led to cider and applejack,
peach brandy in the South a windfall.

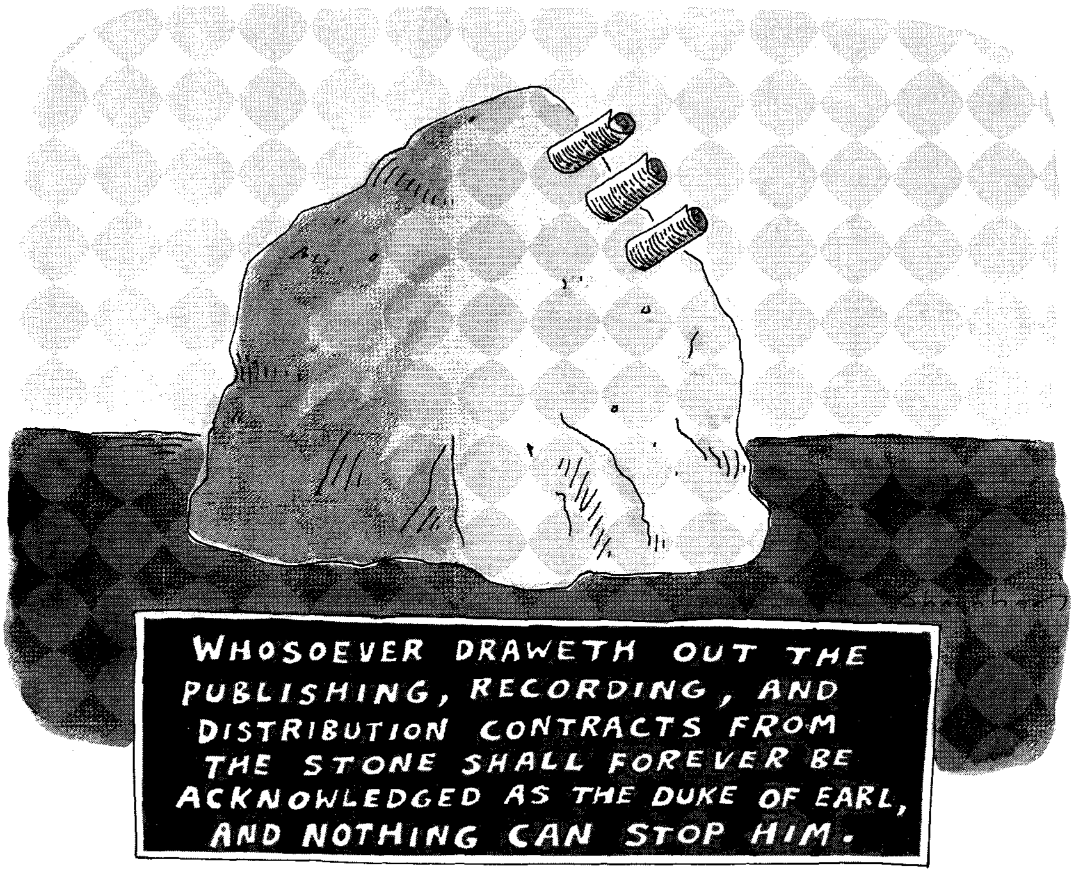
Also popular were mixed drinks: cider & rum, cider & mead,
above all *flip*, being beer
sweetened with molasses or pumpkin, fortified with spirit alcohol as needed,
then scalded with a hot poker.

Lastly came rum from the Indies, called "kill-devil" by the Dutch, Manhattan awash
with the diabolical liquor,
said worse even than gin: worse for the poor because cheaper, worse
for the rich because quicker.

—CAMPBELL MCGRATH

• •

The Indian nods, and then does something that takes Grant by surprise: he picks up Grant's box of Frosted Flakes and eats a couple of large handfuls. Grant doesn't know if he's being robbed somehow, but it doesn't seem necessary for him to say anything. The woman has taken the baby's small hand, and she's leading him down the road to the house. It's flatter here than home, and drier; it's sage country, not grass. On the horizon he can see a straight line of trees, aspens waving a silvery flash of leaves, and he knows it's the Bighorn, where the brown trout are big as salmon, where the rainbow males fight each other for the hook. Grant and the Indian follow along, because the woman's now in charge. They go into the small house, two worn steps off the prairie, a shell of gray asbestos shingles, and it's clean, spare, and dark. The baby lets out a squeal of joy when the woman shows him a toy box in one corner filled with trucks and alphabet blocks. They drink coffee.


WHOSOEVER DRAWETH OUT THE PUBLISHING, RECORDING, AND DISTRIBUTION CONTRACTS FROM THE STONE SHALL FOREVER BE ACKNOWLEDGED AS THE DUKE OF EARL, AND NOTHING CAN STOP HIM.

• •

"How long you planning to look?" asks the man.

"She's headed for the mountains. I'm not far behind."

The woman holds out her arms toward the baby; she thinks he's going to leave the baby with them. She thinks it's her duty; she thinks Grant hasn't got the right to refuse.

"We'll be leaving now," he says. He looks over at the baby in the corner and gets ready to cut off the woman's approach.

The man looks at his wife; this isn't his affair, it's up to her.

Grant hears the laundry flapping outside and thinks the pulse of his blood is pounding as loud. He knows he could leave the baby with these people. He's lived his life believing that he could ask anything of plains people, white or Indian, just the way he knows he'd do about anything if another asked him. He could leave the baby and know he was safe. But he also knows now he can't go on alone. He's too frightened of failing: how does he expect to find Lonnie, a single lungful of air in a sandstorm? How does he think he can do it alone?

Grant pulls out his wallet and gives her a ten. He means "Thank you," and he means "No, thanks." He's not at all sure that she will take it, but she does, and then she and the man watch as he goes over and picks up the baby. The baby's having fun with the blocks and he starts to shriek, beating his arms and legs so fast that for a second Grant almost loses his grip. He's reaching out over Grant's shoulder for the toys; he wants those more than anything in the world. He screams, "Want Mommy, want Mommy," and Grant knows he's just saying this as a way of getting the toys, but still it helps, because they *are* going to find Mommy. Grant jogs down the road toward his truck without looking back for the Indians, and he has to fight hard, harder than he would have imagined, to get the baby buckled into his car seat. He's still screaming; it's been twenty minutes. If Grant tries to keep his children together by himself it will be Leila, the oldest, who pays the price, but he hasn't asked himself those questions yet. He's only marvelling at the noise the baby can make when he opens his cords, and trying to figure out how he'll bring his mother back.

But now they are out on the road, gathering speed. That's all the baby wanted, just some action, something to see or do. Grant feels light, as if they have made an escape, have just weathered a close call together.

"You and me, boy, almost got scalped."

There's something about those words that sets the baby off, laughing and laughing. The sound fills the cab, and for a moment they're not in a Ford truck anymore, but Grant doesn't know what it is; he's into his fourth day beyond tired, but he's sharp. He knows he can find her. He feels low and close to the ground, the way a hunter wants to feel when he's caught up at last to the buck in the brush. There's a voice in the deer that tells you where he's going, said his father, it's the way of nature. Close your eyes and listen, that's what his father said, reminded him, on cold fall mornings. But be wary: there are voices outside that are not to be trusted.

Lonnie is running to the northwest;

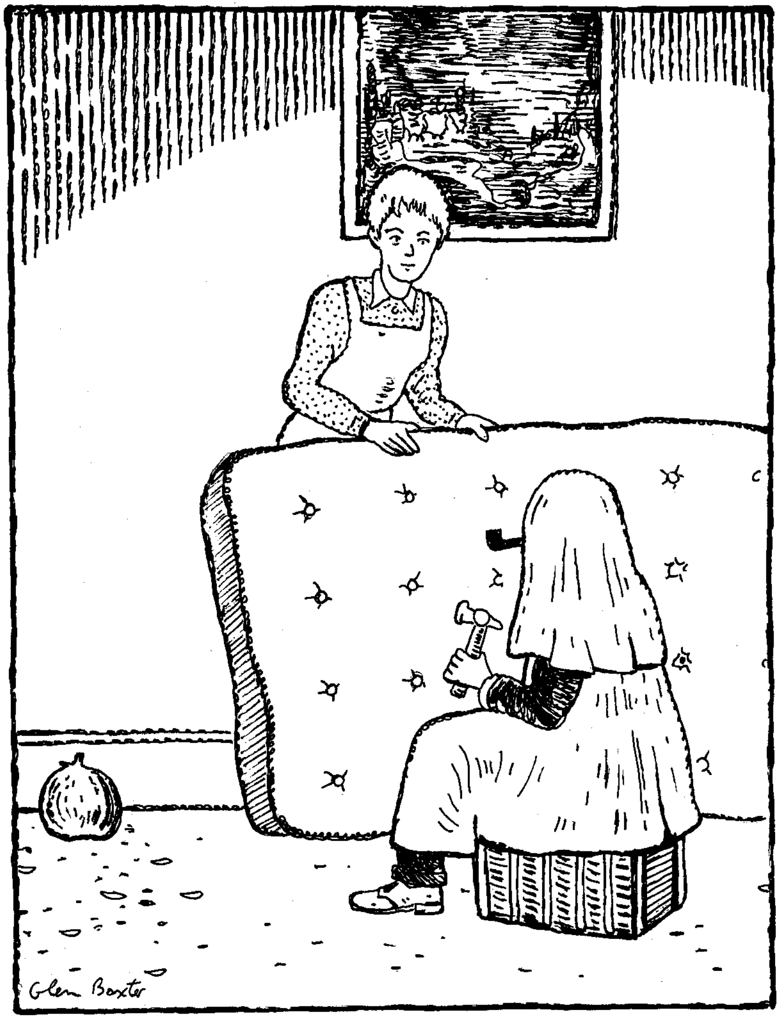
she's a creature of hills and mountains and trees, doing anything not to get caught flatfooted on the plains where the dogs, those endless, nameless dogs, can pull you by the hamstrings. Grant pushes down on the accelerator and the Ford buckles and gulps. He wonders about the old Buick; how long before it dies? He's been looking for it already by the side of the road, in the repair yards of the gas stations, behind the bait-and-tackle shops. He can picture it halfway into the parking lot of a bar at a place where the men fan out to give her advice with their eyes all over her ass and crotch, and he knows she feels them looking and it gives her a dot of pleasure and a line of wetness. Maybe she'll decide Screw it and they will all head back in, and even the last of the men funnelling in the door six, seven behind feels as if he's got something loose on the line. Grant can picture all that because he's never known anything in his life better than Lonnie asking him to turn off the radio and come in and fuck her.

He's looking for her already; when her face comes out to him he won't be surprised. She's stopped running; he knows that because he feels the tiredness in his own body. They come into Billings, past the refineries and tank farms. There is a whole yard full of silver tank trucks, and he says to the baby, "Trucks. See the bi-ig trucks." Grant looks over and sees a wide smile, pure wonderment on the tiny face, and he cannot resist rubbing the back of his fingers on that round cheek. He thinks if he finds Lonnie and she comes back with him, looping around through Nebraska to pick up Scott and Pete and then up to Mueller's for Leila and then home—if they all come back to that empty house tired but glad to be off the road, they all will have won.

They come to a stoplight in the center of town, and now he's got to make up his mind: west or north? He could head west on Route 90 and hit Bozeman and Butte and Deer Lodge and Missoula, one after another. For this reason Lonnie might have taken this route, but the voice inside him says, *No, she went north*, and anyway if she has a plan it's to get up to Glacier and look for a waitressing job where they wouldn't suspect or care that she'd run out on a husband and family. That's what she was doing nine years ago when she stopped in Pierre, on her way to Glacier, and the thought never died.

So he heads north out of Billings toward Roundup, and in a few minutes he knows he's done the right thing, because the road's begun to climb, not steep and quick like the push over the Black Hills, but patiently, cutting through the choppy sides of the buttes and the caked bottoms of the valleys. He's crossing the Musselshell and the Flatwillow, and he sees they're faster and cleaner than the rivers of South Dakota and he feels their tug back to the east. He is so glad now that the baby is with him that he starts singing "Wheels on the Bus" to him. He doesn't know any of the words, but he's listened to Lonnie sing this song to four different babies and he's got a general idea how it goes. The baby falls asleep. He drives past the town of Grassrange and sees three women tending thrift-shop tables in the swirling red dust of the roadside. Each hill rising carries them away from the real earth. Grant feels no mystery in this land, just danger. At home the yellow grass smooths the hills like velvet; here the rocks thrust into the plains; the creeks rip their course; the land is damaged, not shaped. And when finally, about eleven in the morning, he turns west out of Lewistown, he thinks first that it's clouds he's seeing, or a streak of grime cutting across his windshield, but it's neither. He follows the shadows to the left, and to the right, and they're everywhere, mountains rising out of his life. He feels the pain the mountains cause, and he knows now that he must find her soon.

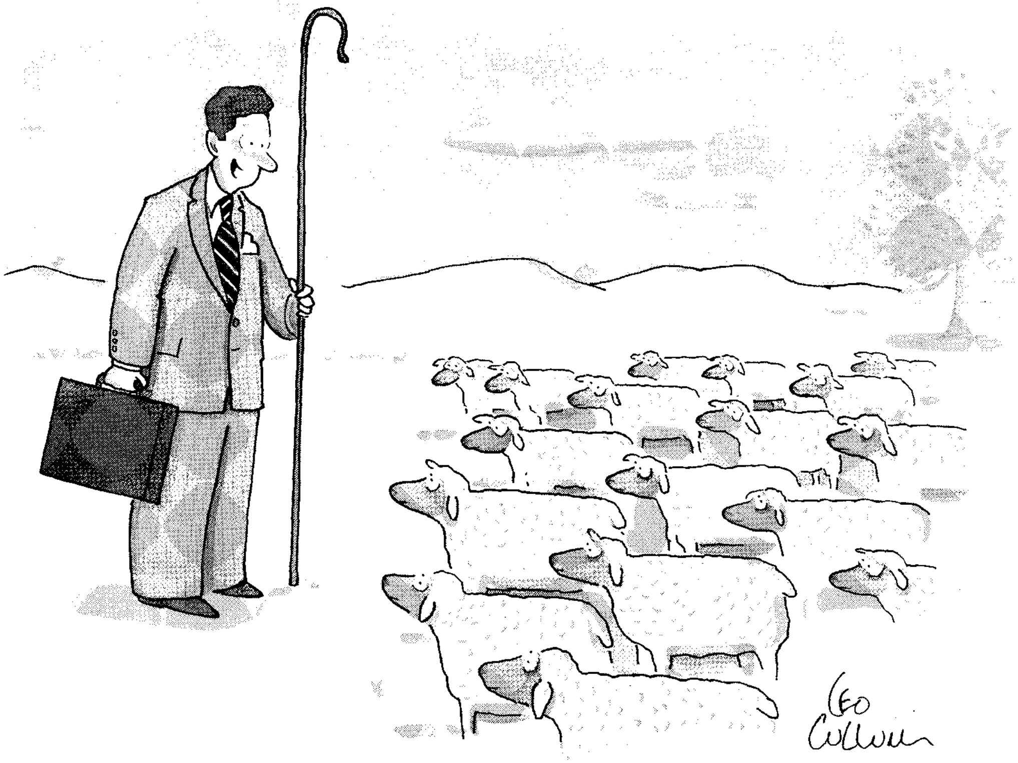
He pulls over and slides out of his seat onto the narrow shoulder; the road is high here. There is no traffic, no sound of engines, nothing except for a gusting wind that pulls at his shirttail and chills the moisture of his sweaty T-shirt. He starts to eat a sandwich he bought in Billings, but he is sud-



WITH THANKSGIVING ONLY HOURS AWAY, RALPH HAD SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO HIS FESTIVE MODE AGAIN.

denly too tired to chew. He moves around to sit on the front bumper, out of the wind, and stares west. Maybe Lewis and Clark sat on this spot. They too would have been afraid, because in all this thrusting rock what they had to find was a single drop of water, a single drop that would become two, a puddle, a pool, a stream, a creek, a tributary, and finally a river flowing west. They found it, Grant is certain, because they listened to their fear, and the sound that came to them was a waterfall.

She's frightened now, and so is he. He imagines the deer, steamy yellow froth dripping from his sharp lips. He listens for the voice through the whimpering of the grass, through the deep pounding of his heart. She's tired now, he knows that; Lonnie's getting to where she thought she wanted to be, and she's missing her babies, and she knows she lost part of her mind back there on the plains and can't trust what's left. He stands up. He shouts, the words breaking off from the very bottom of his throat, "Where is she?," but this time there is no sound from the grass, just a steady wind. "Where are you?" he yells. The shout is cut off clean; it doesn't even stir the baby. Grant is in the hills now, listening only to the fear that he may have lost Lonnie for good.



"It's an entry-level position, but I was assured it would just be for a few years."

• •

LONNIE's purse and wallet are emptied into a small pile in the center of a stained knobby bedspread. Outside her motel window there is a gas station, and then a lube shop, and then the whole long studded string of Tenth Avenue South. It's Great Falls, and she can no longer believe she has come so far for this, a baked island of neon on an immense high plain. The boys she saw last night, bunched into small packs outside the bars, wore the look and hair of the Air Force. Some of them spoke to her as she walked into what was left of the old cow town, past nameless markers and corners that were nothing but numbers. She can get work here; tonight she can be inside some bar wearing a white cowboy hat and fringed hot pants, and, if that's all she does, it will last for two or three months, until one late afternoon the satin waistband no longer closes at the snaps. Already she feels the force inside her, sooner, more powerful, more demanding than any of the others, so strong that it pushes the others aside, her real babies, whose soft skin and voices she misses so badly that her arms ache.

She could get work here, and she'd ask the other waitresses who to talk to about fixing everything; maybe it wouldn't cost anything, maybe the state would pay for it. She could do this; it's what she planned. All the way from home, eyes on the mirror for the growing red dot of Grant's truck, she pictured the nurse, bored maybe and unforgiving, working through a list of questions as if it was a driver's-license renewal, or one of those customer-service interviews in the IGA. And then there would be a white room, and a white sleep, and it would be done. It wouldn't be so bad, really. In a few days it would all be over and then, then she might think about going back.

She counts sixty-four dollars and change. She has a full tank of gas, and even though the Buick has started to skip a little and lose power, she knows enough to think it is just the altitude, the thin air. Her clothes are clean; earlier that morning she met a woman at the motel's coin-op, a tourist from Oklahoma washing out a few kids' T-shirts, and she offered to let Lonnie throw in her things because the machine wasn't hardly full. She was the kind of person Lonnie had often wished could be a neighbor, in a house that didn't exist and that would never, she knew, have a reason to be built.

Grant may still be back home; if he is she hopes he's thought of Tillie Mueller to help him, but it's all just wishing. He's hunting her because he thinks it's his duty, and she's not afraid of what will happen if he finds her, she's just afraid of being hunted, the seeker already tugging on her from the other side of the plains.

She leaves her motel and begins to walk. She tries not to see what she's seeing, to see any landmarks through her own eyes, because Grant will see them, too; she tries not to say the name of this city because Grant will hear it. When she married him she didn't ask for this, except maybe by wanting something different as a teen-ager, something with mystery. He has powers. People laugh at her when she tells them that, but it's true, it's always been true. Grant is so thin and blond that people think he's nothing but a kid, until they look him in the eye.

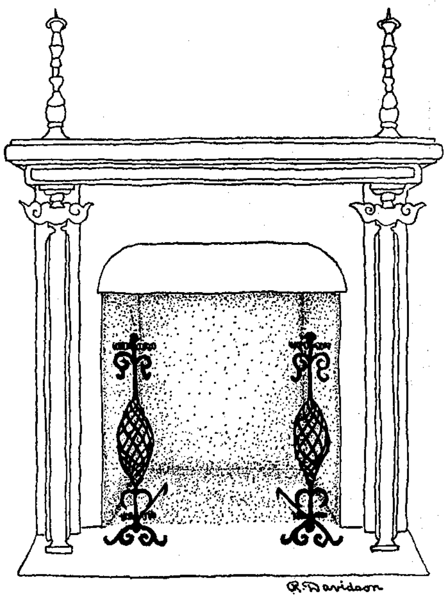
She has lunch—a salad at Burger King. It's her first meal of the day, and the memory of the morning sickness she endured with Leila, and then less with Scott, churns at her stomach. If she wants to find work tonight she'll have to start in a couple of hours, by four at the latest. She doesn't doubt that he knows where she was headed: when she left him she turned without even thinking, and didn't realize she'd turned west until she began to see the signs for Rapid City. She told him she was headed west the night they met in the Elkhorn Bar; her boyfriend got scared and turned back after a last beer together, and then, at that second, the goodbye wave she gave to the boyfriend turned into a hello to Grant as the two men passed in the bar doorway. But even if he knows she is in Montana, where will he start? Even if he knows she is in the city whose name she doesn't want to say out loud, can he find her? Even if he knows what block she is on, a block made of avenues and streets that are just numbers, no names at all, what is the chance he'll spot her?

She looks up from the counter in sudden fright and quickly scans the restaurant. She has to stop thinking these thoughts—they're energy flowing out of her, a beacon for him. She's giving herself away. She runs outside and cuts off Tenth Avenue, back toward the old city. She walks until she comes to the deep chasm of the Missouri, and she reads a sign that says "GIBSON PARK." She brings her hands to her face, because now those words are out on the line and maybe he knows them, maybe he's heard of this place. The grass is green, and there are children in the play yard, and then, beyond, there is the river, full and wide. She doesn't think of the trees or the statue she's standing in front of, or the white, freshly painted bench she has to sit on for a minute or two because her legs are fluttering. Why wouldn't he let her be? Why couldn't he give her some time, such a small amount of time?

She's walking again, and now she's got a new plan: she'll blank her mind to the details around her by thinking about home. She's going through the drawers of the steel kitchen unit and she's picturing the knives, the forks. She's counting the spoons, including the baby spoon with the chipped plastic handle that has a line of ducks on it, except the yellow paint they used for the beaks washed off. She's trying now to count the floorboards in the kitchen, but it isn't working; she's still on that baby spoon. She has held that spoon for four babies, scooped in the first mouthfuls of pears and custard, given those four babies their first tastes of everything on that single spoon. Even now she can feel through the handle the tug of the baby's lips when he's hungry, and the resistance of the tongue that moves her hand aside when he's not. She's given her children life on that spoon, and now she wants it, she wants to hold it and look at those beakless ducks.

When she gets back to the bars, the neon is bright, not because it's dark or will be for three more hours but because the watch has changed at the Minuteman base and the boys will soon be there. She's standing there, just one of the girls, and a big red pickup goes by and takes a wide U-turn back, and she looks away and says to herself, Please, let it be some ranch hand looking for a whore, but it's not, and she does not ask herself any more questions about how he did it. He has dropped on her through a hole in the day, a parting of clouds straight up to the sun. He parks alongside her and comes forward halfway and stands crazy, so spent that she thinks he will fall, and they look at each other until it seems that he has started talking without making a sound.

"Lonnie," he says, "I won't hurt you." There's gravel in his voice; he's hoarse, and it makes her think he's been crying.



She looks into the truck and sees the baby, who starts pumping his arms up and down in a little dance, even though he's still strapped in. "Mommy," he shouts. She can't help smiling; the baby makes her smile and laugh for the first time in five days. She can feel the tug to him—powerful, intoxicating. He's every bit as demanding as before, as merciless, as selfish, as he reaches, but there's a sweetness now; the difference is she wants to give it to him, to all the kids, to Grant. Her body starts flowing toward the baby, her breasts heavy.

"Oh God, Grant, you brought the baby." As she says this she pictures the two of them riding in the truck together, side by side, and remembers how so long ago she loved to think of him and the kids together.

"I didn't have no choice," he says, but she sees through it, she knows he couldn't have found her alone.

"Where are the others?" It is suddenly agony to be apart from them.

"Carry!" yells the baby from the truck. "Carry!" he yells again, reaching out, and she can feel herself open for him, a torrent now, a burst.

"They're safe. Do we still have another coming?"

"I can't have another. I can't do it. You can't make me."

"I want you back. I need you back."

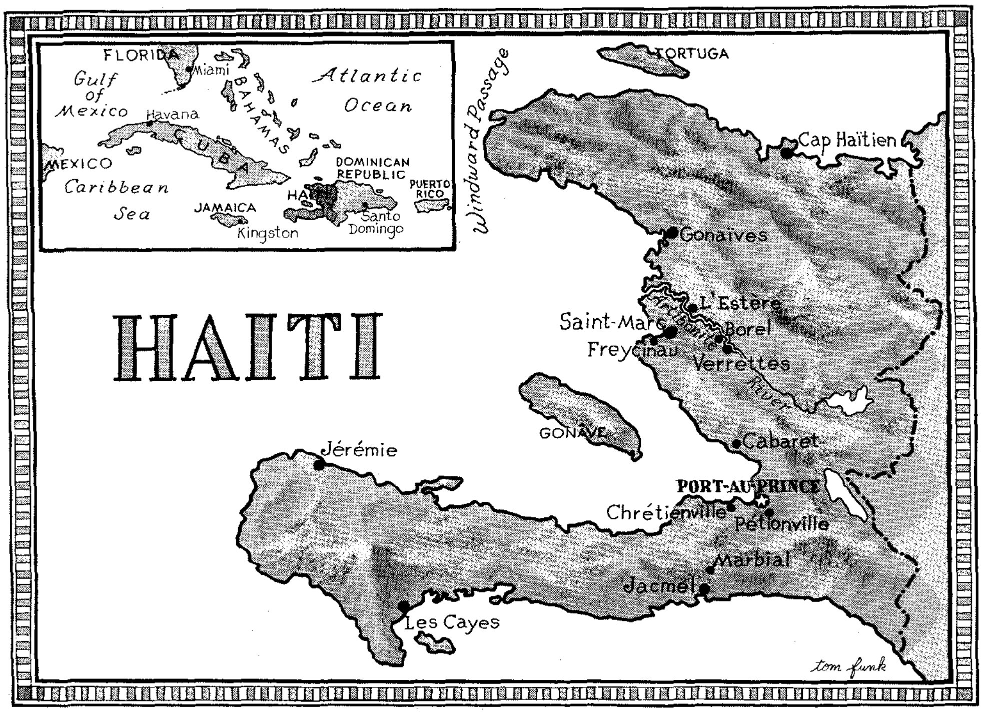
"You can have me back, Grant. I want to come home. I miss my babies." She's trying not to cry. She is Lonnie, she is only twenty-nine, she has come to this place and cannot escape. "But this child will kill me."

And Grant has known for five days that he can come this far and no farther. He'll choose the living, he'll choose Lonnie. And Lonnie has known for five days that whether she likes it or not Grant and her babies are everything for her, that she may want something more but needs nothing else. She is crying now as she passes Grant, going toward the truck. She picks up the baby and he feels like satin, and the three of them stand on this spot in this city beside the Missouri River. Lonnie thinks of the river on the map, flowing north out of Great Falls almost to Canada before it begins to drop southeast, straight back home through South Dakota. They could almost ride home on a raft.

—CHRISTOPHER TILGHMAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS—I

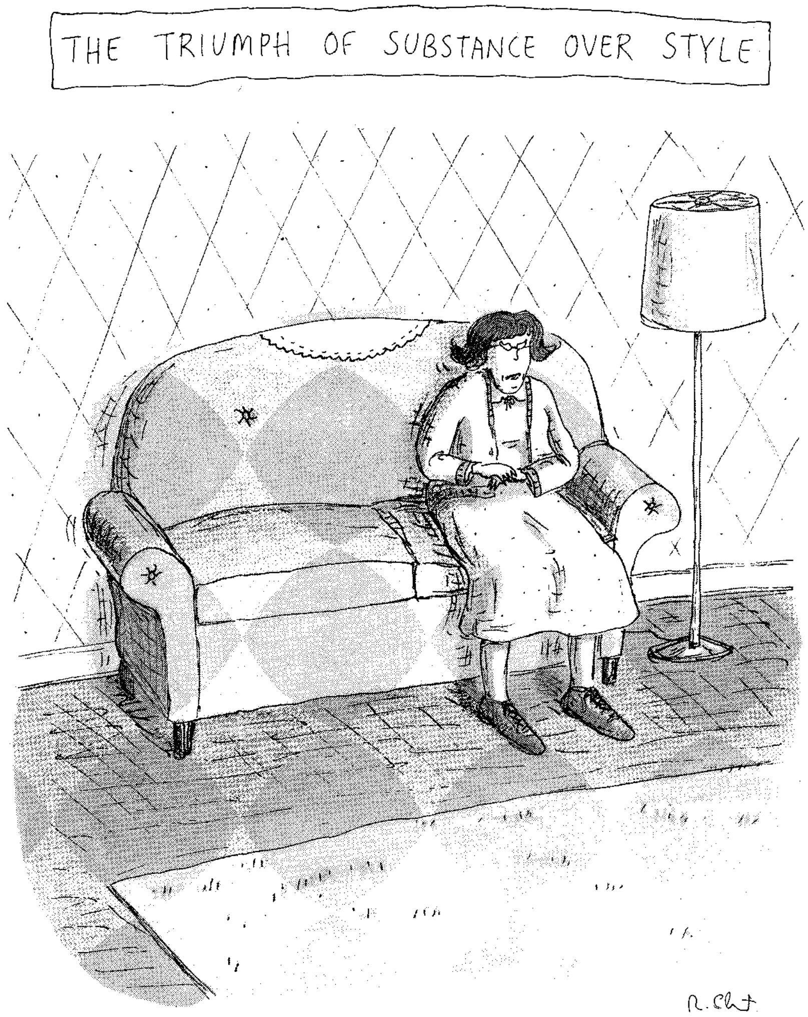


MORNINGS in Port-au-Prince, just before dawn, as the last, scattered gunshots faded in the distance and the outlines of the city began to take shape in the dirty air—tiny houses, painted aqua and salmon; the huge and ghostly National Palace, gleaming white; gray and rust-colored slums, canopied in smoke—my colleagues and I would go off in search of bodies. This was during the days leading up to Sunday, November 29, 1987, the day of the election that was to bring democracy to Haiti. Each morning, we would meet in the darkness in front of the Holiday Inn, near the glass doors of a newly opened press center, through which we could just make out banks of telephones and telexes and stacks of cheerful red-and-blue election press kits. During those last days, foreign correspondents and international observers and election experts poured into the country, and the afternoons were filled with solemn press conferences, but the real story unfolded at night. It was a loud and violent conversation, meant to be overheard: one followed its progress by charting the gunshots echoing over the city, then read the results by cruising the streets at daybreak to count the corpses.

On the Tuesday before the election, we set out in the white early morning, skirting the Champ de Mars park, and passing beneath hundreds of little blue-and-red flags that hung limply from the telephone wires, celebrating Haiti's new democracy, and under banners stretched across the main streets exhorting Haitians to vote. Following the brown smoke billowing in the distance, we drove slowly through the waking capital, and soon, as we circled the perimeter of the great *bidonville* ("tin-can city") of La Saline, already covered over in brown cooking smoke and blurry in the rising heat, we found the first remnant of the night's conversation. Not far from rows of brightly colored *camionnettes*, called "tap-taps," just in from the countryside, where shirtless, sweating men were unloading baskets of mangoes and bunches of green bananas and great dirty bags of charcoal to feed the tens of thousands of cooking fires in the vast slum, we came upon a clump of chattering people—a sight that in Haiti that week invariably meant a body.

Pushing through the crowd, we discovered a tall, lean young man, several hours dead, laid out carefully on Haiti's Route Nationale 1. His body had been prepared for its role: a rope had been twisted about his neck, and above the frayed noose a metal necklace had been pulled tight around his chin, but most of it had disappeared into the gaping maroon slashes around his mouth and throat. Distinct, deep machete cuts in a V-shaped pattern above and below the mouth, they seemed almost an attempt to construct for the victim, after death, a parody second mouth. A partly smoked cigarette had been placed between his lips, a charred wooden match balanced jauntily on his chin. Within easy reach next to his stomach, which, left exposed, was already dense with flies in the rising heat, were a handful of rice, a can of tomato sauce, and a slab of cheese, all displayed on a scrap of brown cardboard. "That's so he can eat," an old man said, laughing, bringing on the laughter of the crowd. "And the cigarette, that's to keep him happy." There was no blood on his shirt, the old man said, because when they spotted him near the La Saline marketplace early that morning, as gunshots echoed in the distance, this tall young man had been wearing a dress—the all-purpose Haitian disguise—and carrying a can of gasoline. He was a Tonton Macoute, they said, a member of Jean-Claude Duvalier's militia—one of the thousands who had gone into hiding after the fall of the dictator, nearly two years earlier, and who now, during the months of growing violence, had begun to reappear in the neighborhood. He had come to spread terror by bringing to the people of La Saline what they dreaded most: a fire that in seconds would roar through the dense labyrinth of dry scrap-wood hovels, leaving scores of people dead and thousands homeless.

But the *brigades de vigilance*—neighborhood committees that had formed themselves in these last days of terror—had been watching. And when the Macoute appeared in that dark and now deserted marketplace, wearing his


THE TRIUMPH OF SUBSTANCE OVER STYLE

dress and carrying his can of gasoline, the *brigade* slum boys let out a shout and gave chase, pursuing him down the tiny alleyways, over the ditches filled with pale-green waste, until at last they caught him, dragging him to the ground beneath the black mountains of the vast charcoal yard. There, in front of the angry, shouting crowd, the slum boys stunned him with their machetes, then lynched him. They prepared the body and left it on the road for Guédé, the voodoo lord of the Crossroads to the Underworld, to attend to in his own good time—for Guédé, despite his great power, often appears as a poor wandering beggar, a famished traveller who would be sure to look kindly on the sumptuous meal of rice and sauce and cheese that had been left beside the young man's lifeless hand.

Fire was the chosen means of night terror in that election week. A few hours before dawn the previous day, a mob of men armed with heavy clubs had stormed into the Marché Salomon, a huge, lofty building, with concrete arches and a sheet-metal roof, that since the late nineteenth century had housed one of the city's main public markets. Shouting and screaming in the darkness, the men had used their clubs to beat the people sleeping there—mostly market women from the country, who were guarding their precious merchandise, and the usual complement of beggars. The men had chased them off, then carefully, methodically poured out their gasoline and torched the building. The enormous blaze roared until dawn, reddening the night sky and covering the capital in a pall of smoke that reeked of burned bananas and charred meat. At dawn, one could see amid the smoking rubble scores of beggars and market women staggering about, moaning and wailing as they picked through the tons of blackened, stinking food. I watched a frail old man probe around, then straighten up and let out a shout: he held up a piece of charred meat in triumph before stuffing it into his mouth as his colleagues raced toward him through the rubble.

A woman with a red kerchief on her head pulled something from the black waste and rose up straight, showing me what had once been her prized hen. By now, others had gathered around me, hoping that this white man with his notebook might be moved by their litany of losses and somehow make it right.

"I lost some beans and some bananas."

"I lost three chickens."

"I lost some beef."

A little white-whiskered man, in bluejeans and a white shirt, cut short the voices. "Yesterday, many people went to bed hungry, but today we'll have food," he said. He held up a burned piece of beef and gestured, grinning, toward the black landscape. "There's food in Haiti now, because things are starting to boil."

IN an earlier predawn darkness, on February 7, 1986, Jean-Claude Duvalier took the wheel of his BMW and, with his elegant mulatto wife, Michèle Bennett, coolly smoking a cigarette at his side, drove to François Duvalier International Airport, boarded an American military jet, and fled to an opulent exile in the South of France—there to rejoin an expatriated fortune estimated at more than two hundred and fifty million dollars (equivalent to more than Haiti's annual budget).

For fifteen years, he had ruled the land, and his father fourteen before him. It was Dr. François Duvalier, known as Papa Doc, who had painstakingly created the intricate dictatorial system that came to be called Duvalierism, and installed himself at its apex, as President for life. The engine of Duvalierism was the Tontons Macoutes, a "volunteer" militia that was part mass political party, part paramilitary force, part extortion ring, and part storm troop. In their tens of thousands—no one knew the exact number—the Macoutes, wearing dark glasses, red neckerchiefs, and blue denim, covered the land, searching out any potential threat, be it a student with contacts among the exiled opposition, a merchant reluctant to surrender a kickback, or, most threatening of all, a restive Army officer pondering a coup.

In 1971, Papa Doc died in office; by

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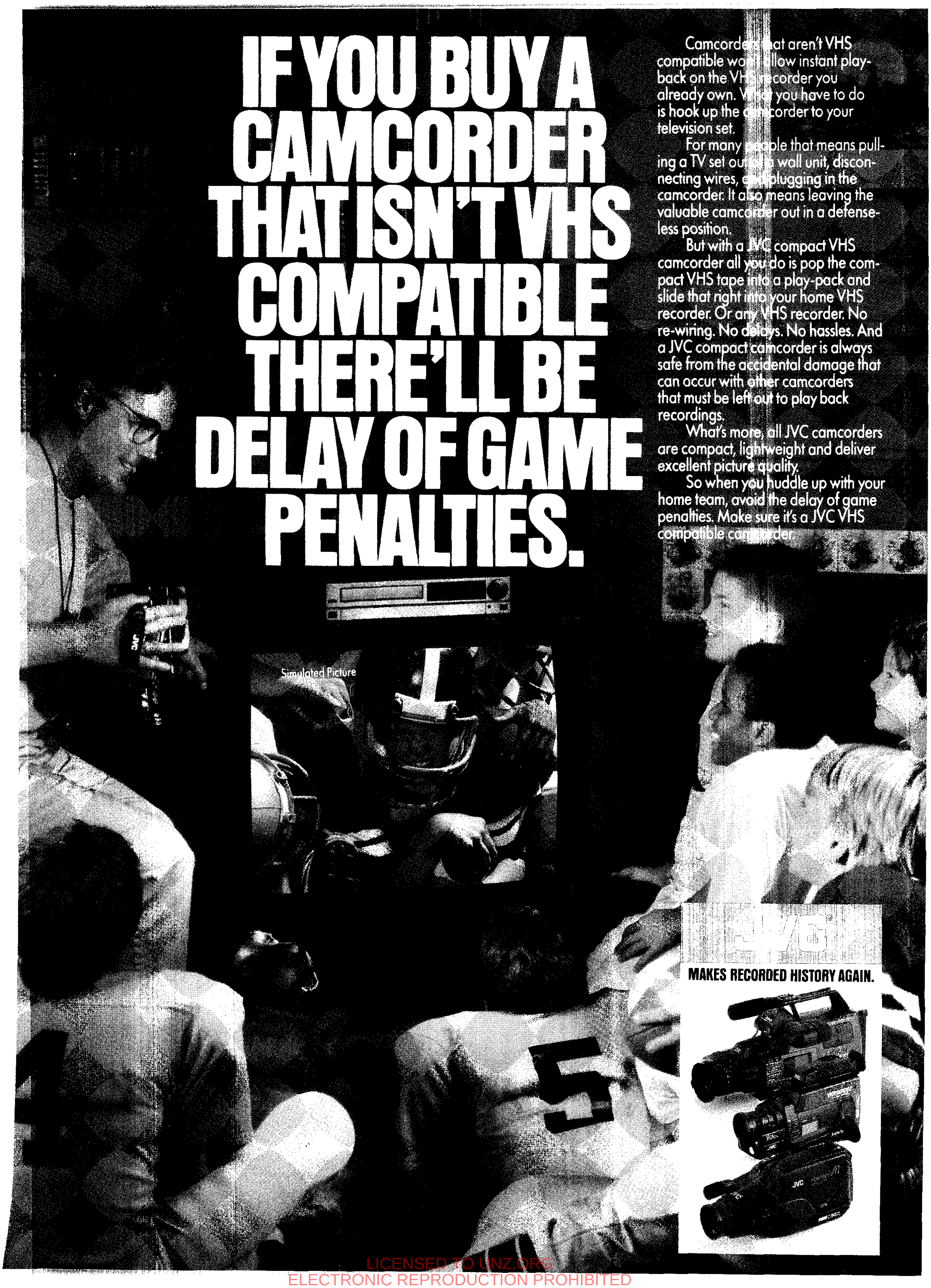


one count, he had survived eight invasions and attempted coups and at last departed the Palace only, as he had vowed, "to the salute of cannon." His power at the end had been such that, having obliterated all opposition, he could install as his successor a slow-witted nineteen-year-old distinguished only by his great bulk and his glassy stare—and bequeath to him, by sheer force of will and the fear evoked by his name, a reign that endured a year longer than his own.

But after a decade of Jean-Claude's rule in this impoverished land—the poorest in the hemisphere and one of the poorest on earth, where nine people in ten live on less than a hundred and eighty dollars a year, where four in five cannot read, and where the life expectancy barely exceeds fifty years—the economy had begun to spiral even further downward. And in the fifteenth year of Jean-Claude's rule the young dictator came under attack.

The explosion took place in November, 1985. In the desolate port city of Gonaïves, during a peaceful demonstration against food shortages, Duvalier's security forces killed four schoolchildren, and those deaths—four murdered Haitians out of the tens of thousands killed over the past three decades—unleashed something uncontrollable. Overnight, the four children were transformed into martyrs. Around the country, young Haitians were suddenly marching, students refusing to attend classes; Catholic priests were publicly urging them on, with Radio Soleil, the Church station, serving as the revolt's nervous system.

Duvalier's Macoutes responded by shooting demonstrators, and the regime moved to imprison some prominent people, and to close Radio Soleil. But American officials, who under Jean-Claude had become the dominant foreign presence in the country, reminded the President that their aid during this difficult time would depend, as always, on his "human rights" comportment. And the Army officers, sensing the weakness of the regime and the ambivalence of the Americans, seemed to be holding back, biding their time.

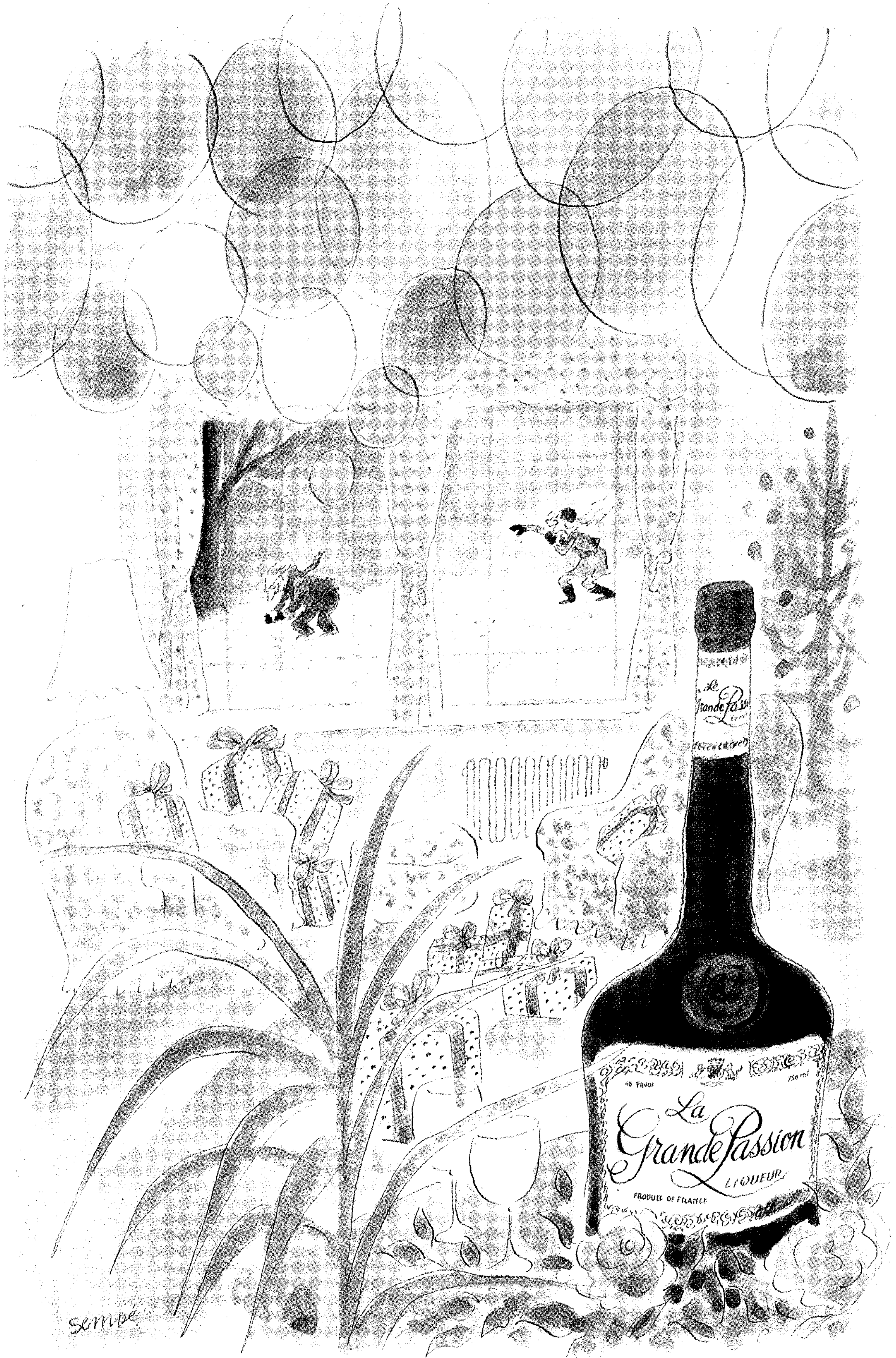
The young dictator, unsure of himself, wavered; he was not the man his father was, had never shown the same mastery of the techniques of massive, unremitting terror. And he had allowed the Duvalierist political base—built on black-power nationalism and anti-Americanism—to weaken and fragment. Over the years, the rich and pampered Jean-Claude had become, to the disgust of many of Papa Doc's old *noiriste* henchmen, an ally of the mulattoes, and had grown increasingly dependent on the Americans and their aid. He enjoyed the money and the parties, the perquisites of power, but when the moment came he had little stomach for the fight—for fully unleashing the repressive apparatus his father had carefully constructed.

When the people began to march, he hesitated, reshuffled advisers, fired ministers; the Americans applied pressure, and soon many of those he had jailed were released, and Radio Soleil was reopened. The Tontons Macoutes were eager to crush the revolt, and strained against the leash, but they were mostly held back. Then, while Haitians filled the streets, and opposition roadblocks began to spring up, the Americans gave a final push: in a critical damning gesture at the end of January, 1986, Reagan Administration officials announced they would refuse to certify to Congress that the Duvalier regime was improving in its respect for human rights—a decision that would cut off American aid.

The ominous meaning of the gesture was clear. "We told them," an American diplomat said later, "we weren't going to certify unless they did things—start political parties, release prisoners, keep Radio Soleil open—they really couldn't do and still keep power." Soon afterward, the American Ambassador spelled matters out in a chat with the Haitian Foreign Minister: The United States preferred President Duvalier's early departure, provided he left the country in the hands of the military. ("Duvalier saw the handwriting on the wall," an American diplomat put it later. "But the U.S. helped translate it for him.") On February 6th, the Ambassador was summoned to the Palace, where the exhausted dictator inquired whether an American plane could be found for him and his family. The envoy, thinking of the difficult "transition" ahead, had a request of his own: Could the President do something to "neutralize" his Macoutes, to prevent a spree of killing after his departure? Duvalier promised to put them under the control of the Army; then, at the urging of his Foreign Minister, he dictated the names of six men he would leave in his place to rule the exploding country. ("He left the way he wanted to leave," the diplomat said. "Otherwise he might not have left at all. He still had repressive mechanisms at his disposal.") A few hours later, Duvalier was gone.

It fell to General Henri Namphy, a stocky, bullnecked, moon-faced mulatto, who had been the armed forces' chief of staff under Duvalier and now became the senior member of the hastily formed junta, to take control during the *parenthèse* that would follow—the "parenthesis" of disorder, political jockeying, and sporadic violence that traditionally bridged the fall of one Haitian ruler and the rise of the next. Such crises had punctuated the story of independent Haiti, a span of a hundred and eighty-two years during which thirty-five men had come to power and ruled the land, then left it in their various ways—one executed, one a suicide, two assassinated, one blown up along with the National Palace, six dead in office, eighteen violently overthrown. "A revolution in Haiti," ex-President François Légitime (overthrown in 1889) explained to readers of the London *Herald* in 1911, "does not have the same meaning as it would have here. It is our only way of changing administrations. Here you have an election; down there they have a revolution."

On February 7, 1986, the latest *parenthèse* began in jubilation. The street in front of the National Palace overflowed with thousands of delirious Haitians—Haitians dancing, singing, swigging rum, honking their horns, abandoning themselves to a tumultuous national celebration. Amid it all stood General Namphy, a gruff officer who had served virtually his entire career under the Duvaliers but who, despite his position as chief of staff, had held little real power—for it was a tenet of Duvalierism to keep the Army fragmented, divided, and thus able to recognize as its one real master only the dictator himself. It was over this ill-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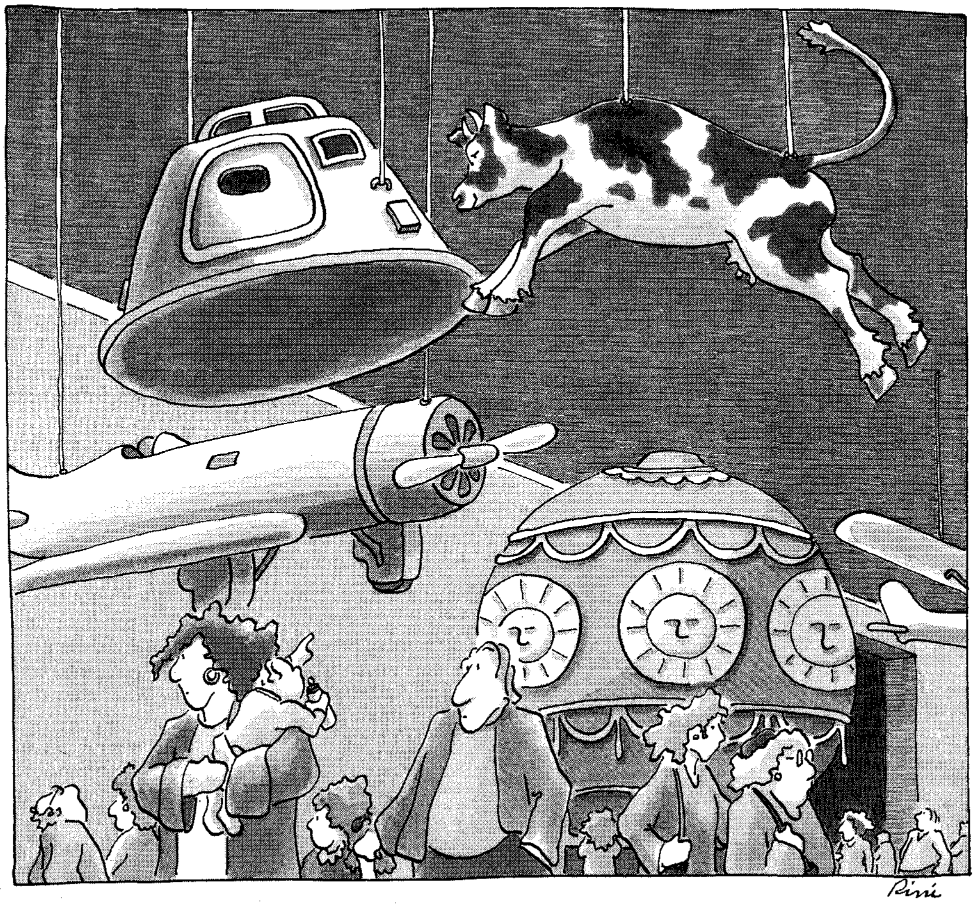

trained, ill-led force of seven thousand men that General Namphy now uncertainly ruled, and through it proposed to rule the six million citizens of the newly christened Haiti Libérée.

Soon after the dictator's flight, Haitians heard General Namphy announce that his regime would insure a "firm, just, and good transition to democracy," heard him vow (in his ferocious, shouting speechmaking style, the only way Namphy could overcome a lifelong stutter) that his transitional government would help "build a new Haiti, based on reason, social justice, tolerance, and freedom." They heard the American Secretary of State proclaim that the United States remained "committed to the development of democratic government and respect for fundamental human rights in Haiti," and they saw the Americans follow through by first restoring the crucial foreign aid and then more than doubling it.

Yet no sooner had Namphy taken power than assertions and demands and accusations began sprouting everywhere like weeds, spreading across the aqua and salmon walls of Port-au-Prince in a lush growth of misshapen letters and misspelled words. The graffiti was dominated by one idea, which instantly became the presiding ideological concept of post-Duvalier Haiti's *bamboche démocratique*, or "democratic spree"—an inescapable, insistent demand to *déchoukay*.

Déchoukay is a Creole word meaning to uproot, and during the next two years uprooting would loom as the guiding principle of the Haitian opposition. These calls to uproot, to rip out, soon became the ground over which the various factions of the opposition battled one another, thereby exposing the central paradox of the *parenthèse:* the measure of a leader's credibility, and thus his mass popularity, had quickly become his vow to "uproot" the existing system—the very system that still controlled Haiti's governmental apparatus and that alone could give that leader power.

Having *déchoukayed* Jean-Claude Duvalier, his hated wife, and all their despised, decadent hangers-on, the Haitian people pushed further: not only the omnipresent Duvalierist slogans, the photographs, and the streets named for the Duvaliers but also the Macoutes, the high officials, the mid-level bureaucrats, the collaborators—all traces of the regime that for thirty years had dominated the country, had co-opted, obliterated, or exiled its national culture, and had insinuated itself into every interstice of national life—were to be instantly destroyed.

Perhaps the most memorable image of Operation Déchoukaj was the uprooting of the Macoutes: angry crowds of poor Haitians surrounding an unlucky militiaman—usually a frightened, pleading man, by now in civilian clothes, having hurriedly discarded his blue denim uniform—and beating him to death with sticks, or stoning him to death, or covering him with gasoline and burning him alive, and leaving his remains lying in the sun to be further abused, or else parading them triumphantly through the neighborhood.

Those who opposed the uprooting would be uprooted in their turn. For had not the people uprooted Duvalier? Had they not accomplished what had come to be called *la révolution sans armes*? Operation Déchoukaj, it was said again and again, more and more insistently, during the first months of the *parenthèse*, had only just begun.

Letting the violence take its course was the officers' attempt to satisfy the overwhelming political emotion of that time: the people's desire for revenge. "I stood and marvelled at the justice of the people," Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide, an influential priest and proponent of the "unarmed revolution," told me passionately.

But how, I asked, could he, a priest, a moral leader of the Haitian people, call such acts "justice"?

"Our consciences should be clear," Father Aristide said heatedly. "These Macoutes were Satan, Satan incarnate." And there was still great danger, six weeks after the flight of Duvalier, he said. "The people must continue to show how strong they are, how strong they can be! They know about the Duvalierist presence in the Cabinet, the presence of Duvalier in the public administration, in the Army, even in the Church. It is not enough that those people say they've changed their *mentalité*. They are Duvalier-

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ists! And the people will remove them, one by one, as they did Duvalier."

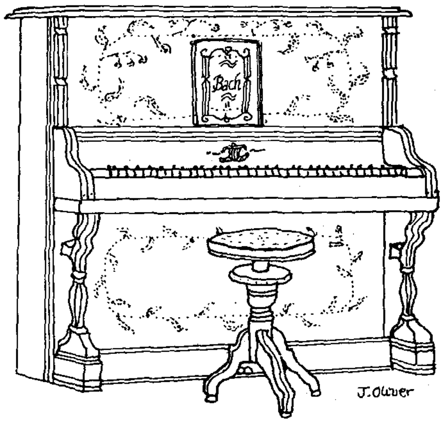
What mattered was not just that General Namphy and the others in the junta—with the sole exception of Gérard Gourgue, a lawyer and human-rights activist—had served Duvalier in the past. Or even that, after a dictatorship of three decades, everyone with any authority in the government, in the public administration, and in the Army was, at least by the loosest definition, a Duvalierist. What mattered was that the people thought they had made a revolution, and demanded justice as their fair reward. But justice was the one thing that the officers could *not* give them, for in their view what had brought down Duvalier was their coup d'état, and it was a coup based on a compromise: Duvalier would leave quietly if his "associates" were protected; the Macoutes would let the Army assume power quietly if their leaders were protected, if their rank and file were permitted to fade away without pursuit or prosecution.

So this became "the compromise with power that weighs on the country to this day," as a Haitian political scientist and politician named Leslie F. Manigat put it. For not only did the officers stand aside while the "justice of the people" was administered to those "little Macoutes" who, of the thousands of Macoutes in flight, were unlucky enough to get caught; they also looked the other way while a number of notorious officials made their escapes. Mme. Max Adolphe, the leader of the Macoutes and a onetime commandant of the infamous Fort Dimanche prison, disappeared, rumored to have escaped the country disguised as a nun or, in another account, secreted in a crate of mangoes. (Her pleasant split-level on the Pétionville road, with its signature stone shark grimacing open-mouthed in the swimming pool, was thoroughly *déchoukayed*.) Albert Pierre, Jean-Claude's former secret-police chief, popularly known as Ti Boulé (Little Flame), because of his preferred method of torture, was allowed in late February to leave the country and take refuge in Brazil—an official move by the government which elicited general indignation, with even Justice Minister Gourgue calling it "shocking and offensive to the nation."

Shortly afterward, Gourgue resigned from the first junta, becoming for a time the most popular political leader in the country and, having forced Namphy to reconstitute his tottering regime, earning the General's undying enmity. Within a few weeks of Duvalier's departure, demonstrators had begun to shout, "Down with Namphy!," and within two months the slogans of the gathering opposition had taken shape: the interim government was "Duvalierism Without Duvalier," which meant "The Revolution Has Not Yet Finished."

THROUGHOUT the exhilarating first months of the *parenthèse*, each day seemed to bring a new demonstration or strike, the announcement of a new political party or mass organization or human-rights group, the christening of a new newspaper or magazine. Each flight from New York or Paris or Miami brought a celebrated dissident returning with a bit of Duvalierist history—a family massacred, colleagues executed, months spent in Duvalier's torture chambers—and a score to settle with the Duvalierists. The counter-élite, so long exiled, had returned to fight for power.

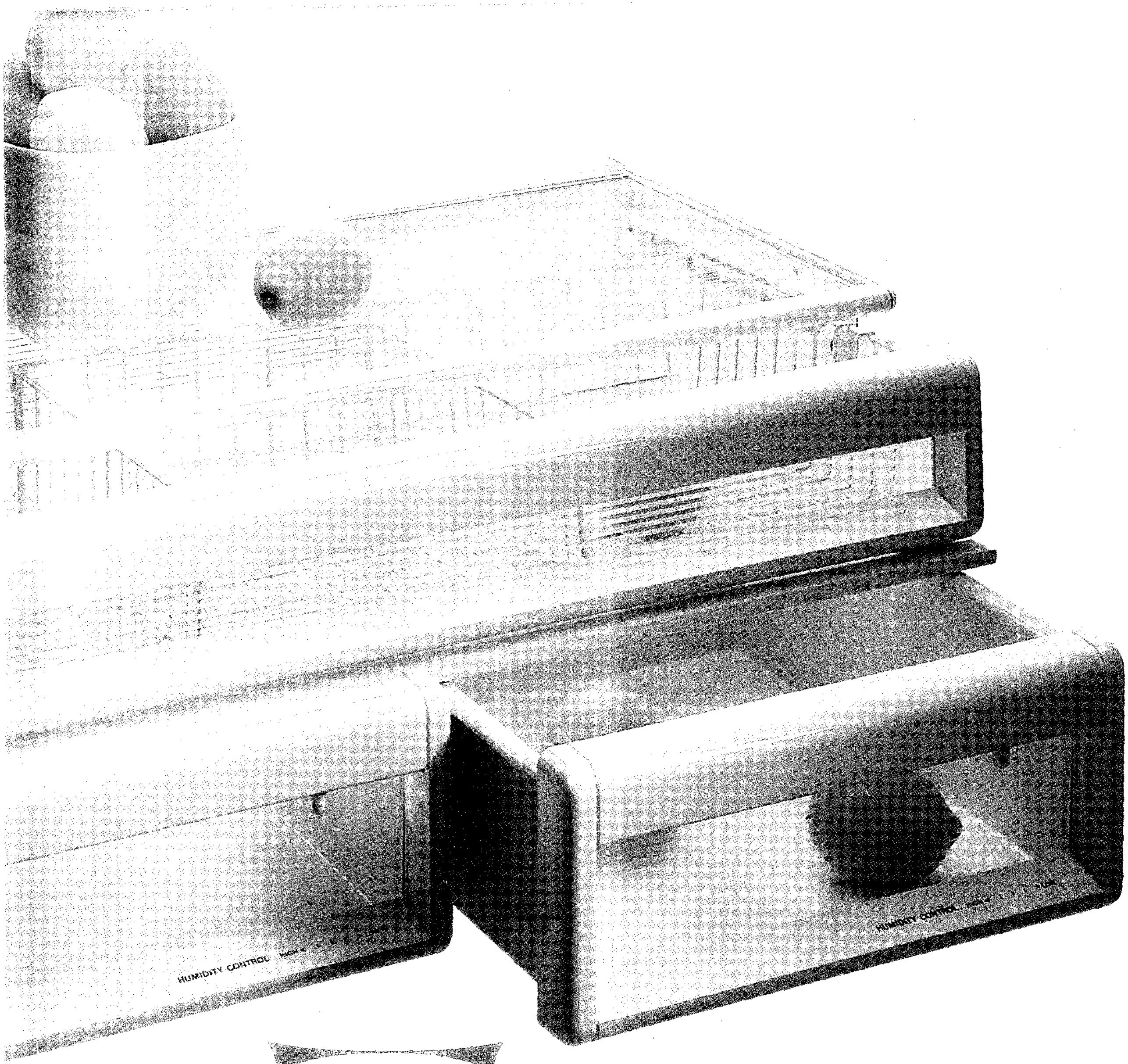
For three decades, the Haitian political world had been fallow and moribund; with a few exceptions, those politicians and intellectuals who had not been killed had long since fled. "Under Duvalier, if you had any talent or ambition and wanted to stay in Haiti, you had two alternatives," a Frenchwoman long resident in Port-au-Prince told me. "You could let yourself become totally corrupted or you could be killed. That was it." A large part of the intelligentsia chose exile. Although pressure from the Carter Administration had brought a brief but hesitant political opening (slammed shut within days of Reagan's election), by 1986 one in every six Haitians was living abroad, including the overwhelming majority of professionals: more Haitian economists and technicians were working in Africa than in Haiti, and many more Haitian professors were teaching outside their country than within it.



One such professor was Leslie Manigat, who had built a distinguished academic career studying the workings of the Haitian political crises. That career had begun as early as 1953, when Manigat, a twenty-three-year-old Sorbonne student, dissected the first Haitian *parenthèse* in his thesis, "The Liquidation of Saint-Domingue as a French Colony"; it continued after the young scholar returned to Haiti to take up a position in the Foreign Ministry. Then, in 1957, his career really took off, for in that year, at long last—after six years of corrupt rule by Paul Magloire, a high-living black officer in the pocket of Haiti's mulatto élite—Dr. François Duvalier had emerged from hiding and, after a chaotic nine-month *parenthèse* in which five governments rose and fell, was elected, with the Army's help, President of the Republic. Dr. Duvalier was a black nationalist, a *noiriste*—a "soft-spoken country doctor" who "knew the people." And Manigat, brilliant, energetic, ambitious, and singled out as one of Papa Doc's young favorites in those exciting times, shortly became the Foreign Ministry's Director of Political Affairs, and, at the same time, the founder of Haiti's National School of Advanced International Studies.

But after just a few years of Duvalier's increasingly bloody "political revolution" the inevitable falling out came (over Professor Manigat's support of a student strike), and there followed in 1961 the weeks spent in a "forced visit to the Duvalierist prisons" (as the professor jokingly described it later), then asylum with his family in the Argentine Embassy, and finally, a safe-conduct having been grudgingly granted, years of celebrated exile. Across three continents, the honors followed one upon another, at the University of Paris; at the University of the West Indies, in Trinidad; and then at Simón Bolívar University, in Caracas.

Through it all, he continued to publish prolifically—an outpouring of books and monographs and articles. But the key texts orbited around a fixed point, and returned to one overriding



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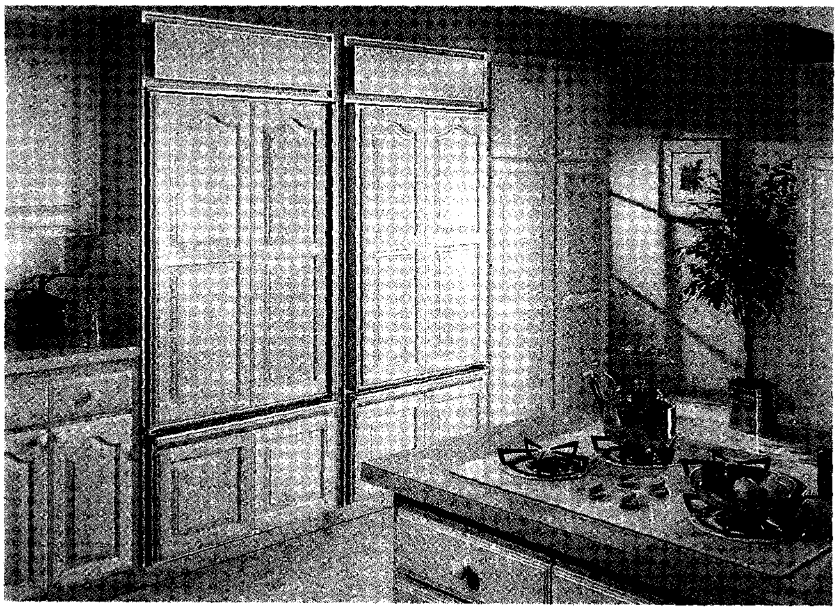

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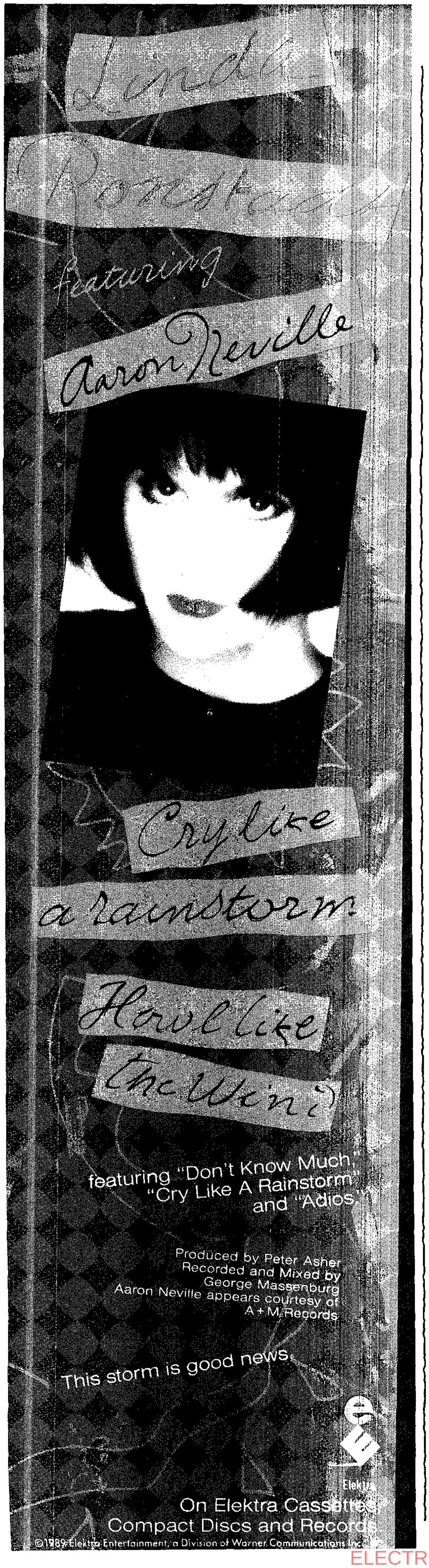

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goal: to analyze minutely virtually every major *conjoncture* (as he called these periods of crisis) in Haitian history. And in almost all of these fascinating, exhaustive studies he deftly inserted, like an interconnecting thread, one version or another of a favorite Manigat dictum: that the political crisis might be considered "a moment of nudity, propitious for applying the stethoscope to the social body."

Now, for this latest "moment of nudity," Professor Manigat could at last be present. As the leader of the seven-year-old Rally of National Progressive Democrats, he had become one of dozens of Haitian Presidential candidates walking a tightrope between the antigovernment popular movement, which claimed to voice the sentiments of "the people," and the widely hated but still all-powerful officers.

He had expected a triumphant welcome, and there was no lack of cheering supporters at the airport. But the press was strangely absent. It was only later that he discovered what had happened; for it was April 26th, the anniversary of one of Papa Doc's bloodiest days of terror twenty-three years before. Outside Fort Dimanche, the opposition had held a large demonstration, and Namphy's men had fired into the crowd, leaving six dead and a hundred wounded.

So it was into a world of confrontation, heightened rhetoric, and frenzied political activity that Manigat returned. After the shootings, the country erupted again, and various popular leaders demanded that the Namphy government relinquish power. General Namphy had announced no plans for elections, had brought no Macoutes to trial (indeed, it was widely believed that scores of them had been integrated into his Army), and had done little to bring about the kind of wholesale reform that the people were loudly demanding. On the contrary, the Army —its command structure wholly unaltered from what it had been in the last days of Duvalier's rule—seemed quite willing to shoot Haitians down in the streets.

In what had been a political and intellectual desert, the floodgates had opened, and suddenly politics had become a growth industry. Overnight, a small, dead country had been transformed, in the words of the Haitian sociologist Laënnec Hurbon, into "an immense social and political laboratory."

"The crucial, urgent task here is to build political institutions—real, lasting political institutions," Rosny Desroches, a schoolmaster who had been named the interim government's Minister of Education, told me. "I'm talking about the parties and the unions that will stabilize our political life. When you don't have political parties, for example, that a President can lead after he leaves office, he wants to stay President forever."

As Desroches spoke, parties and committees and groups were indeed being created, but in fantastic profusion. Acronyms—the MIDH, the KID, the LHID, the PAIN—were flourishing, as any Haitian of note or weight seemed to be starting a political party or a mass organization or a political committee or a magazine. It was all an exciting venture in the rhetoric of politics, politics as full-dress theatre, operatic politics, politics by declamation: an honored—if, by definition, sporadic—Haitian tradition. But the work of coalition-building, of the subjugation of personal ambition so necessary to a party, was mostly absent. With one important exception, the political parties were built largely around single personalities. When it finally came time to hold an election, thirty-five candidates applied to run for President.

The overriding role of personal ambition and the resulting factionalization were nothing new in the world of the Haitian *parenthèse.* "The most striking feature of the Haitian system is the intensity of political activity," Professor Manigat had written in 1964, observing François Duvalier's Haiti from exile in Washington. "Everything is political and may become involved in the struggle for power. . . . The reputation earned by an engineer in his special field is regarded as a political trump. The prestige that a professor gains among his students may represent a political threat to the government. . . . Such is the encroachment of politics on all aspects of life that if a man does not go into politics, politics itself comes to him."

In the months after Jean-Claude Duvalier's fall, amid an unruly urban mass population, a frightened and insecure élite, and a disaffected and isolated peasantry, Haiti Libérée's political spectrum began to take shape. At one end was the government, run by the Army and managed largely by the same corrupt administration that had served Duvalier, with a few respected civilians brought in to fill Cabinet posts. Exerting a strong influence on the government were the harder-line Duvalierists (powerful businessmen who had benefitted from the regime; retired officers; influential former Duvalier ministers), who sought to crush any move toward political reform by working through their connections within the Army and the government, by paying for strikes and demonstrations to pressure the regime publicly, and by employing the now underground Macoutes to attack and disrupt the opposition—all the while remaining in the background themselves.

At the other end of the spectrum were the mass organizations, what Professor Manigat called "the counterpower in the streets": hundreds of loosely organized groups that, depending on the occasion, could mount a demonstration in a matter of hours or minutes, and were headed by "popular leaders," many of whom had been in exile during the Duvalier years. It was impossible to estimate the "permanent" membership of these organizations; they thrived on the growing distrust of the Namphy government and the disdain most people felt for the "traditional" politicians. By mounting strikes and demonstrations, these groups pushed for the resignation of certain "Macoute" members of the government—carrying on the process of uprooting Duvalierism which Father Aristide called "peeling the onion, layer by layer."

Caught in between were the various "traditional" politicians—*les candidats*, as they became somewhat derisively known—all of whom wanted desperately to be President and thus found themselves forced to scurry back and forth, denouncing the government during times of crisis, in order to curry favor with the "popular movements," but striving always to avoid alienating the Army officers who still controlled the transition.

In June, General Namphy, warning that the country was "on the edge of anarchy," at last announced an electoral calendar, thereby pleasing the Americans and the candidates but leaving most of the popular groups, who believed a fair election was impossible under Namphy, unappeased. When it came time for the first event—the election of a constituent assembly the following fall—fewer than one in twenty Haitians stepped forward to vote.

Instead, the people turned their attention to a menacing image: that of several of Papa Doc's old henchmen smiling at a press conference as they announced the establishment of a neo-Duvalierist party. Protesting Haitians poured into the streets in the largest demonstrations yet, and two weeks later the new party was forced to disband.

Meanwhile, in the red-carpeted hall of the Palais Législatif, sixty-one forgotten delegates had begun to debate a new constitution. Almost before anyone noticed, they had produced an extraordinary document: a constitution that, in its litany of absurd and brilliant and, finally, Machiavellian provisions, must have surprised the people of Haiti as much as it surprised the government, which had thought that everything was under firm control and now found

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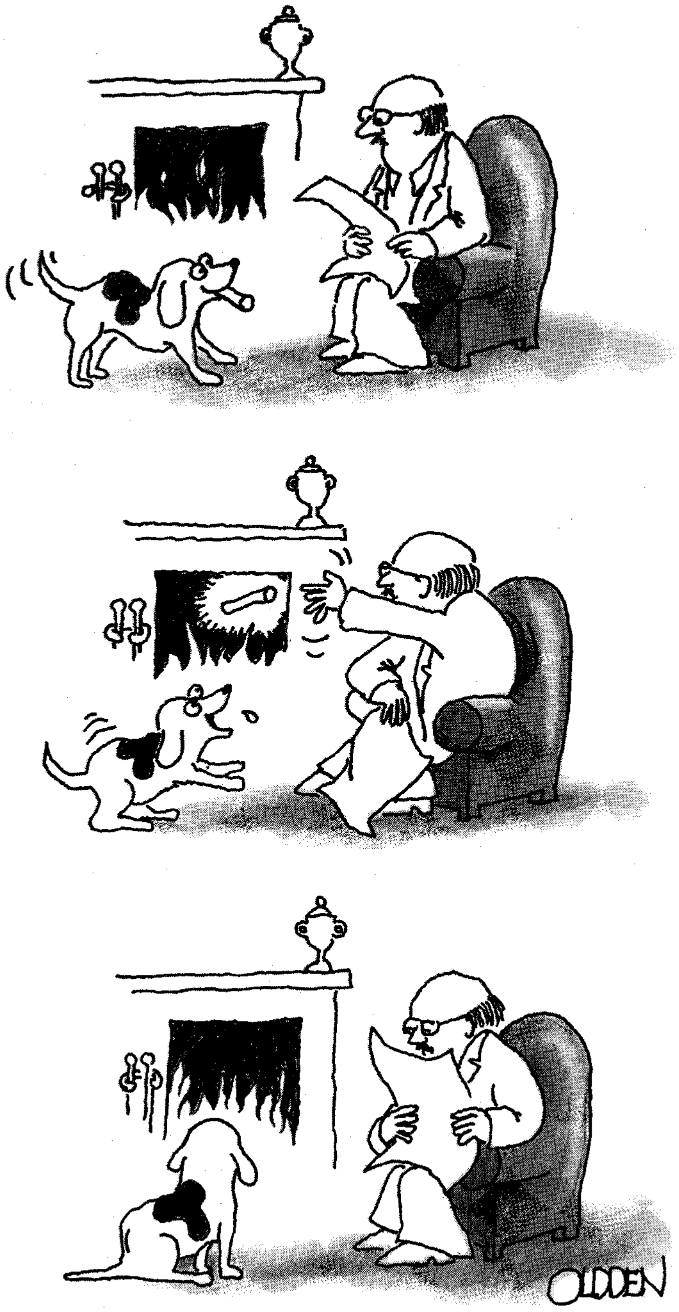
itself presented with a populist and wildly popular document that stripped the officers of the one power that was the only power in the Haiti of the *parenthèse*—the power to conduct elections. On March 29, 1987, the constitution went to the voters, and this time more than a million Haitians turned out, and more than ninety-nine per cent voted yes.

Two key provisions led to this astonishing vote. The first created an independent Provisional Electoral Council, which would write the Electoral Law and oversee the coming elections—that is, count the votes. The second stipulated that for ten years no "architects of the dictatorship" could be candidates for public office. In a country where almost all power had depended, in the end, on the government, the Duvalierists—who, rich and prosperous, now saw themselves with so many enemies and so much to lose—were to be stripped of power entirely. The constitution had become a mechanism to de-Duvalierize and de-Macoutize the country; it had become a version of Father Aristide's unarmed revolution—a version made solely of paper. The opposition, in the guise of the constitution, had taken over the official process.



In June, the Namphy government made a clumsy move to steal the key electoral power back, by claiming that it alone had the authority to supervise the elections. Once again, people poured into the streets, and this time Namphy's troops shot them by the score. After a week of protests, the General backed down. But the opposition, hoping to build on its victory, now issued the call "*Rachè manyòk*": "Pull up the manioc!" or, in the full phrase, "Pull up the manioc and leave the field clean!"—in other words, overthrow the government.

It was a critical miscalculation. In the days that followed, more demonstrators died in the streets; but though the Army had been there to push out Duvalier, there was no one to push out the Army. The Americans, after warning pointedly against any "perversion of the democratic process," nonetheless reaffirmed their support for the Namphy government. When the smoke cleared, General Namphy remained in place, but he was now deeply antagonistic toward the Provisional Electoral Council and its vaunted "independence." Like the Duvalierists, he viewed the Council as a vehicle for failed revolutionaries to put themselves in power.

In August, a leader of a minor party, campaigning in the countryside, was hacked to death by angry peasants; someone had denounced him as a Communist, a word that in Haiti for thirty years had been a synonym for "devil." In October, a well-known Presidential candidate, an exile recently returned from Manhattan, stood before the Port-au-Prince police station, his lawyer's gown draped over one arm, and began a speech demanding the release of a prisoner within. Suddenly, two men burst through the crowd of reporters, and one of them placed a pistol at the candidate's temple and fired. No charges were filed.

On November 2nd, the Provisional Electoral Council announced a list of twenty-three "acceptable" Presidential candidates—thereby in effect disallowing the twelve others, on the ground that they had, "by excess of zeal," been architects of the dictatorship. But, having circumvented the Army, the Council was left with only the constitution to protect it; and, as a Haitian proverb has it, "constitutions are made of paper, bayonets are made of iron."

Hours after the Council's decision was announced, a group of armed men blocked off the Rue Pavée, a main street within a few hundred feet of the police station and the Army headquarters, and set about ransacking and then burning the Council building. The men seemed in no particular hurry; indeed, they seemed determined to be thorough—some witnesses said they used a flame-thrower. Neither the police nor the soldiers lifted a hand.

Thus as Haiti, for the first time in thirty years, moved toward elections, it became increasingly apparent that power had assumed two distinct forms: the heretofore mute power of numbers, who saw in the elections a chance for change; and the power of those with guns and influence, who saw in them a direct threat.

NOW, six days before the election, I left the smoking ruin of the Marché

Salomon and drove to Jean-Claude Bajeux's Ecumenical Center for Human Rights, on the bougainvillea-lined Rue de Marguerites. Bajeux was a key figure in the Front National de Concertation, or National Togetherness Front, a moderate-left party that was really not a party at all but an ad-hoc coalition joining KONAKOM—a loosely organized congeries of unions, peasant groups, mass organizations, and Church groups that had emerged from the Congress of Democratic Movements earlier that year—to the small Socialist Party and several other partylike organizations. It was, in short, a popular front, and its foot soldiers were the lay workers and the priests of the Ti Legliz, the Liberation Church. Since the Front, unlike traditional Haitian political parties, was formed from the bottom up, it seemed to many Haitians the organization most likely to be able to marshal countrywide, grass-roots support, and also, crucially, to have its people present at all or most of the thousands of isolated polling places.

"We don't know what will happen from moment to moment," Bajeux told me, leaning forward in his chair, his hands tightly clasped—a tall, thin, light-skinned man with a round bald spot that looked almost like a tonsure, making him resemble the friar he had been in another life. "We don't know if the Army will back the terrorists or will move to neutralize them. They know them, of course—know who did this, know their cars. But so far the Army is like this." He crossed his arms. "The soldiers want to prove that the Electoral Council is unable to conduct organized elections. In the streets, the people say the Army is doing this; I am less categorical—I say the Army is *letting* the Macoutes do it. If the Army doesn't act, if it doesn't arrest some people, it means they want the disorder, they don't want the elections to go forward." Bajeux paused. "It's time for the Americans to act. It's time for the Embassy to"—he clenched both hands, thumbs down, turned them—"tighten the screws."

And if they didn't? If the Americans didn't put pressure on the Army?

"If the Army doesn't arrest anyone before this evening, *they*"—the Macoutes—"will burn other things, kill other people, maybe some of us."

At that moment, as if on some absurdly well-timed cue, shots rang out

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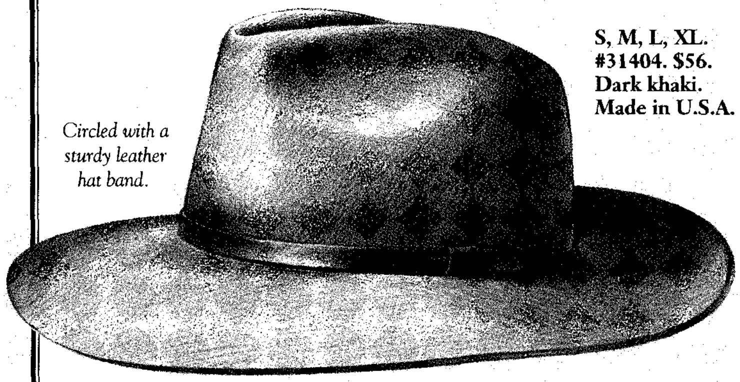

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in the street outside—two or three single shots, then a burst of automatic fire—followed by screaming and yelling, then the screech of tires. Bajeux's eyes widened slightly, and he looked at me: the shots seemed to come from just outside the door. But almost at once he gently dropped his hands in a movement of resignation and rose slowly to his feet. He led his secretary and another guest to a little room in the back of the office, then turned and sat down. "Now we wait," he said softly.

It was in 1964, when he was a young member of the Fathers of the Holy Spirit, that Bajeux had run afoul of Papa Doc. The dictator had summarily expelled the entire Jesuit order; he was then in full raging Kulturkampf against the Catholic Church—terrorizing the largely French and Canadian clergy and defying the Vatican, which excommunicated him. (His victory in this struggle was one of Papa Doc's proudest accomplishments—and also constituted his poisoned legacy, for the nationalized Church made use of its enhanced prestige to encourage the revolt that overthrew his son.) Father Bajeux signed a letter to his bishop protesting the expulsion of the Jesuits; the bishop turned it over to the dictator, and the young priest was expelled to the Dominican Republic, where he began ministering to Haitian exiles. His mother and brothers and sisters continued to live in Port-au-Prince, in a pretty, pale-orange gingerbread house on the Rue Berne.

In Haiti, that summer of 1964 was a climax of the period's turmoil and terror. In August, thirteen young exiles invaded in the south. Swarms of Tontons Macoutes and soldiers hunted them down; two were taken alive and sent to the capital, where they were tied to stakes in the National Cemetery and —before huge crowds of children— executed in a televised ceremony.

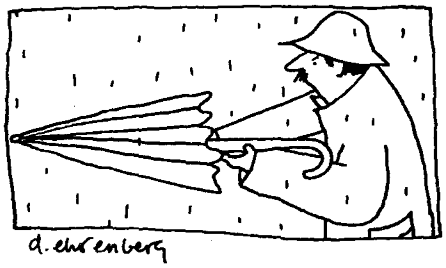
Earlier that summer—about the time Father Bajeux was opening his mission in Santo Domingo—another exile had led a hit-and-run operation over the Dominican border. "There was some confusion, because the radio talked about both events, and my name came out," Bajeux recalled. "In Port-au-Prince, some people told my mother she was in danger. She went to see the secretary to the papal nuncio, who told her that everyone in Haiti was threatened, so he didn't see why she should be specially threatened. She went to the French Ambassador, who told her the same thing, and said, 'Really, I can guarantee that nothing will happen to you; there is nothing to fear.' That was at eleven in the morning. At eleven that night, they all disappeared—my mother, two sisters, and two brothers. And the house stayed open—the doors open, all the lights on—for a month."

It was more than two decades—time spent working and teaching in the Dominican Republic, Mexico, and Puerto Rico—before Bajeux stepped off a plane in Port-au-Prince, a few days after Jean-Claude Duvalier boarded his, and returned to his mother's house.

"It was still there, but ruined, destroyed," Bajeux said. "You see, after the house had stayed open a month, some Macoutes came and occupied it. And it was only twenty-two years after, when I arrived in February, that I put them out. I came into the house and I did like this"—he clapped sharply three times—"and they said, 'We were waiting for you. We knew you were going to arrive.' And the Macoutes handed me their papers, one of which said, 'This house was given to us by Mme. Max Adolphe.' I heard later how at police headquarters my family were beaten up, raped. Other prisoners saw them at Fort Dimanche, but after that . . ."

Now, twenty-three years later, the Macoutes were still here, and there was shooting outside his door. In the street, I found scores of people still running in panic, but the gunmen had sped off; a Haitian friend of mine who had been waiting at Bajeux's gate told me that there were three or four of them in a small white car, plus a young man on a brown-and-white motorcycle. They had stopped in front of the gate and jumped from the car—one man brandishing an Uzi, the others drawing pistols—and fired into the air. Then they had raced down the street and turned the corner.

As my friend and I drove toward that corner, we could see a commotion on the Avenue Jean Paul II: perhaps thirty or forty tough-looking, muscular young men, in T-shirts and slacks, all with clubs or rocks or machetes in hand, were surging down the busy street, bellowing furiously, swinging their clubs, thrashing people who hadn't run away fast enough. Some of the gang were throwing rocks through store windows and smashing windshields on parked cars, and, as we approached, driving slowly, a young black man raised a jagged chunk of concrete high above his head and, screaming wildly, was on the point of heaving it through the windshield—until he saw I was white, whereupon he shouted for me to back up, to stay away or take the consequences.



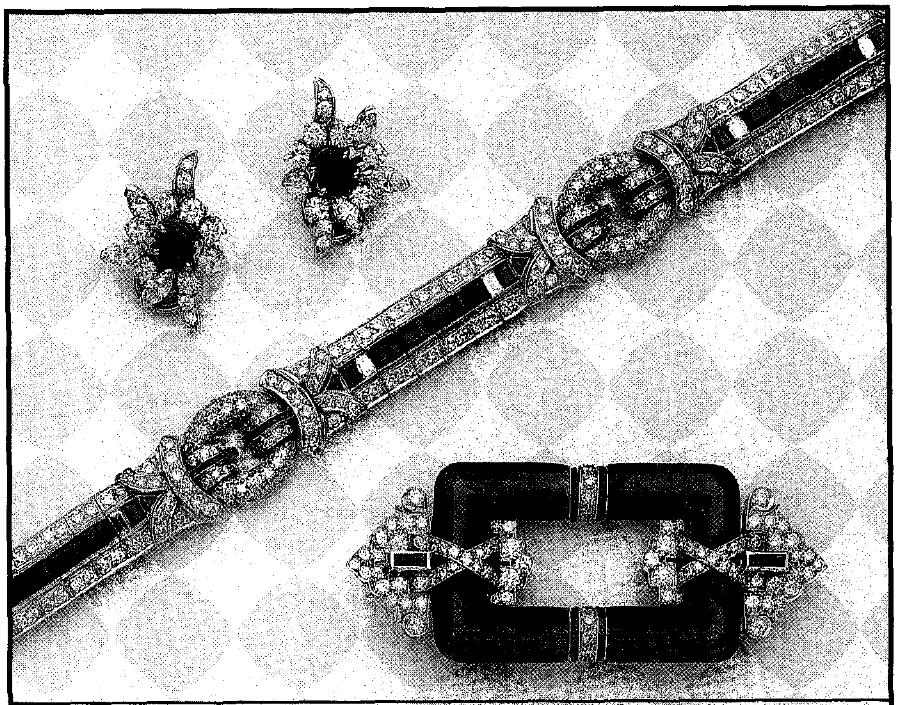
The gang moved rapidly on, sweeping down the thoroughfare in a few minutes of shouting and tumult, and then melted away, leaving behind a deserted street littered with smashed cars and broken glass from the storefronts—one of which belonged to the Movement to Install Democracy in Haiti, the party of Marc Bazin, a longtime World Bank official and a leading Presidential candidate. Bazin, an articulate economist, had led a highly publicized crusade against corruption during a brief stint as Jean-Claude Duvalier's Finance Minister, in 1982 (the dictator had fired him after five months), and was popularly thought to be "the American candidate," or, sometimes, "the Haitian Kennedy," for his good looks and dynamic style. But the car-borne terrorists seemed no more impressed by World Bank conservatives than by leftist intellectuals; they had taken care to spray his headquarters with gunfire.

In the distance I heard shouting and the sound of tires, and within minutes the streets leading to the wealthy suburb of Pétionville were jammed with people trying to escape what had suddenly become a "hot day" in town (a reverse and more frenzied version of the procession of Mercedeses, BMWs, and Peugeots that early each morning dropped the kids off at school and brought the fathers to their government offices). Farther downtown, merchants were pulling down their shop grates. On one main corner of the Avenue John Brown, on the way up to Pétionville, I found a tire and some other rubble burning—a hastily built barricade—and was told by several bystanders that a man wielding a rifle had appeared suddenly, chased people away, thrown the barricade together, then disappeared; and, they added, almost as an afterthought, the man had been wearing a dress.

ON the Route de Delmas, in the middle of the ugly commercial clutter that was the main legacy of Jean-Claude's vaunted Decade of Development, I found the new headquarters of the Electoral Council, where, behind sandbags and credentials checks and a mandatory search at a metal gate, there was an air of embattled chaos. "We have no security whatsoever," René Belance, the public-relations director, told me. "Before, we had two policemen, but now the government has pulled them. When we ask for security, they don't answer. Last night, we were attacked again. Did you see? There are sixteen bullet holes downstairs."

Through a window I could see two young men shovelling gravel into canvas sacks—more sandbags to protect the building. Behind Belance, volunteers were perched on a stepladder, working to install a new drop ceiling in what until a few weeks before had been a factory. Council officials, mostly young men neatly dressed in sports shirts, hurried back and forth among the various offices—one each for the nine Council members, plus special rooms marked "Computers," "Public Relations," "Press." In the center of the main room, journalists milled about, waiting for yellow press passes. The foreign reporters were treated with an efficiency—a deference, even—unusual for Haiti but befitting what the Council recognized as their central role: with the increased pace of the killings and burnings, the foreign press and observers had become a lifeline for the isolated Council, carrying its message (who could resist the appeal of "free and fair elections" in Haiti?) to the outside world.

In a small office, Louis Roy, a white-haired, distinguished-looking mulatto physician of seventy-one, was telling a group of journalists, "It is those who don't want the elections to come off who have the force, who have the ammunition, who have the money to buy people and send them into the street, as they did this morning." During the early years of François Duvalier, Roy had served as the head of Haiti's Red Cross, bravely protesting the dictator's illegal arrests until one day someone tossed a bomb into



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his front yard, almost killing his young son. Roy spent the remainder of the Duvalier years in Montreal, and returned in the spring of 1986 to play a key part in writing the constitution. "It is not only a question of scaring people so they don't vote," he was saying. "It is that we may not be able to send all the material to the polls. For example, today we had fifty-six students—volunteers—who were supposed to pick up the ballots from the printer. But because of the situation they didn't show up."

In a mountainous country with very few roads and the great majority of the people scattered in inaccessible villages, many of which can be reached only on foot or by donkey, six thousand polling places had to be supplied with ballots enough to offer three million eligible voters a chance to vote for one of the twenty-three Presidential candidates. And, since four out of five of those voters were illiterate, it was essential that ballots printed with clear photographs of the candidates were delivered to all the polling places. Desperate, the Council had tried to rent helicopters from private companies in the United States but failed. "No helicopter owner wants to rent his helicopter in this situation," Roy said.

Outside, volunteers were loading cartons of ballots onto trucks. As I was examining one cargo, I was warned off by a young man. "It is not the time for that sort of curiosity," he told me dryly. And why should they not be suspicious—paranoid, even? The Council was isolated, unarmed, unprotected, and, as Sunday drew nearer, the government's attitude became increasingly clear: the people wanted the Army out of the election, and out of the election the Army would be; the election was the Council's business—let it try to carry the thing off by itself, with only the help and protection of its foreign friends, if it could.

All around the Council headquarters were inspiring signs of its foreign support. New computers to count the votes—on which earnest young volunteers were furiously practicing—had been donated by the French. Gray plastic ballot boxes—eighteen thousand of them—had been donated by the Canadians, who had also given gas lanterns to light the polling places in the many towns and villages without electricity. Registration forms had come from the Venezuelans.

And, of course, there was money. About a million dollars, Roy said, had come from the Japanese. But the money to pay for the printing and the pens and paper, the banners and posters, as well as the picture books showing how to vote in easy cartoon lessons, and the television and radio commercials and cassette tapes that explained the procedures in careful Creole, and for the many other things needed to stage an election in a land that hadn't seen one in three decades—including now the sandbags and heavy steel sheets nailed in place over Roy's windows, which, as he proudly pointed out, had already been dented by a burst of gunfire—the bulk of all this money had come from the Americans. Those same Americans who had supplied the military plane that carried off Jean-Claude Duvalier, who had doubled their foreign aid to help Haiti through the difficult "transition" that followed, had now become the main backers of Haiti's democratic election, having donated something on the order of eight million dollars. Small wonder that Jean-Claude Bajeux was waiting impatiently for the Embassy to "tighten the screws"; the election—like the tottering Haitian economy—was largely an American-financed production.

"WE have spoken with the government about the lack of security," an American diplomat said on Tuesday. "And, remember, an Army or police unit did show up at Bazin's headquarters yesterday." The diplomat, precise and expressionless in his light-blue cotton suit, was giving a "not for attribution" briefing to a roomful of reporters assembled at AID headquarters, a sprawling, pale-orange building on the Boulevard Harry Truman, not far from the city's harbor. Almost all pronouncements from American officials in Haiti were not for attribution. "Our actions have such a magnified effect here, mainly because

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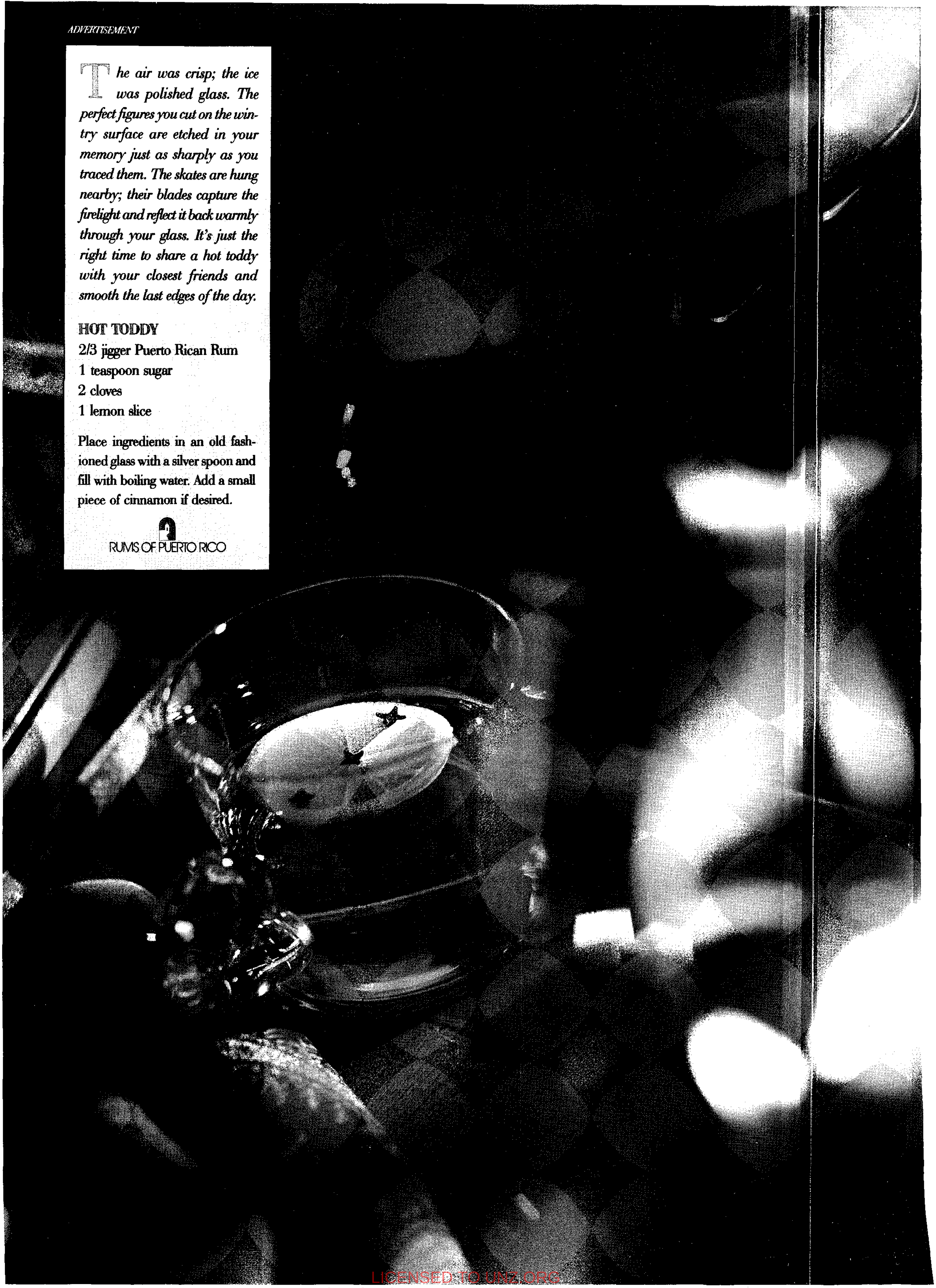
EGGNOG

1 fifth gold Puerto Rican Rum
12 egg yolks
1/2 pound sugar
1 quart milk
1 quart heavy cream
(or use your favorite eggnog mix)

Beat the egg yolks until light, then beat in sugar until the mixture is thick. Stir in milk and rum. Chill for three hours, then pour into punch bowl and fold in stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill for one hour, then dust with nutmeg before serving. Serves twenty-four.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES PURVIS



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The air was crisp; the ice was polished glass. The perfect figures you cut on the wintry surface are etched in your memory just as sharply as you traced them. The skates are hung nearby; their blades capture the firelight and reflect it back warmly through your glass. It's just the right time to share a hot toddy with your closest friends and smooth the last edges of the day.

HOT TODDY

2/3 jigger Puerto Rican Rum
1 teaspoon sugar
2 cloves
1 lemon slice

Place ingredients in an old fashioned glass with a silver spoon and fill with boiling water. Add a small piece of cinnamon if desired.

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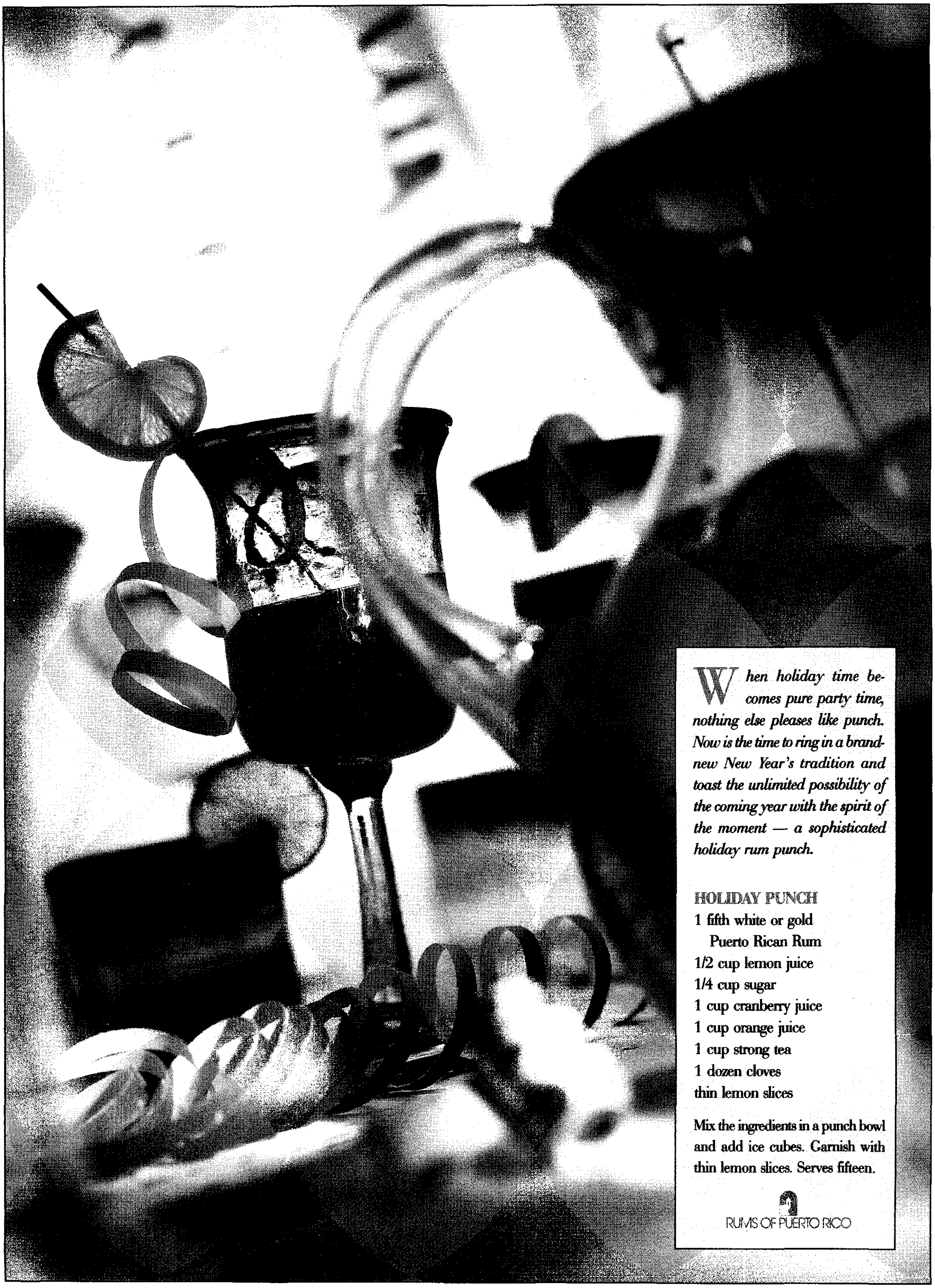

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HOLIDAY PUNCH

1 fifth white or gold
Puerto Rican Rum
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup cranberry juice
1 cup orange juice
1 cup strong tea
1 dozen cloves
thin lemon slices

Mix the ingredients in a punch bowl and add ice cubes. Garnish with thin lemon slices. Serves fifteen.

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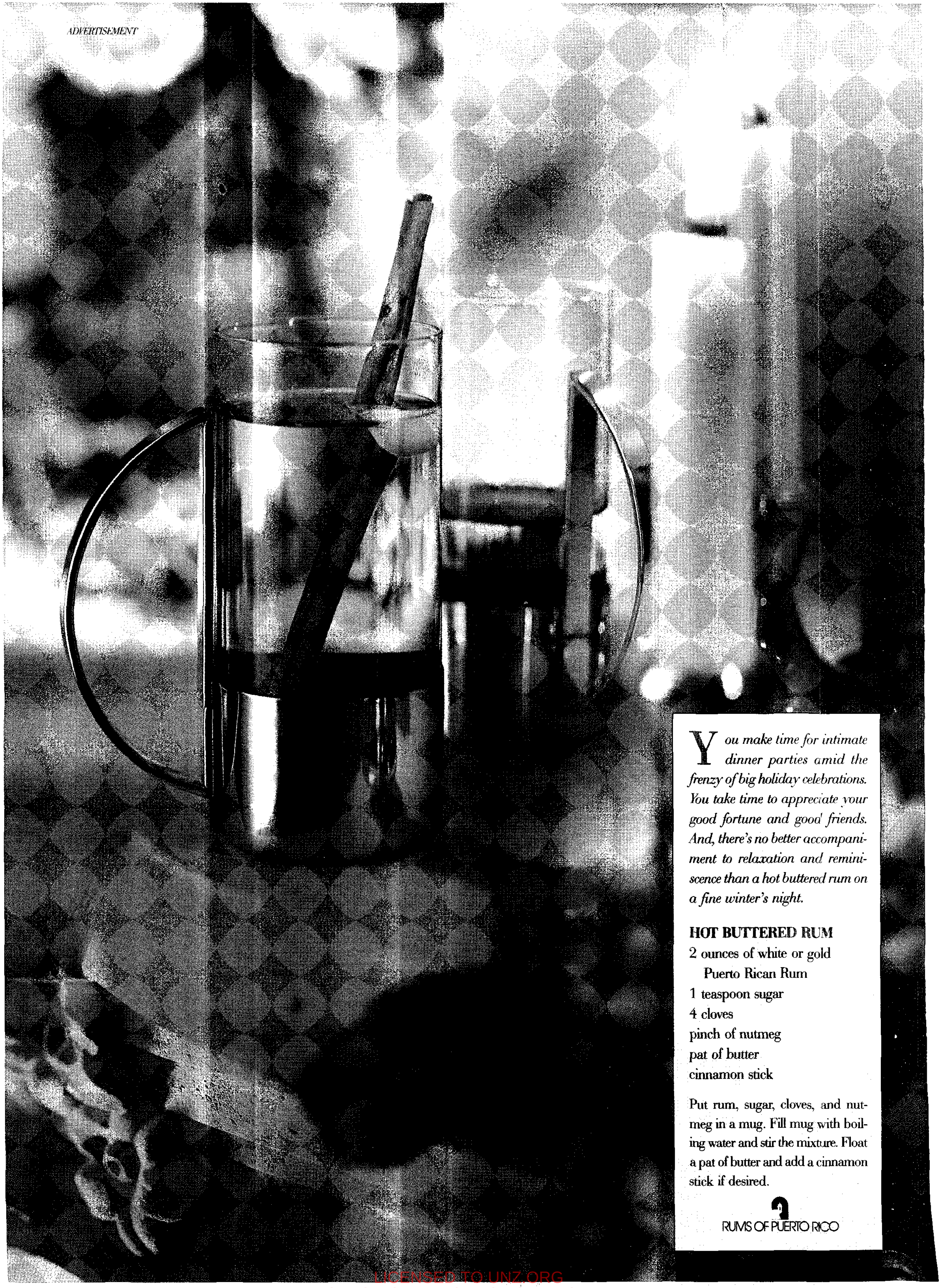

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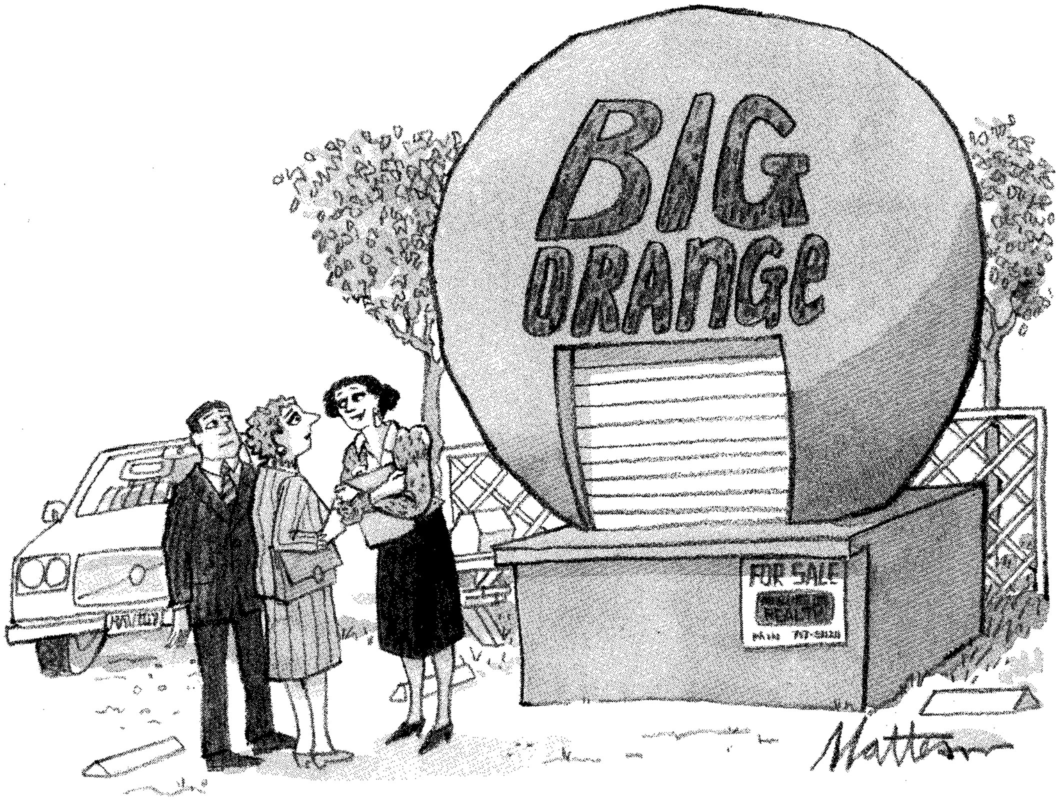
HOT BUTTERED RUM

2 ounces of white or gold
Puerto Rican Rum
1 teaspoon sugar
4 cloves
pinch of nutmeg
pat of butter
cinnamon stick

Put rum, sugar, cloves, and nutmeg in a mug. Fill mug with boiling water and stir the mixture. Float a pat of butter and add a cinnamon stick if desired.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

of the weight Haitians give them,” a senior envoy had explained to me. “You don’t need to do or say much, so you have to be very, very careful. A little muscle twitch over here gets magnified many, many times.”



“Now I’m going to ask you to stretch your imagination.”

As for the identity of “the terrorists,” the diplomat was now saying cautiously, “I assume we are talking about people associated with some of the rejected candidates.” That seemed reasonable, I thought, remembering the second of the bodies I had seen that morning, a plump, shoeless corpse that had been left like a bouquet in front of the Institution Secondaire Gérard Gourgue. In all likelihood, the victim was thoroughly uninterested in politics and had simply made the mistake of venturing out on the streets at night during a difficult time, when people “associated with some of the rejected candidates” stumbled across him, shot him in the stomach, heaved him into the back of their jeep, and dumped him in front of the candidate’s door—just far enough from a “GÉRARD GOURGUE PRESIDENT DE TOUS LES HAÏTIENS” poster to make their message clear without overdoing the sarcasm.

“Essentially, the kind of violence we’ve seen shows the strength of terrorist-type actions,” the American diplomat was saying. “That is, a few people can cause a great deal of disruption.” Then, in response to a question about Army involvement, he said, “No, I have seen no concrete evidence of it.”

The person in the best position to have such evidence, of course, would have been the victim. As it was, Army jeeps passed by the corpse two or three times while I was present, though the soldiers did not bother to stop, contenting themselves with exaggeratedly fierce looks directed at the assembled bystanders and photographers. It seemed likely that the man would lie there in the sun all day, or longer, in what one bystander referred to as “the old Papa Doc way—leave them lying there to teach people a lesson.” No Haitian, certainly, would move to touch him. (“Are you just going to leave him *lying* there?” I heard an exasperated American reporter demand of a teacher in the Gourgue school. He had to repeat the question several times before the gaping young man managed to stammer back, “Well, yes, yes, I will”—staring at the American as if he were crazy.)

But if the Army wasn’t involved, the American diplomat was asked at the briefing, then why didn’t the Army—that is, the government, of which, after all, the United States was the main foreign supporter—do something to stop what seemed a clear effort to disrupt these elections, of which the United States was also the main foreign supporter?

“Well,” the diplomat said, after a pause, “remember that all this is rooted in the antipathy that exists between the Namphy government and the Council. The people made it clear that the election was the affair of the Council. So the government is saying, ‘O.K., don’t ask for help from us when you have a problem.’ ”

Americans at the Embassy had been making this point for some time—that the confrontation was rooted in the behavior of both sides. And the point was certainly well taken. But it was also true that only one side had the guns, and thus the Army’s continued “neutrality” could only lead to one result: the Duvalierists’ scuttling the election. This brought to mind what another American spokesman, during the early, rocky days of the Namphy regime, had told me: “Look, Namphy is not a politician; none of these guys are. They’re Army men, they don’t like politics, don’t understand it, don’t trust it. They are trying to hold the country together.” It had seemed a reasonable view then, a few weeks after the departure of Jean-Claude, but as the *parenthèse* continued it had seemed increasingly threadbare. Namphy not a politician? The statement depended, of course, on how you defined politics, and it gradually became clear to me that under the Americans’ definition Duvalier would not have been a politician, either; nor, for that matter, would most of the Haitians now running for President.

From the beginning, the Americans had trusted in General Namphy and the Army. As an Embassy official told me shortly after Duvalier’s fall, “there are only two nationwide institutions in this country that could have taken power: the Army and the Church. And

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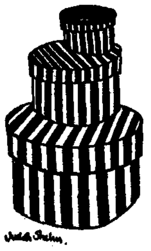
the Church doesn't want it." Having seen to Duvalier's departure with what they viewed as admirable efficiency, the Americans were faced with the question of what to *do* with this poor, mysterious country. And what other choice was there but to rely on the Army to "broker the transition"?

The diplomat had begun to grow impatient with the barrage of questions about why the United States did not "apply pressure." Still, it was clear—to take the most sympathetic interpretation of General Namphy's motives—that there were already pressures on him, and that they were mounting. From the two hundred or so Haitians who within months of Duvalier's fall had announced their intention to run for President, four had now been designated—by some subterranean process effected by *telediol*, the fabled Haitian rumor mill, and then affirmed by the radio stations and the newspapers (and to the intense irritation of Leslie Manigat and several others)—the "major" candidates.



One of the four, Sylvio Claude, was an untutored, rabble-rousing Baptist preacher, who had been repeatedly jailed and beaten during Jean-Claude's reign. ("Here Is the Martyr!" was his election slogan.) He was wildly popular in the Port-au-Prince slums, and therefore totally unacceptable to the Haitian élite and the Army that supported it (and, for that matter, to the Americans; the diplomat shook his head when Claude's name was raised). Another was Marc Bazin, who during his few months as Duvalier's Finance Minister had sniffed out and attacked corruption—an accomplishment for which he was remembered much more warmly by the Americans than by the Haitian officers and their wealthy friends. A third, Louis Déjoie II, fondly nicknamed Ti Loulou, was the scion of an old mulatto-élite family, and a direct descendant of both a founder of the country and a key nineteenth-century President. Ti Loulou was the son of Senator Louis Déjoie, the very man whom François Duvalier, with the electoral help of this selfsame Army (including Second Lieutenant Henri Namphy), had defeated in the hard-fought election of 1957—whereupon the Senator, never admitting defeat, had gone into bitter exile, where he and his followers (including his son) had passed the years plotting to overthrow the dictator. Finally, there was Gérard Gourgue, the human-rights advocate who had been badly beaten by Macoutes under Jean-Claude, and whom Namphy, according to diplomats who knew him well, hated "pathologically." Many Haitians believed that Gourgue, powered by the Front's nationwide network of priests and lay workers, had a very good chance of winning the election.

And then there was the election itself; no doubt—as the diplomat now conceded—there would be "irregularities."

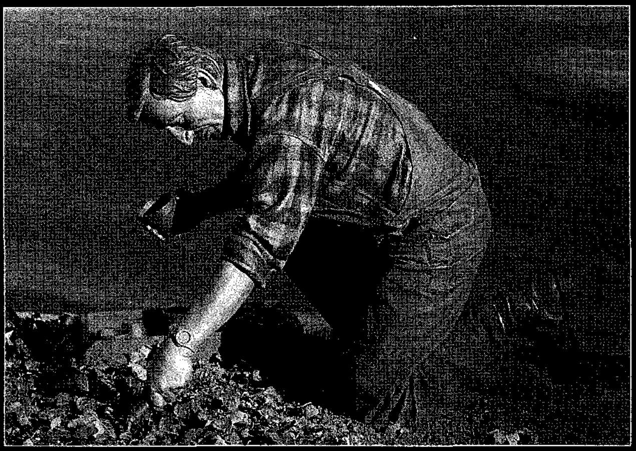
For General Namphy, however, the irregularities were unlikely to present the major problem. More worrying by far were the thousands of volunteers all around the country who would be running the election—all of them supporters of the constitution and therefore by definition anti-Duvalierist and at least partly anti-Army. In previous Presidential elections, it had been the Army doing the counting. Now the Army had been frozen out. But if the Army wasn't counting the votes it still had the guns, and the power to keep order and protect the process—or not. Of course, keeping order might well involve shooting at Duvalierists, Macoutes—whatever—some of whom happened to have strong connections in the Army; indeed, some of whom, since the fall of Duvalier, happened to be *in* the Army (particularly in the Dessalines Battalion: its powerful commander, Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, was known to have welcomed a number of Macoutes into the battalion and to have extended his protection to others who had remained in hiding). For General Namphy—as his right-hand man in the junta, General Williams Régala, had stressed to me—preserving the "institutional integrity" of the Army was paramount, because only the Army could "hold the country together when all the civil institutions collapsed."

Could General Namphy really be expected to risk that "institutional integrity"—risk soldiers shooting at soldiers or, worse, risk seeing his commands ignored, his own position undermined? And for what? For the Electoral Council? For Gérard Gourgue?

The American diplomat could see this line of reasoning, but he, like the other American officials I had spoken to, appeared not to accept it. Indeed, the Americans couldn't afford to accept it. They had to believe in Namphy, the largehearted nonpolitician General Namphy. Namphy was *theirs*, they told themselves (refusing to recognize that, in reality, they were *his*). The General clearly didn't care about power, the Americans insisted; he was a simple man, who liked nothing better than to drink and play cards with his buddies. He wanted out, and he could read the balance sheet: when it came down to it, after all, the country couldn't function without the Americans. (Without American aid, an Embassy man had told me patiently, "the Haitian government collapses—poof!") If it weren't for the Americans, Namphy wouldn't be there. And for the Americans everything hinged on "democratization," as Namphy was well aware. What could the General do? As always, he had to hold the situation together.

Now, toward the close of his briefing, the American diplomat was asked what would happen if Namphy *couldn't* hold things together. "You mean, if anything happens to . . . derail . . . the democratic process, shall we say?" he said slowly, and paused. Then he responded firmly, "An immediate cutoff of all U.S. aid. That's in the law." As for Bajeux's hope—that the Embassy would "tighten the screws"—the Embassy appeared to think the screws were tight enough. Give the General time. It was a complicated place, Haiti; its problems were never-ending. (The Haitian proverb "*Deye mon, gen mon*"—"Beyond the mountains, more mountains"—had been helpfully emblazoned on the Embassy's press kits.) In any event, was it not evident, at least, that the General and the Americans understood one another? "The judgment that we have is that violence is not on a high enough level to disrupt the elections," the American diplomat went on. "Now, if there were daytime violence generalized over the country, I think that could pose a real threat. Daytime violence would be a more troubling thing."

AS we drove downtown from the briefing under a brilliant midday sun, we heard the squeal of tires, two or three rapid machine-gun bursts, screams, then the roar of a panicked,



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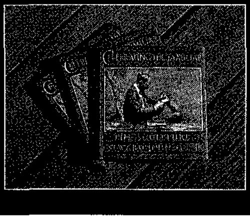

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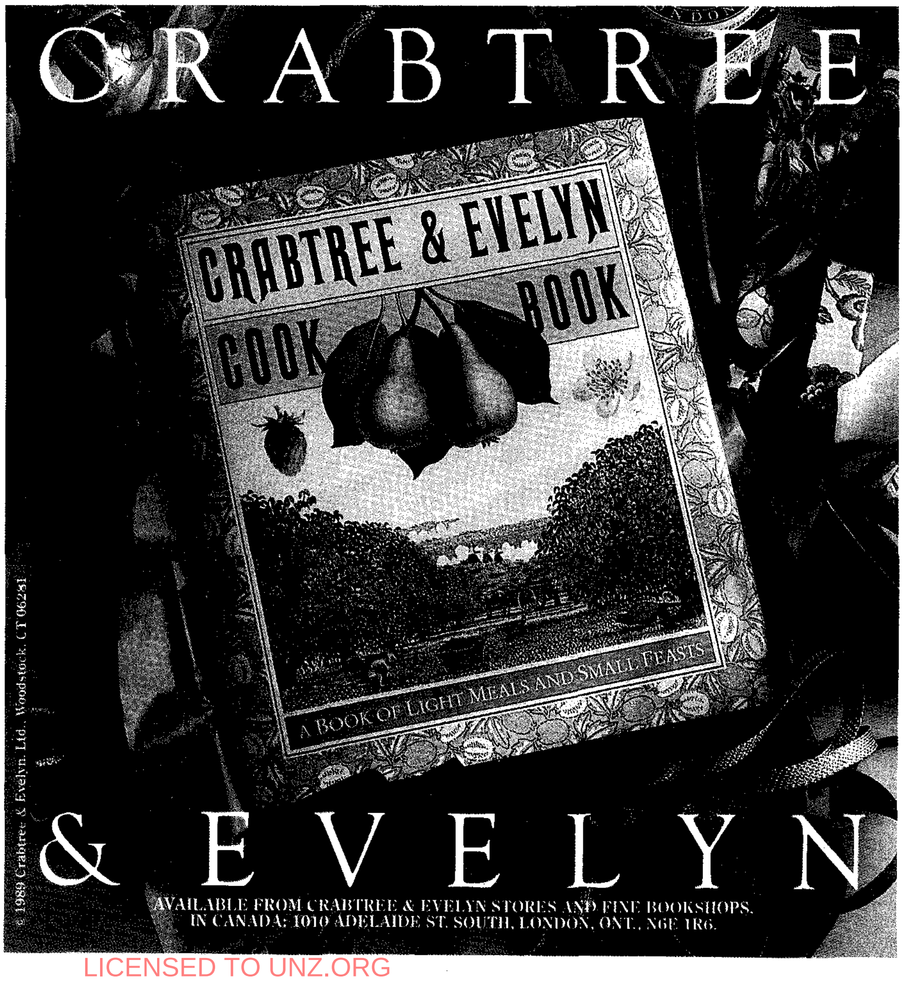

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stampeding crowd. By the time we reached the Rue Pavée, almost within sight of the burned Council headquarters, people had begun to poke their heads out from doorways and from behind boxes, where they had dived for cover. On one of the galleried sidewalks lay a young man of perhaps twenty-five, his arms spread out amid a pile of cassettes; he had been dead only seconds, but he looked as if he'd been frozen there forever, precisely posed, in gray pin-striped pants, white T-shirt, and fancy green-white-and-red knit shoes.

He had been sitting on the sidewalk selling smuggled cassettes, like the hundreds of other contraband merchants clogging the downtown area, when a Pajero jeep—the classic Macoute vehicle—screeched by, an Uzi firing out the window. There was no reason, no warning, no sense, and, before he could move, a bullet had ripped open his stomach and another had pierced his right eye, and he was likely dead before he hit the ground, scattering his cassettes in all directions.

Now a crowd of jostling photographers, mostly white, quickly encircled him—supplying the Télé Nationale news clip for that night. ("*Terreur gênérale en centre-ville*," the anchor intoned, but the viewer saw only the swarm of white photographers, their safari vests bristling with extra lenses, and here and there a glimpse of one of the dead man's fancy shoes.) Down the block, moans were rising: two others had been badly wounded.

"I am revolted by this act," Marc Bazin said on that same newscast. Interviewed outdoors, he squinted behind his steel-rimmed glasses; even in a short-sleeved blue guayabera, without his World Bank executive's elegant suit, he remained the self-assured statesman, big-shouldered, deep-voiced. "The terrorists' strategy is negative—to burn, to spread terror, chaos, to prevent a better life for Haitians," he said. "But the elections are the will of the people, and I think they will come off." Bazin had told me earlier in the day—on which, among other things, his headquarters had been machine-gunned again, and his main rival had had bestowed upon him a corpse outside his door—that he would do no more campaigning for the rest of the week.

On the broadcast, after a public-service advertisement showing a woman carefully choosing, then casting, a ballot, with a voice-over offering step-by-step instructions in Creole (courtesy of the Electoral Council, whose staff was no doubt now watching the news, holed up for the night in its sandbagged, bunkerlike headquarters), came a Louis Déjoie commercial: To the strains of a sprightly "Déjoie, Déjoie!" ditty the candidate—a big-bellied, light-skinned Ti Loulou—dances his way through an assortment of wretchedly poor neighborhoods, the crowds mobbing him, kissing him, poking him, and, most endearingly, putting their hands all over his bald head. He seems to love it, the dancing, gyrating candidate; his smile dazzles as he pulls a plump market woman into his arms and waltzes her about.

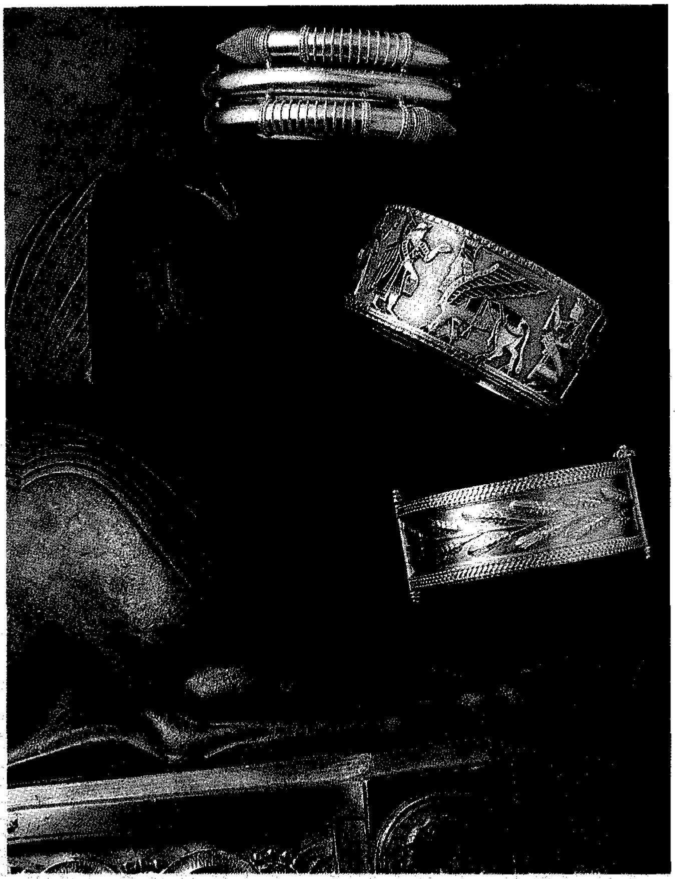
On Sunday, I had waited for the Déjoie campaign amid a large crowd gathered in a parking lot in Croix des Bouquets, not far from the capital. Suddenly, all was chaos: people began running, and then a singing, swaying parade of dancing drummers and bamboo-flute players split the crowd as the procession arrived, at its head the candidate's large white jeep, his bald pate and fat torso poking through the sunroof, his big arms waving. Amid the crush of people, everyone was now dancing and singing ("Déjoie, Déjoie!"), and rum bottles were being passed. The singing went on and on, as the candidate climbed heavily to the roof of his jeep, waited for the microphone to be passed hand to hand over the swaying crowd, sang and danced along for a few verses, and at last began to speak.

Like most political speeches, this one was long on slogans and short on policies, but it was delivered in the brilliant, colorful Creole for which Déjoie was famous, and it kept the crowd laughing. He pledged to represent the peasants, for his party stood for "the politics of the earth," and he told his cheering audience that the thirty years of *krazé-zo*—literally, "breaking bones," or repression—was over. Near the end of the speech, he attacked two of his rivals, arguing that Bazin and Hubert de Ronceray, because they had served Duvalier (de Ronceray as Minister of Labor and Social Affairs), should have been excluded as Duvalierists. Déjoie's attack delighted the crowd, but it jolted me; for this argument tended to undermine the legitimacy of the electoral process itself—and as such upheld a key tenet of the Duvalierists, who pointed to the presence of the two former ministers as proof of the Council's political bias.

IN the late afternoon of the Tuesday before the election, I began my round of visits to those important but less vocal candidates—those whose influence was felt mainly after dark. With two Haitian friends, I began the ascent up John Brown, retracing the route of the panicked motorists. As the road climbs higher and higher above the swarming city, the air grows cooler, the skins grow lighter, and the ranks of the great houses begin. Here cluster the main players of Haiti's traditional political game—those who took lead roles in this *conjoncture*, as their fathers had in those before.

Just off the Canapé Vert, for example, lies a neat white two-story house of glass and concrete: the home of Clovis Désinor, a lifelong associate of François Duvalier, who served Papa Doc faithfully as political strategist, speechwriter, Minister of Finance, Minister of Commerce, and who, until the Old Man shocked Haitians by bequeathing power to his famously dense teen-age son, had been judged by many to be Duvalier's rightful heir. Early in 1985, the mysterious and widely feared Désinor, a stooped-over seventy-year-old black man, broke publicly with Jean-Claude, and he was believed by many to be the strongest Duvalierist Presidential candidate. But now the Council had banned him from the elections—after he had been out of government, a private citizen, for seventeen years.

No, M. Désinor would not speak to me, a somewhat exasperated young man told me at the gate. No, it made no difference that he had spoken to me once before. (That had been during the weeks after Jean-Claude fell, when Désinor, winking and craftily grinning, had warned of the "tendency toward disorder" growing in Haiti, "a disorder that serves no one," he said. "Order is the spinal cord of any nation, and Haiti's spinal cord has been broken. We will see what happens.") But now, the young man went on, M. Désinor was not speaking to the press, and particularly not to the American press. Not while his case was in court. Didn't I know he was appealing the Council decision? Didn't I know he



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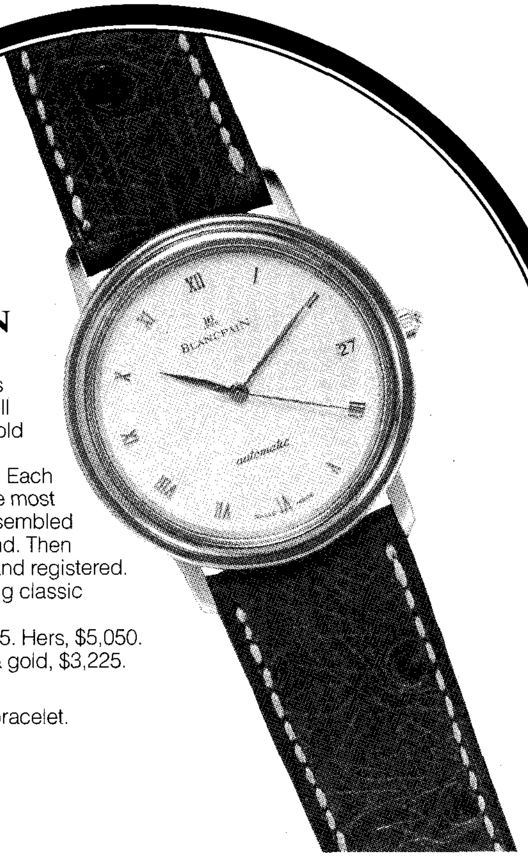

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was going to sue Mike Wallace, after that setup on "60 Minutes"? (Désinor had unwisely let Wallace interview him in English, a language he didn't know well, and had found himself goaded into declaring, with perfect telegenic ferocity, that he was a Duvalierist, and that he was "proud of it." He meant, of course, a *true* Duvalierist, the sort that had not held power since the death of Papa Doc. But how could stupid Americans be expected to understand such distinctions? Désinor now blamed Wallace for helping the Council ban him.)

By the time we entered the lovely upper-class neighborhood of Debussy, it was growing dark, and one of my Haitian friends insisted that I let him out of the car. Traffic had fallen off, and the few pedestrians on the street were hurrying home; in half an hour, the streets would be deserted. It was not a time for visits—especially not there.

A scant half mile from chez Désinor, behind a high wall, stood the large, rambling white-and-aqua house of General Claude Raymond, a godson of Papa Doc. As a young officer in the heady, bloody days of the "Duvalier Revolution," during the early nineteen-sixties, Raymond had commanded the Presidential Guard and been a leading figure in the Tontons Macoutes; upon Papa Doc's death, he had served as the armed forces' chief of staff, keeping a watchful eye during the critical early years of Jean-Claude's regime—before the young dictator, having found new allies, abruptly sent him off to Spain as Ambassador in 1973. But General Raymond, now retired, had many supporters, who saw in him a link to the Old Man, to *true* Duvalierism. And though his Presidential candidacy had also been disallowed, these friends had not abandoned him.

During those violent weeks, many would notice that the General's house had become the scene of curious nocturnal gatherings. Just before nightfall, its large garden would gradually fill with men, who passed the time lounging about among a half-dozen four-wheel-drive vehicles parked in the driveway. Near midnight, it was said, the cars moved out onto the deserted streets.

Tonight, five days before the election, the parking area behind General Raymond's gate was crowded with jeeps and cars and, leaning against a pillar, one small chocolate-and-white motorcycle. "That's it!" my Haitian friend said. "That's the one from yesterday morning." He had been waiting outside Bajeux's office when the gunmen came: four in a small white car, and one on a brown-and-white motorcycle.

Just inside the gate, perhaps forty young men, neatly dressed in slacks and sports shirts, were sitting on the steps or leaning against the cars, almost all of them black, muscular, and very tough-looking. They were murmuring to one another in low voices, but when I passed through the gate, holding my press card in front of me, there was a silence, and not a friendly one; it persisted as a bearded young man rose and ambled toward me. No, he said, the General was not there. No, he could assure me he wasn't. The General was very busy, you see. No, no, waiting for him was out of the question.

Under the silent stares of the General's assembled supporters—they did not share the Council's fondness for the foreign press—I walked back to the car and drove slowly down the deserted street. "You interrupted them," my friend said, pulling himself up so his head could once more be seen through the window. "They were cleaning their guns."

NOT long before the shooting began that night, the weather-beaten black face of Clovis Désinor appeared on the television screen, and the old Duvalierist proceeded to address his Haitians in a frightening, mesmerizing speech. The style—the dark, raspy voice and rhythmically nodding head; the hypnotic chanting repetition of cryptic, powerful phrases; the exaggerated raising and lowering of the voice; the frequent dramatic climaxes—was pure Papa Doc, as were the words, evoking conspiracy, betrayal, foreign manipulation.

"*Haïtiennes! Haïtiens!*" Désinor began, with a fearsome look. "Nothing is hidden that will not be uncovered." And throughout his speech he repeated this dark and obscure accusation like a mantra. He spoke of the "excess and abuse of power cynically practiced by the members of the Electoral Council," noted that "these collaborationists . . . have invited or accepted foreigners," including "the financial aid of the United States," to hold the elections, and declared flatly that the Council "plotted the ruin of our sovereignty; for . . . the Council members will rig the votes in order to fulfill the desires of their . . . investors."

Toward the end of the long and rambling discourse, Désinor spoke of God. "God alone . . . our compass" had advised "Clovis Désinor, His creature" to tell his followers to stay away from the polls Sunday: "*Abstention totale!* Don't cover yourselves with shame and ridicule by participating in these criminal operations of the Electoral Council, who betray us . . . by conniving with these foreigners." Then, leaning forward into the camera, the man who had loyally served as the sturdy right hand of Papa Doc solemnly concluded, "Nonviolence remains de rigueur."

AROUND midnight, as we sat on the veranda of the Grand Hotel Oloffson, we heard the shooting begin. But tonight the bursts of fire had acquired an odd accompaniment. After each shot, a great metallic clanging rose up, underlaid by a low, mournful howling—hundreds, then thousands of human voices forming a steady bass under the chaotic high-pitched smashing of metal against metal. The whole city seemed to be in an uproar. Listening intently to the din, which had been joined by the barking of scores of hungry dogs, we managed to isolate one of its sources—the "hot" slum neighborhood of Carrefour Feuilles.

We crept quietly through the dark garden and peered out into the street. Under the single street light, several boys had begun to construct a barricade, dragging hunks of concrete from a building site across the street, lugging part of a rusted car chassis, rolling into place old stumps and pieces of wood, and piling up an arsenal of stones.

There was a burst of gunfire nearby, and immediately a great clanging rose up; fifty yards down the block we could make out the darkened profile of a tall, emaciated figure smashing a metal rod against a light pole and howling into the air. The noise died away, and the figure emerged from the half shadows and began to stride back and forth—shoulders thrown back, posture almost absurdly erect, metal rod thrust under one arm—and then to chant, rhythmically, in a haunting, otherworldly tone: "*Toi! Toi! Toi! Lève-toi!*" Over and over he chanted in his eerie voice, striding back and forth, pausing only to smash his metal rod against the pole after every burst of gunfire: "*Toi! Toi! Toi! Toi qui dors! Lève-toi!*"—"You! You! You! You who sleep! Rise up!" It was the *bat tèneb*, the "tenebrous beating" by which the Haitian masses, powerless but for their numbers, had traditionally called to one another to wake, to rise up and defend their homes. As I watched this bizarre figure moving in and out of the shadows, I realized he was wearing, over a dirty T-shirt, an old and ragged flowered dress.

Now a great furor arose in the middle distance: the squeal of tires, then gunshots, a crescendo of panicked voices, screams, and the sound of a charging crowd. The steady roar continued. After the nights in which bursts of gunfire had kept the darkened streets deserted, the city now had come to life—a strange and violent life played out under the street lights.

My companions and I got in our car, and, making sure those manning the first barricade had seen us and knew we were "press" (knew that we were *blans*, white foreigners), we drove slowly through the gate and into this night world. We moved carefully, the car idling along at walking speed, interior light left on to expose our white faces and yellow press passes. In this way, shouting "*Journalistes! Journalistes!*" all the while, we inched cautiously from the first barricade to a second, and on to a third, each time hoping that the grim-faced young men at the next barrier would be reassured to see us pass by their colleagues, and hold off throwing their stones or charging with their machetes until we came close enough for them to see our faces.

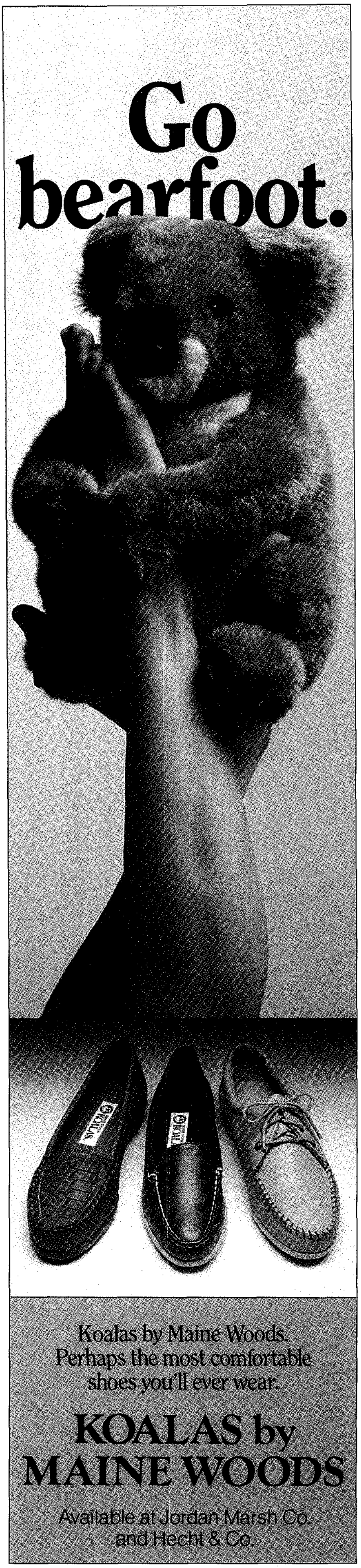
Most streets were barricaded—with oil drums and scrap lumber, with cinder blocks, with wrecked cars. At most of the barricades, four or five young men stood by, some with machetes and clubs, some with stones, ready to surround and smash the car if the shouted commands to stop, to wait, weren't heeded. Once, when we turned a corner, screams, clanging machetes, and a hail of stones forced us to retreat.

Beyond the barricades, the streets were awake but strangely silent; families sat stone-faced on their steps or in their doorways, seeming—with their machetes and clubs, their metal rods, their faces garishly lit by the sulfurous lights—like ghoulish parodies of urban propriety. On one street, five or six boys played, between two barricades, a vigorous but silent game of soccer with an unravelling ball of twine.

As we passed into a large intersection, we heard music, and saw across the way a group of young people frenziedly dancing the merengue. To the pulsating music blasting from a small cassette player, a young woman and three men were thrusting their bluejeaned hips, shaking their machetes overhead, and bending, whenever they heard shots, to smash them against the curbside in a great scraping of sparks. As we approached, one dancing young man, sweat running down his neck, proffered his rum bottle and gestured, finger to his lips, that he would not speak; then, machete under one arm, he took my notebook and slowly wrote, in painstaking French, "We were obliged to do this, because the government is not on the side of the people. They burned the market. They hurt us. Despite everything, we will vote Sunday."

Finally, at the entrance to a little square not far from the National Cemetery, our car was stopped, surrounded, and engulfed by a screaming, stampeding mob. Hands yanked open the doors and pulled us from the car, then hustled us forward into the square, which was packed with people, all of them motioning for us to move forward.

At the end of a long aisle of grinning people was a grotesquely battered hulk of metal that had been a car; on its caved-in roof lay the mutilated remains of what moments before had been a man. Our handlers pushed us forward to see the body, which was tightly ringed by smiling faces. The man had been stripped and pummelled by many hands; there were long slashes about the trunk, where part of his intestines had tumbled out, and on the youngish face a series of deep cuts, several in the peculiar parody-mouth pattern I had



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noticed that morning; but the climax had been a tremendous machete blow directly to the crown of the balding head which had released, in one great sweep from base of skull to forehead, a three-inch ruffle of brains. His arms were extended outward, and his hands had been hacked off. An elderly man, his face pressed close to the body, caught my stare, smiled, and shrugged, as if to say, "I didn't take them!" Then, as my eyes moved to a bloody machete he cradled, he said aloud, "We must look for more game tonight!"

Around the smashed car, the people were pushing in upon the body, eager to talk.

"We are *flattered* to see you," a young man in a T-shirt, makeshift club in hand, kept saying, to nods from those beside him.

"You must understand that we are able now to watch over our neighborhood," another young man said, in halting French. "You must understand that we are *civilized*." The car had come on fast, he said, careering into the square (we had heard the tires). As the people had closed in around it, the driver—"the Macoute"—had waved a revolver but had had no chance to use it before the mob dragged him from the car.

How did they know he was a Macoute?

Angry protestations. Hadn't he had a gun?

Yes, I said, but perhaps he had panicked on seeing the crowd, and tried to defend himself?

Well, in any case, he was "unknown in the neighborhood."

"You must understand that we are *civilized*," the young man said again, to approving nods. "We *waited* for the car to come."

"We were forced to do this," an old man said. "The government forced us to do this."

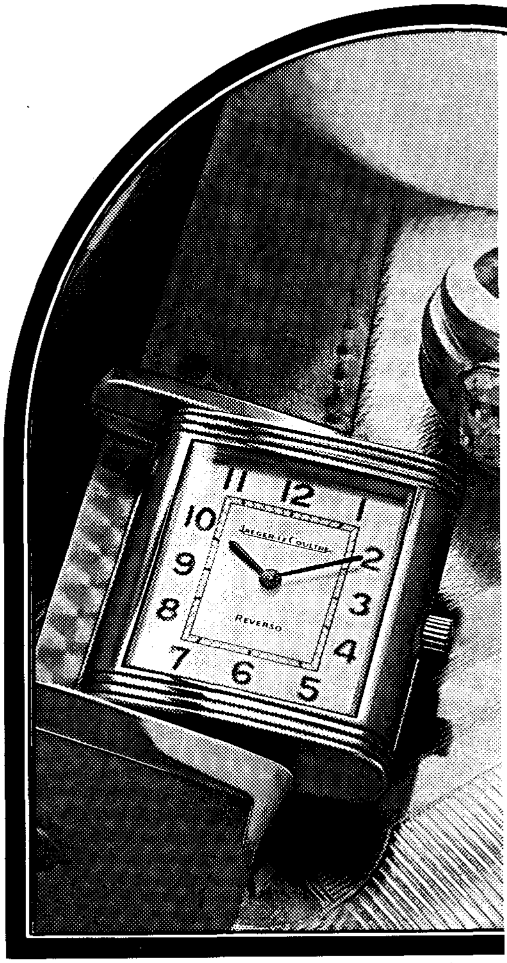
"We'd had *enough*," a woman said fiercely.

Others repeated with her, "*We'd had enough!*"

"We joined together to protect ourselves," a man said, and then, leaning forward, explained, with patient emphasis, "When I am hit, it causes pain. I learn to hit back."

Then why not go to the source—perhaps to Désinor's house, or Claude Raymond's?

"No, no!"—vehemently. I had got



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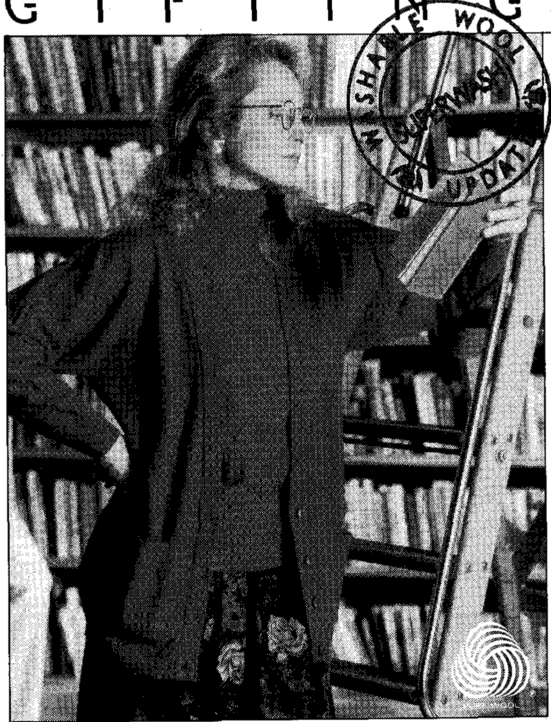

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it all wrong. "We don't involve ourselves in political things."

All at once, the crowd was running, stampeding across the square, and we were pressed against our car. More shooting in the distance, more shouting, then a siren, whining its way closer.

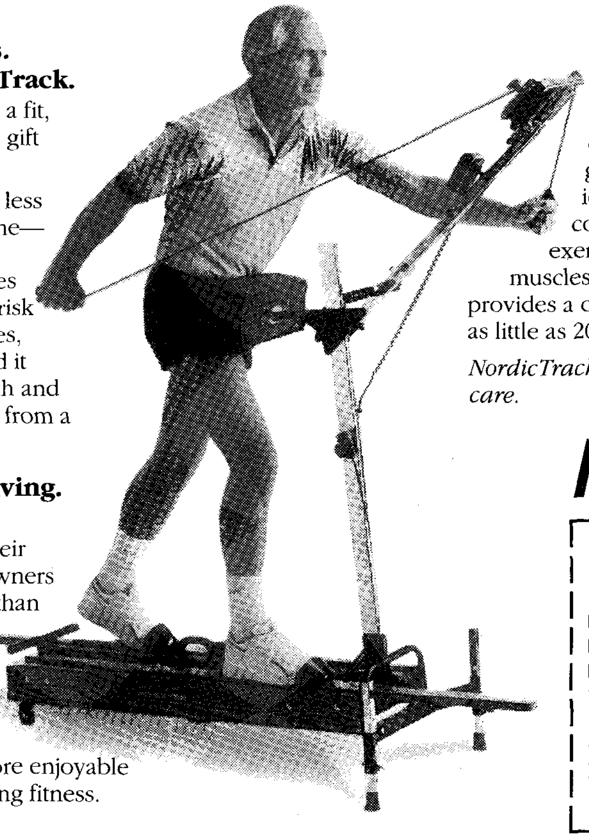
Cautiously, we drove back through the neighborhood, from one barricade to another, past the silent people on their steps, past the young men with machetes standing like statues on their corners, past the little group dancing the merengue, and the silent footballers still playing, a wrecked car serving as barricade and goal. When we neared the hotel gate, we found the tall, thin man still there, striding back and forth in his ragged dress, chanting into the darkness. As we passed around the barricade, he halted and said softly, in a raspy, high-pitched voice, "We have done good work tonight—at last."

BY the time we crept out again, just after dawn, he had vanished, as had most of the barricades in the now deserted streets. In the murky gray light of the square, only the smashed car remained, seeming very small now. The corpse had disappeared.

Driving through the waking city, we found the night's other victims. On the Grande Rue, a clump of chattering passersby marked a mutilated corpse: a well-known Macoute from the *quartier*, the excited people said, Luc Altidor, known as Café Amè—Bitter Coffee. Last night, he had appeared after midnight, gasoline can in one hand, revolver in the other. But his neighbors had been ready. A snickering young man gestured to where the corpse, naked now but for a shredded T-shirt, had been castrated, then pointed across the street, where a crowd of laughing people were parading above their heads in triumph the missing bits of flesh.

In the huge, swampy shantytown of Cité Soleil, crowds surrounded two partly dismembered corpses, which lay next to an almost unrecognizable jeep. "They were working for Namphy," a young man told me, pointing to one of the bodies. "He was getting a bag of rice and fifty dollars every month. We made him talk before we killed him." But as I looked at the jeep—a thirty-thousand-dollar vehicle pounded to rubble by a mob of frenzied people, few of whom saw a hundred dollars in a good year—I noticed a distinctive marking and, leaning closer, saw printed there "Corvington Courier & Escort Security Service." Wasn't it possible that these private security guards had driven uncomprehending into this rabid, frightened crowd, and panicked when their uniforms didn't show the people that they were making a terrible mistake? The question remained open for several days (then members of the Cité Soleil neighborhood *brigade* appeared on Télé Nationale to apologize for their unfortunate error), but to the celebrants in that early morning it was a victory. As we made our way slowly through the narrow streets, a smiling market woman shouted at the *blans*, "Tell America Cité Soleil is doing its work!"

"During this crisis, the people have shown a great maturity," Marc Bazin intoned gravely at a press conference that morning. "In their vast majority, the Haitian people have made their peace with Jean-Claude Duvalier and his family. And those who want to



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block this election will fail—because the people want the election and there is no way to stop it."

What about the government, the Army?

"The government has an air of powerlessness," Bazin said carefully, after a significant pause, "but we don't know if it's incompetence, impotence, even indifference."

Shortly before, in the heart of the commercial cacophony of the Route de Delmas, we had passed a burned vehicle that proved to be an Army jeep. Three intruders had come in it early that morning. They wore civilian clothes, but one brandished an Army I.D. card. They fled before the neighborhood committees, taking refuge in a "Macoute house," from which they managed, with guns, to hold off the crowd until, according to several people, "twenty or so soldiers came in a truck" and rescued them.

Which proved—what? Only that *some* officers were definitely helping the Macoutes. But if the Army as an institution was ostentatiously keeping its nose out of things, as the American diplomat had suggested, then perhaps—perhaps—the elections could come off.

At the new Council headquarters, where the young people were still practicing on their computers, Louis Roy told me, "The Army is waiting. It will let the Duvalierists and the neighborhood committees fight it out, let the terrorism continue. It's all a show for the Americans, to convince them that only the Army is able to keep order in the country."

When I passed the mangled Macoute on my way back along the Grande Rue, the remains, now less feet and hands, were surrounded by a swarm of photographers. By early afternoon, when I was heading for the bustling Iron Market downtown (into which, moments before, four men had casually strolled, only to draw automatic weapons and fire into the crowd), the corpse had been dragged to the middle of the busy boulevard and set afire, to the cheers of a small crowd. Half an hour later, as I headed to the Hôpital Général (at least four people had been badly wounded in that shooting), the corpse was still burning. And an hour later, as I walked down the steps of the capital's main morgue (one of the Iron Market victims had died, but reporters, who wanted to see if there had been more dead, were barred entrance to the morgue), an ambulance pulled up and two overworked attendants carefully extracted a stretcher with the carbonized, scattered, almost unidentifiable last remains of Café Amè, the neighborhood Macoute.

THAT evening's television had the usual strange jumble of news shows and interview programs: a talk with a Presidential candidate; film of the Iron Market shootings; increasingly urgent appeals from the Council ("We need trucks to transport the ballots into the provinces, people to drive and to provide security").

Then came a bizarre interview with another Presidential candidate, the usually mild-mannered law professor Grégoire Eugène, who took the occasion to lash out at the Council, claiming that it was infested with leftists controlled by Gourgue; that it favored the Front National and therefore was incapable of running a fair election; that "peasants or fellows with only basic education" would be easily tricked into voting however those running the polls wanted them to. And, he hinted, the neighborhood *brigades de vigilance* were in fact controlled by the Council—or, at least, run by those on the left who also ran the Council.

The argument itself was just another version of the classic Duvalierist attack, denouncing the elections as what one frustrated candidate called, in a felicitous phrase, a *coup d'état des urnes*—a ballot-box coup d'état. It was strange to be hearing it from Eugène, who was a founder of the Social Christian Party and a longtime Duvalier opponent. But it was clear now that, although he was desperate to become President ("Grégoire," an American diplomat told me with a sigh, "Grégoire's for rent"), he had little following. He was, then, just the respectable but malleable sort the officers might have preferred had they been in a position to choose a *président marionnette*. And what Eugène was sketching out, I realized as he concluded his scathing attack, was the perfect rationale for a real coup d'état.

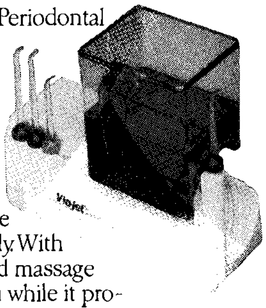
After this interview, the programming was interrupted, and a long typed announcement scrolled slowly up the screen: "The situation has been aggravated by the appearance of groups of peasants known as *comités de vigilance* which . . . only serve to sow confusion and to render the task of the forces of order more difficult. . . . In these conditions, the Minister believes it is his duty to remind [Haitians] that the maintenance of order and public security is the direct and exclusive responsibility of the armed forces of Haiti. . . . Major General Williams Régala." The Army had at last weighed in.

In the dark, deserted streets of the capital, the troops were moving out. From a small covered carport in front of the Holiday Inn, we watched truckloads of soldiers pass by, rounding the front of the spotlit National Palace, circling the Champ de Mars. Around midnight, shooting began, and we tried to follow its progress, but tonight there was no clanging of machetes, no low moaning, no chanting, and we didn't dare to venture out.

At dawn, it did not take long to see that everything had changed. On a little street in Carrefour Feuilles we found our first body: a heavyset man lying face down in a mud puddle, his arms outstretched, the blood on his shirt still bright red. In his back were four entry wounds, closely grouped, and only his own digging footprints marked the mud: he had apparently been shot with an automatic weapon as he tried to run away, probably from a car or a jeep, and probably less than an hour before. This time, there were no onlookers eager to talk. People hurried by, the women balancing buckets of water on their heads, the men carrying their bundles, reluctant even to look at the man face down in the mud. Who was he? Did you know him? Not even a word in reply now; just uneasy glances and a mumbled "*Pa konnin*"—"Don't know."

At the corner of Dessalines and the Rue Chareron, amid a group of silent people, we found a young man lying—also shot in the back, also very recently. A woman approached, crying, and shrieked when she saw the body. It was her son; she was quickly pulled away. An old man told me quietly that soldiers in an Army truck had shot him. No one else would say a word.

Two blocks down, another small, silent crowd surrounded the body of a skinny old man: he was curled up on his side, blood staining his white shirt, a red wool cap still on his head. He, too, had died very recently, in this early-morning sweep meant to insure that Haitians on their way to work



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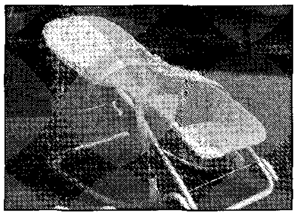

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would not miss the message. When I asked who had done this, I got no answer until, finally, a man burst out, "It was the soldiers! They were alone in the streets."

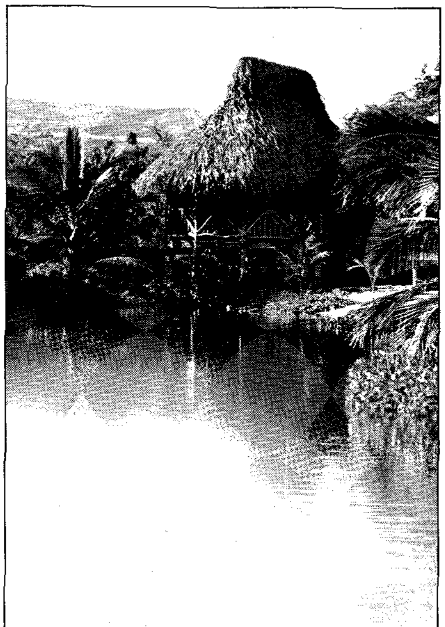
On the Avenue Martin Luther King, not far from the airport, a neatly dressed man in his early thirties lay with a neat tattoo of bullet holes etched up his spine and neck. The crowd of murmuring people surrounding him suddenly broke apart and ran in a panic, and I turned to find an Army truck approaching. But the soldiers passed by, with only a few mildly interested glances at the corpse and a few stern looks at the fleeing crowd.

Back in Carrefour Feuilles, a handful of people stood near some porch steps, at the top of which was posed a slumped and ghoulish figure: a cadaver, his black face painted as if with some dirty theatrical whiteface, glinting metal nails protruding from his nostrils. Here, instead of just driving off, the killers obviously hadn't been able to resist having a bit of fun. So there sat the white-faced corpse as the residents of Carrefour Feuilles hurried by, trying not to look. Had this, too, been the work of the soldiers, intent on driving home to the people that "the maintenance of order and public security is the direct and exclusive responsibility of the armed forces"?

That Thursday, for the first time all week, there was no daytime terror in the capital. As darkness fell, cautious, determined young men pushed open the gates of the Council building, looked carefully about, then signalled, and big trucks rumbled slowly out into the street, carrying cartons of ballots to cities and villages around the country. Around midnight, the shooting began.

Friday morning, though, there were no bodies. The Army had indeed put down the *brigades*—but to what purpose? The soldiers would not countenance the challenge of the neighborhood committees, but would they let the election come off? In Cité Soleil, just after dawn, kerchiefed women were lined up before the tank truck that sold water to the slum dwellers, each in turn paying her ten cents and then walking off slowly, effortlessly, majestically, the big sloshing bucket balanced on her head. The women were stocking up for the weekend, not knowing what would happen.

Wandering down the black-earth streets of the vast slum, stepping over



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the sewage ditches, threading our way through the labyrinthine passageways that separated the sheet-metal hovels, we asked the people crouching in the doorways about the voting. But the soldiers had been there the night before, walking down these streets, emptying their automatic weapons into the air or into the dirt, and the people were frightened.

In the stinking quarter called Cité Carton (Cardboard City), a man told me shyly that he would vote for Sylvio Claude, and another brightened and agreed: Sylvio, the poor black man, the tap-tap driver who had lived through Duvalier's torture—"They beat him, put him in prison." In the swampy section called Brooklyn, a skinny, shirtless young man who was feeding old automobile parts into a caldron of molten metal, making pots to be sold at the market, wiped the sweat off his brow, dug a paper out of his pocket, and thrust it at me: "He, he will be our next President!" It was the poster of Sylvio ("Here Is the Martyr!"), the squat, square-jawed man in the thick spectacles and ill-fitting cheap suit who had declared to me two days before that only he, Sylvio Claude, was a "*candidat authentique*," "authentic" meaning, in the peculiar color code of Haitian politics, not just "man of the people" but *black*—the true black of the masses.

That afternoon, Ernst Mirville, the Council president, conceded, to a room packed with journalists, "The Council has had many difficulties, and many of the technical problems derived from the political ones." The latter, he said, could be easily summarized: "The government and the Council do not see things the same way. The Council is a completely new institution—I conceive of it as a revolutionary institution in Haitian politics."

AT dawn the next day, the day before the election, some colleagues and I waited quietly in our car at a crossroads north of the capital until, rumbling out of the ground fog like a great sea monster, a big tractor-trailer emerged on the road before us. From its cab the driver waved nervously, for he was carrying dangerous cargo: cartons of ballots marked for the Artibonite Valley, one of the "hottest" areas of the country. Several Council trucks had been attacked during the last few days. We fell in behind him as he cautiously headed north, passing through Cabaret, through paddy fields in the Artibonite, past a series of gasoline-drum-and-sapling roadblocks—unmanned at this hour, as we had hoped.

At the election bureau in Gonaïves, a crowd was waiting; amid much shouting and running about, a score or so of young men hurriedly unloaded the big truck, transferring some of the cartons to a smaller one for the trip into the Artibonite. Soon we were on the dirt road to Verrettes; the sun was up, and we were enveloped in a moving cloud of dust that entirely covered three straw-hatted Haitians who sat with their legs dangling from the truck's open back. Here and there, peasants working in the fields straightened, machetes in hand, to watch the truck pass; they knew what it carried. When we stopped, however, they would not speak. One wrinkled old man, almost toothless, his bare feet buried in wet mud, mumbled in response to every question, general and

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specific, the classic words of the Haitian peasant confronted with an outsider, who, well intentioned or not, can only bring him trouble: "*M'fe pa politik*"—"I'm not interested in politics."

In Verrettes, young men, watched over by a local priest, rapidly unloaded the cartons, handing them over one by one to a small cinder-block building, where they were neatly stacked. The town seemed very tense: people watched the proceedings from their houses, and a young soldier in olive green, a carbine slung over his shoulder, stood silently by, looking uncomfortable.

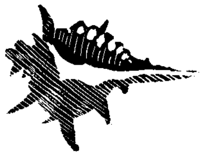
Would there be trouble tomorrow?

"Everything will pass in orderly fashion" was all he would say, over and over.

A middle-aged man wearing wire-rimmed glasses, who was directing the unloading, would say only, "We are determined to do the elections efficiently—and without the Army." He would not give his name.

As we left, we passed an Army jeep cruising slowly ahead of its trail of dust. A few miles away, in the village of Borel, a small blue pickup rumbled past crammed with eight soldiers, all looking warily out, their guns at the ready. Along the road, people stood like statues before tiny mud houses, or leaned over the peculiar green fences (formed of a strange succulent that grew heavily over a wooden frame) that separated their bare yards from the dirt road. All watched tensely as the soldiers passed.

We pulled to a stop near a group of villagers and were surrounded by people anxious to talk. There had been a massacre here, they said excitedly. On Monday, some Macoutes had burned down the local election bureau. Wednesday evening, some soldiers from the Verrettes barracks—they had first taken off their uniform shirts so they couldn't be identified—drove into Borel shooting; they killed a horse and strafed the local church. Later, when the truck they had requisitioned came back, the furious villagers seized it and burned it. Thursday morning, the soldiers returned, accompanied this time by several armed civilians. Without a word, they opened fire on the villagers, killing a fifty-six-year-old man and two youths, aged seventeen and fifteen, and some livestock, and then burned two houses.



"We can't vote, because there is no polling place now," a teen-ager in a Michael Jackson T-shirt said. "All the people want to vote, but we don't think the Army will let us."

We heard the rumble of an approaching vehicle, and the villagers moved away from our car. It was the blue pickup again, moving even more slowly this time. Now two young women were standing among the soldiers in the back, both leaning forward and scanning the scene, occasionally pointing to this or that house. We followed at a distance.

After a mile of halting progress, the truck came to an abrupt stop, and suddenly, in a wholly unexpected burst of movement, the soldiers leaped out, their rifles held high against their chests, fingers on the triggers, and, fanning out, charged a little mud house as if they were assaulting a bunker.

We had pulled up about fifty yards back and got out of the car; now we stood in the middle of the road, transfixed. All at once, the soldiers became conscious of us. They froze in their charge, then turned to face us. Everything seemed to stop: the slender young men in olive green stared at us over their semiautomatic rifles, their faces impassive, and we stared back, pens poised over notebooks, cameras clutched at chest level. No one moved.

Finally, very deliberately, the lead soldier moved his rifle in a wide arc, back and forth, at the level of our chests—once, twice, three times. That was all it would take. It would be that easy. They stared for one beat more, then turned, climbed silently back into the truck, joining the two staring female informants, and drove off. We were left flat-footed in the road, fifty yards from the still unmolested house. No one had come out. Whoever had been about to be beaten or killed would have at least a few more minutes to enjoy life in Borel.

As night fell, we returned to Gonaïves, the old City of Independence, where we found Victor Benoit, the Front's Senate candidate from Borel, in a small apartment off the main square. He had hidden behind his house when the soldiers came, he said, then fled into the hills, where "the peasants protected me." Then he had travelled secretly, floating down the Artibonite in a banana boat. Now, he told us, the Council had just issued a communiqué, cancelling the voting in Verrettes and several other towns nearby. "They haven't been able to organize, the polling places have been burned," he said, and he went on, "Here, where the democratic sector is strong, and the Macoute structure remains strong as well, there is a struggle between two worlds: the old Macoute world and the democratic world that is fighting to be born."

At midnight, the war began. All night long, the machine-gun fire was incessant; it seemed to come from all around us, sometimes from very close. At times we heard great explosions, what sounded like grenades; then rifle shots; then more automatic fire. On the road, only the occasional jeep, its headlights dark, moved slowly past. Gonaïves seemed to be in the grip of a great battle.

At dawn on Election Day, we drove out cautiously. The streets were mostly deserted. It was in Raboteau, the enormous slum from which the entire popular movement that overthrew Duvalier had emerged, that the night travellers had concentrated their attention: they had strafed houses, burned and smashed the few cars on the streets, set fires here and there.

In front of the squat cinder-block building where we had left the ballots the day before, a noisy crowd had already gathered. It was growing light; one could see where the election bureau's façade had been freshly raked with bullets. But soon the polls would be open, and the people, despite it all, had come to vote.

A few blocks away, we stopped and turned on the radio for the news from the capital. Radio Haiti Inter was utterly silent. So was Radio Soleil. We moved rapidly through the dial. Silence. (Hours earlier, armed men had smashed Radio Haiti Inter with grenades, had machine-gunned Radio Antilles, had blown up Radio Soleil's transmitter.) Only one station, finally, Radio Métropole, seemed to be broadcasting, and it played only music—marches.

In the distance, suddenly, there was shooting, then screams.

We found the corner in front of the election bureau, which not five minutes before had been crowded with hundreds of jostling people, absolutely de-

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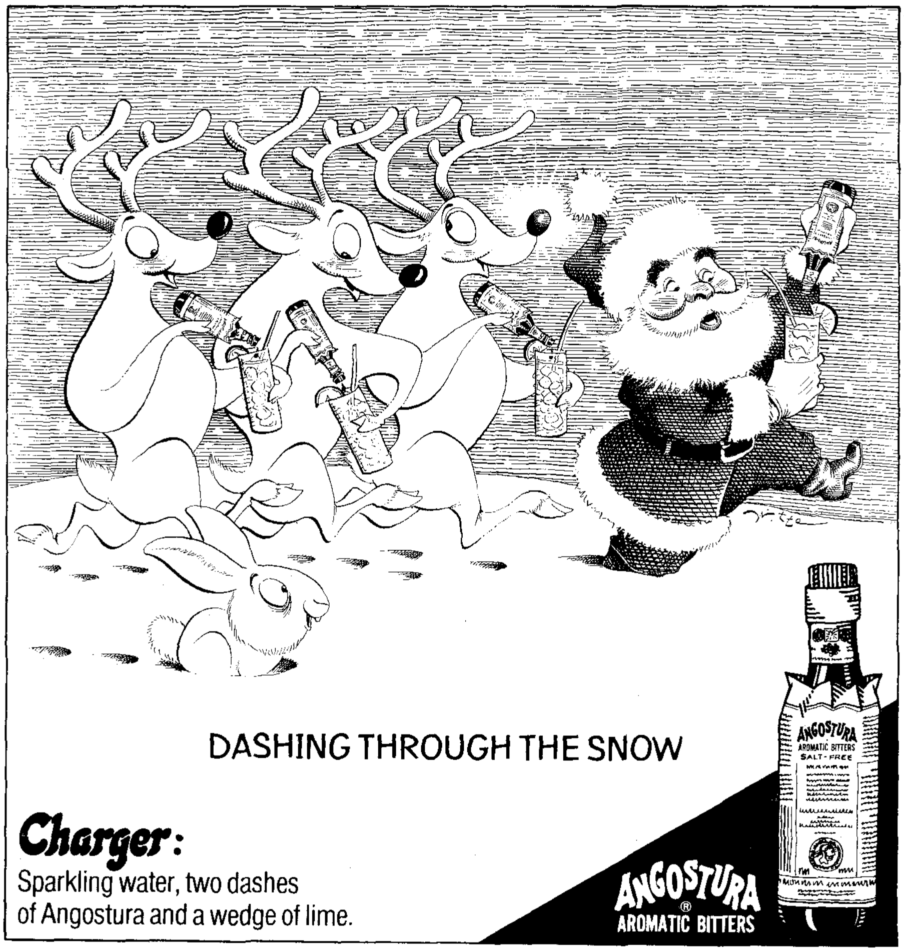
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serted. In the middle of the empty street, a white motor scooter lay on its side, one of its wheels still turning. In the intersection, a fire was burning: four or five of the cartons we had seen delivered the day before had been stacked up, with handfuls of ballots stuffed around them as kindling, and set afire. Through the flames, among the crumpled, charred ballots, I could make out the faces of Marc Bazin and Gérard Gourgue. The fire burned fitfully. Apart from its gentle rustling, there was silence.

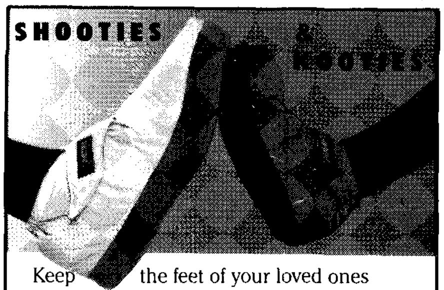
I moved to the building and, stepping over the threshold, had time to glimpse the stacked cartons, each with a single ballot taped to its side, and to think, They missed so many, before the shots began. A black sedan, seemingly dropped out of the sky, came hurtling around the corner, guns firing from windows on both sides. I fell down inside the small open vestibule, heard bullets hit the façade, the shots echo. Focussing my eyes on the floor tiles against my nose, I heard the screeching tires fade, and the revved-up engine; then nothing.

As I came out on the porch, locking eyes with my colleagues, who were just emerging from behind a parked car across the street, all of us brushing ourselves off, the black sedan was there again, just as suddenly, just as loudly. I fell face forward on the stoop and heard the bullets strike against the building just above me, *felt* them strike, and felt a shower of plaster dust gently falling on my back and neck.

Again, the car was gone. I got up, ran across the street, and joined my friends, who were crouched behind some pillars. After a few moments, we moved tentatively out into the street, and instantly there were shots, this time single shots, from somewhere overhead: a sniper or snipers in the window of one of the buildings nearby.

It had all been very well prepared. It was clear that no one, not even nosy white journalists, would get near the Gonaïves voting bureau on this Election Day.

We made a last pass through Raboteau and found people standing warily in their doorways, or huddled together on their porches. There was no more defiance. "Haitians will not vote today!" one man shouted. All the speculation, the musings about whether the elections would come off, the Embassy briefings and the candi-



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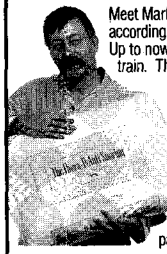

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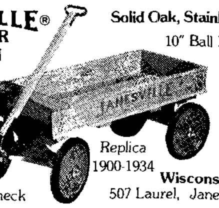

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date interviews and the rest, suddenly seemed absurd; it had all come down to who had the guns and who did not, who was willing to use them and who was not. (Passing the mustard-yellow barracks, we saw the soldiers sitting, standing, milling about. They seemed tense, solemn, as they watched us drive by.) As we headed into one of the slum's main streets, a woman shouted to her friends, "Here come the Americans to save us!" and there was bitter laughter.

At the town of L'Estère, in the Artibonite, we saw peasants waiting in a long line that snaked past the Church of the Immaculate Conception: women in kerchiefs, men in straw hats—perhaps a hundred of them—all waiting to reach a small shed opposite the church. As we walked toward it, there was shooting, and we flinched, and the crowd laughed and pointed at us in delight. Up on the road, the soldiers were striding by, firing. But here the people would not be frightened.

Inside the shed, five people sat calmly behind old wooden school desks on which stacks of white paper were arranged—more than a score for the Presidential candidates alone. Next to the stacks stood three of the gray plastic ballot boxes donated by the Canadians. As I watched, a young man at the head of the line stepped forward, paused, looked around, then said shyly, in a soft voice, "Sylvio." A woman behind the desk picked a paper from one of the stacks and handed it to him. He folded it slowly and put it in one of the boxes, then waited while the poll workers ceremoniously plucked a ballot from each of the remaining stacks and handed them to him, so he could tear them up and throw them in the wastebasket. The woman took his hand and dipped his little finger in a small, rusted can full of red ink. As he left, smiling at his red finger, the next man came forward. I watched for several minutes. Sylvio seemed to be doing rather well.

The voting in L'Estère had begun at 6 A.M., and already seventy-four people had cast their ballots. (A man was marking crosshatches carefully on a scrap of paper.) But hadn't they heard—as we just had, on the one radio station still functioning—that the election had been cancelled? It didn't matter. In L'Estère, the voting would go on.

The trip back to the capital—a

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lovely and familiar drive, between sea and palm trees, on a beautiful day—was taken at breakneck speed and filled with strange and frightening interruptions: roadblocks manned by grim-faced soldiers, who plainly didn't know what to do with us; a pickup truck carrying a bloody, badly wounded *brigade de vigilance* member (shot by soldiers the night before) and his weeping brother; makeshift roadblocks thrown up by armed and angry men whose loyalties, and purposes, were obscure.

South of Saint-Marc, at Freycinau, we were stopped by a crowd of furious peasants armed with machetes. They were manning one roadblock (a newly felled tree) and were backed up by a second—a tractor-trailer truck jackknifed across the road, which, we realized with a sickening feeling, was the very truck we had escorted north the morning before.

The shouting peasants surrounded our car, smashing it with their machetes, and pulled us out; we raised our hands with our press passes and shouted, "*Journalistes! Journalistes!*," but they were inflamed, frightened, crazy. "*Communistes! Communistes!*" I heard several yell. (Hadn't someone yelled that the past summer at the political leader as he tried to speak, just before the peasants swarmed over him and hacked him to pieces?) As they were raising their machetes and feinting forward, I caught the eye of an old peasant in a red shirt, who was raising his machete a few feet from me—he didn't seem interested in the press pass I held out in front of my chest like a pitiful shield—and all at once I pictured the handless man lying on the car roof and thought, My God, just like this? In this place? Then: And what a story *that* would make—imagining the photographers jostling about. (I learned only later that a CBS crew had come up behind us in their car and had kept their camera running as it lay on the dashboard, and that the confrontation would appear on the news that night.)

We were still standing paralyzed, press passes against machetes, praying that no one would strike first, when a four-wheel-drive appeared from the other direction. The driver, a well-heeled Haitian, shouted to the peasants, demanded to know what they were doing, told them we weren't Communists, and persuaded them to let us go. The disgruntled peasants demanded money, and took a few dollars and a camera or two before letting us proceed slowly around the big truck.

AT dawn on that election morning, Port-au-Prince had been blanketed in gray smoke. On the grounds of the National Palace, the troops of the Presidential Guard were drawn up in their morning muster, receiving orders from their commander. On their patrols this fateful day, Colonel Charles Louis told them carefully, they were "not to interfere" and, above all, "not to fire on 'the cars' in the street, no matter what you see"—an order that, according to the Guardsman who later described this scene, "everyone understood to mean not to interfere with the attacks."

A few blocks away, armed men were invading the Sacré Coeur, smashing the altar and beating the priests and several worshippers with machetes and rifle butts. Outside the home of General Claude Raymond, a mysterious Sunday-morning traffic jam had formed, as a contingent of four-wheel-drives struggled to make its way through the General's narrow gate. A young European woman, driving down the street in her own jeep, became caught up in the jumble; an angry driver cursed and, as she passed the gate, shot her in the back.

Not long afterward, near one of the busiest corners of the city, where the Avenue John Brown, sloping up toward Pétionville, meets the Avenue Martin Luther King, a great crowd of men surged forward, moving down the main streets and transforming a pleasant, fairly prosperous neighborhood into a bloody anarchy that hadn't been seen since the heyday of Papa Doc.

Most of the men were armed with machetes and clubs, though some had guns, and they were smashing cars and beating people who fled before them. In the midst of this roiling mob moved a gray Daihatsu Charade and a blue Suzuki jeep, which circled methodically as the men inside fired weapons from the windows. The cars were "like the center point . . . of the Macoutes' activities there," said Geoffrey Smith, an Australian free-lance photographer who, with a Haitian friend, had found himself in the neighborhood. "The gray Charade was just circling around, firing and circling, as if it were a radio-controlled toy."

On a corner, a small white car had been run up on a sidewalk, its windshield shattered, its driver, slashed with a machete, lying dead beside it, his wife shot and wounded. Not far from the corner of John Brown and Martin Luther King, three pedestrians, presumably on their way to vote, were shot where they stood. Suddenly, an Army truck loaded with soldiers turned on to the Avenue John Brown. And there, not far from the Ruelle Vaillant—a cul-de-sac at the end of which lay the École Argentine de Bellegardes, a little gingerbread school that today had become a polling place crowded with voters—the Army truck pulled up next to the gray Charade, and the car's occupants chatted for a moment with the soldiers. (Whether these were Presidential Guardsmen, punctiliously following their orders "not to interfere," or troops of the Dessalines Battalion is not known.) Whereupon the soldiers drove off, and the mob of Macoutes, with their machetes and clubs and guns, moved down the Ruelle Vaillant.

What happened next was sketched out, as so often that week, by the outline of the corpses. As the first victims were shot, on the road leading to the school, the people waiting to vote—who, sheltered in the school's closed-in courtyard, had been oblivious of the chaos on the street outside—began to run away in terror. Finding no exit, they poured into four tiny open-air classrooms to the right, pushing and clawing, burrowing under the benches, crouching behind cartons, pulling over them any furniture or boxes that came to hand.

And so the Macoutes, advancing steadily on the terrified, unarmed people, could kill at leisure. When the men with machine guns had emptied their weapons, their machete-wielding colleagues moved in, hacking off limbs, decapitating at least one woman, turning the small courtyard for a few nightmarish moments into a howling slaughterhouse.

Then the men were gone and, strangely, were almost immediately followed by two fire trucks, bristling with soldiers, and three ambulances. Geoffrey Smith was one of the first to reach the school. The Army's subse-

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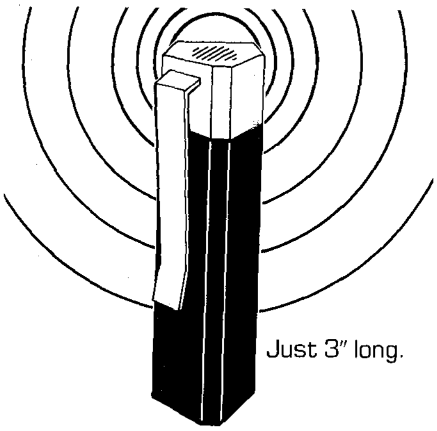

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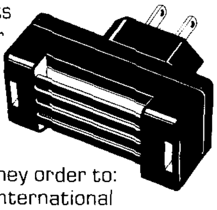

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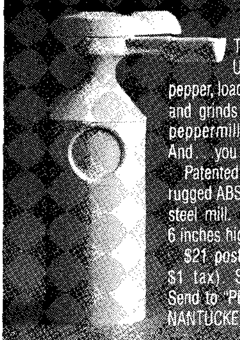

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quent arrival was "very quick, too quick," Smith told me. "They didn't want witnesses, you see."

The plan seemed to be to remove most of the bodies immediately, leaving just a few, "to make people believe only this happened"—that is, to lessen the scale of the massacre. The bodies would be whisked away and would disappear into a secret grave. The Ruelle Vaillant would be a massacre but, at least for the world press, a small one—four or five people, perhaps.

Smith and others, however, chanced to be nearby. Moving from room to room, they saw about twenty people, shot to pieces. In one classroom, in particular, Smith said, "the people had huddled around the wall, and in two other classrooms there were people underneath the benches. They'd heard shooting in the street, they'd run in here thinking it was safe. But because they were all literally around the wall, it was just a simple matter of spraying them with gunfire. The two women who had been running the elections were the persons with their faces shot half off, lying there with the pamphlets and everything all over the floor. In the room with the most people, about ten, there was one woman screaming in the corner, and another woman over near the far wall was just . . . shaking around. And as the soldiers moved from room to room they found more people still alive, who were pretty well buried under the school desks and the bodies, still lying there in the pools of blood.

"There was such an ambience of palpable evil and cold, cold fear. I mean, the poor people who'd somehow survived were there screaming simply out of a state of absolute shock. I'm talking about people who were stood in front of a wall and were sprayed with bullets, and were then lying in a mass of bodies. That fear pervaded the whole area—an extremely strong ambience, as if an evil plague had swept through, like a wind or something."

By this time, with the camera crews and photographers arriving, the ambulances, packed to capacity with corpses and a few survivors, drove off, and the soldiers left. As the journalists stood amid the remaining bodies, a green Volvo station wagon pulled up, and four men got out and started shooting. The journalists fled toward the school, retracing the bloody path taken by the voters less than half an hour before, then struggled in terror to scale the walls behind the school. The Macoutes moved forward, firing steadily. Smith was shot in the leg. Three members of an ABC News crew were wounded. A Dominican cameraman, just getting out of his car, raised his hands in bewildered surrender and was shot at point-blank range, collapsing and then (as one fleeing witness, looking back over his shoulder, glimpsed him) "literally swimming, hand over hand, in a lake of blood, groaning, 'Help me, help me.' " He died later in the hospital. A photographer, Jean-Bernard Diederich, who was scrambling over a high wall, looked back and saw a man taking aim. "I couldn't see his face," he said, "but it was definitely a soldier." Several witnesses later claimed to have recognized the olive-green-clad troops of the Dessalines Battalion.

BY midmorning, Port-au-Prince, with its almost one million inhabitants, had taken on the uniquely sinister aspect of a great metropolis that stands unaccountably deserted under a shadowless light. Only in front of the cathedral was there a human presence: a young man lying in a little pool of blood, staring up at the bright sun. Arms splayed, shirt torn, this peaceful, sun-warmed corpse had seemingly become the capital's sole resident.

His living compatriots, having been transported with awful abruptness back to a time that many of them remembered all too well, cowered indoors. Hiding as well were the members of the Electoral Council, including its president, Ernst Mirville, who, shortly after the Ruelle Vaillant massacre, had telephoned Radio Mètropole from an undisclosed location to announce that the elections had been postponed "to a later date."

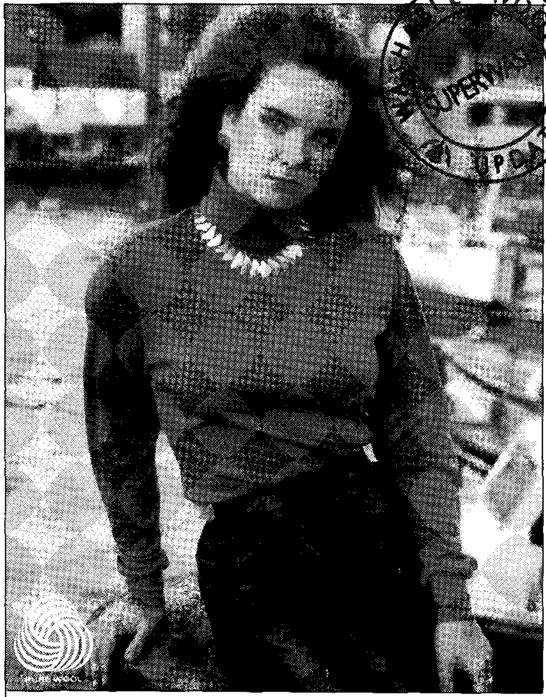
For Haitians, the limits to wholesale brutality—the unflinching daylight massacre of innocents—that had been drawn since the fall of Duvalier had in a few minutes been swept away. The streets of the capital empty at midday, the sirens wailing, the corpses of men, women, and children lying in pools of blood, all the taut aftermath of a convulsion of unbridled violence—"All this brings back Duvalier, the father, I mean," a well-to-do woman told me over the telephone. "People who were here then are flipping out now. Those who can are trying to get out. You see," she said, after a pause, "*you* think it was a massacre, but this was just a normal day under Duvalier."

So the people stayed inside, where, in the afternoon, they could see an angry General Namphy appear on Télé Nationale to launch, hours after the massacre, a stinging attack—on the Electoral Council. His face ominous behind his tortoiseshell glasses, his deep voice almost shouting as he struggled to master his stutter, the General denounced the Council for "inviting foreign powers to meddle in the internal affairs of the country." He had decided "to put an end" to the Council but vowed his "determination to conduct to the end . . . the democratic process which must culminate in the installation on February 7, 1988, of a President freely elected by the Haitian people." Those final words—"*librement élu par le peuple haïtien!*"—the General barked out, emphasizing each syllable, while he stared into the camera with a baleful grimace, as if daring his viewers to challenge him.

That evening, before the shooting began, a tired representative of the "foreign powers" to which the General had referred appeared at the Holiday Inn before the assembled journalists, who assailed him with angry questions. Jeffrey Lite, the American Embassy spokesman, looked wan and pale as he announced that the United States had "terminated all military assistance to Haiti." This amounted to $1.2 million, most of it already spent. An additional hundred and six million dollars, which, together with the World Bank and International Monetary Fund money tied to it, floated the Haitian economy, "was being reviewed." (That night, Washington announced the cutoff of the bulk of that—about sixty-two million dollars, or all but "humanitarian aid," which was mostly food shipments.)

To the cascade of questions Lite had little new to say. The United States had supported the "rapid, orderly, and peaceful transition to democracy in Haiti." And while it had been "apparent that the government and the Council were at loggerheads for many months—still, we thought . . ." His voice trailed off.

Could it be that the Embassy, with



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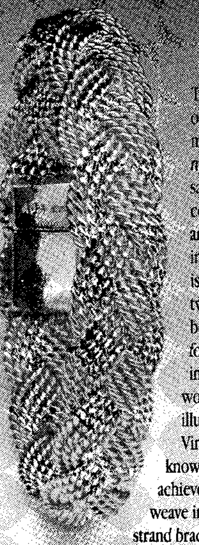

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all its sources, had had no warning of the attacks?

"Today," Lite said slowly. Then he paused, closing his eyes briefly. "Today was a surprise."

And now not only had the whole jerry-built transition so carefully shepherded by the Embassy collapsed in a spectacular mess but the Americans found themselves forced to do what they had dreaded doing, even as a last resort: they were forced to cut off their aid. "We've fired that bullet now," an American diplomat told me, with a sigh, several days later. "Now that chamber—the biggest chamber—is empty." The Americans, having carried out their threat, had nothing else to threaten. And General Namphy had nothing else to lose.

Namphy would now pick his own council. That meant that the Army would be *running* elections and would control their result, which in turn meant that the "popular" candidates—not only Gourgue but probably Claude, Déjoie, and Bazin as well—seeing in such an arrangement nothing for *themselves* except the destruction of their popular credibility, would decline to run.

Sunday night, truckloads of soldiers moved out into the city. On that and subsequent nights, the shooting was heavy. In Carrefour Feuilles and the other slums where the *brigades de vigilance* had been strongest, the soldiers moved in in force, emptying their clips and rounding up any young men they found. There were persistent rumors—never confirmed—of secret executions, even massacres, in Fort Dimanche. And why not? After all, it had happened many times before.

DURING the weeks that led up to a second election, on January 17th, the process of exclusion accelerated. Sylvio Claude was accused of urging an American invasion—a lethal charge in Haiti. (In reality, he had asked for an international force to observe any future vote.) Télé Nationale played and replayed film reports of ballot-stuffing—the heart of a campaign to discredit the November 29th election and, thereby, all four major candidates. The four candidates, for their part, made it clear that they wouldn't participate in Namphy's election. ("We don't oppose elections," Bajeux told me. "We oppose elections with this government. The country is now being run by a

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herd of murderers.") Defiantly, they issued a call for a general strike against the government. But the people did not halt their business in a great show of revulsion against Namphy and the election violence; they did not respond to the four candidates who claimed to represent them. No doubt, as Bazin told me, "they were scared to death." But there was something more. "After the uprising failed last summer," a young Liberation priest told me, "the people saw the elections as the only way to uproot the Macoutes. It was like a religion." And now, in a few moments of horror, the Macoutes had proved that religion false, powerless. And they had lost their faith. "The people are psychologically and economically exhausted," Michel Soukar, a leading figure in the Front, conceded. "We don't think the people have the means to get rid of the Namphy government unless they have help on the international level—as they did to get Duvalier out."

Seeking "help on the international level"—to isolate the Namphy regime, and force it out before it could hold its own elections—quickly became the strategy of the four candidates, thus, paradoxically, lending some truth to the government propaganda. Déjoie flew to the United States, met in Washington with Administration and congressional figures, and delivered a rousing address to a crowded meeting hall on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, where several hundred Haitians of the diaspora, incongruous in heavy coats and scarves, delighted in his colorful Creole and bold rhetoric. Of the coming election he said, "Any candidate [who wins] would be chosen by the Army, and he wouldn't be able to govern, I'll tell you that. We will not accept this government! We will continue our fight!" It was like the old days, when his father, in the same city, had said the same things about Duvalier.

"THERE is no alternative—it's as simple as that," an American diplomat said, when asked why the Embassy was ignoring Déjoie's call for further sanctions, why it was letting the Namphy electoral process run its course.

"Actually," a second diplomat put in, leaning back in his chair, "from Duvalier's departure on, that fact has defined the situation here: there *is* no alternative."

The first diplomat paused and took a spoonful of grapefruit. The three of us were sitting in the pleasant, leafy garden of the first diplomat's house, not very far from the Ruelle Vaillant. "The Embassy has been pushing to get the four big candidates together for a long time," he said. "Finally, in mid-December we received the four candidates at the Embassy. We said, 'Look, we'd like to do something for you. But you have to prove you're leaders in order for us to back you—leaders as well as vote-getters. You have to show that the ninety per cent of Haitians who supposedly follow you will really hearken to your call.' "

"And they couldn't do that," the second man said. "At least one strike would have had to stick, but the strikes were failures, jokes. These guys have voters, not followers."

The first diplomat leaned forward. "Look, in the end, politics is compromise, coöperation, coalition-building—and, to be frank, Haitians have

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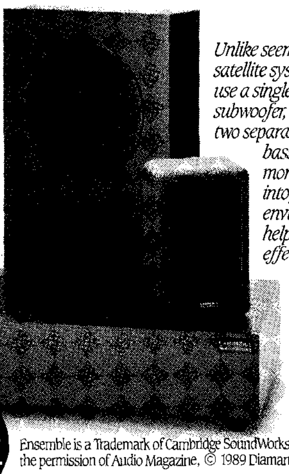

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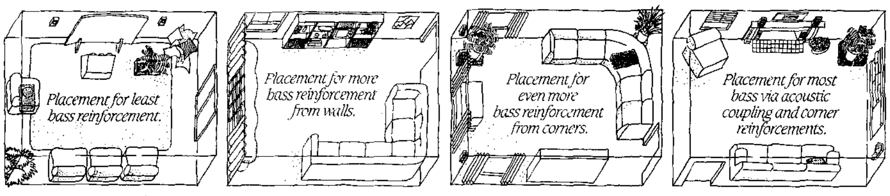
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never shown a talent for any of those," he said. "What is it they say? 'There's a bit of Macoute in every Haitian.' " He took a sip of coffee. "So now, of course, all you hear them saying is 'It's the *Americans'* fault.' The centrist politicians say, 'We know you Americans could make it stop, you could make Namphy behave and the Macoutes disappear, if only you'd apply *pressure.*' " I thought of Bajeux. "And the radicals say, 'This whole slaughter here is *your* fault, because, in fact, they did it with your support.' And the hard-liners—within the government, in the Army, wherever—they say, 'Why the hell aren't you Americans supporting *us*? I mean, we're fighting *Communists* here!' "

"Of course, in the end I don't think Mr. Castro is very interested in Haiti," the second diplomat said. "This country is like a very old patient in a hospital, and he's on the machine, but even though the doctors see no sign of recovery, they don't pull the plug—they try to do what they can. So we tried to do that, and maybe we should have done it differently. But that might not have worked, either. Intervention is a very complicated thing, and it usually doesn't work out the way you think."

ON December 30th, Professor Leslie Manigat appeared on television. He made, everyone agreed afterward, an extraordinary speech—elegant in language, brilliant in argument. Manigat noted that the Army "constitutes, in any case, an institution without which—still less against which—no workable political solution can be found." He mocked the strategy of the so-called four major candidates—noting that though each claimed to control sixty to seventy per cent of the vote, making their collective support at least two hundred and forty per cent of the Haitian electorate, they had been unable to bring off a general strike a week after the massacre. Then this man who had been so long in exile, so long a fighter for Haitian democracy, announced that his party—"the party of the opening" ("*le parti de l'ouverture*"), punning on the name of the country's founder, Toussaint Louverture—had decided to take part in the Army's elections.

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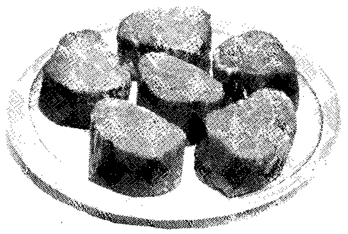

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Grégoire Eugène, a mild and seemingly malleable man? Or Hubert de Ronceray, who had served many years as Jean-Claude Duvalier's Minister of Labor and Social Welfare before jumping ship to become an "opposition leader" several months before the dictator fell? Or Leslie Manigat, the prestigious intellectual?

On January 17th, the voting was very light throughout Port-au-Prince; in many places, the polls seemed to be empty or nearly so all day. Outside one small polling place, I heard music and, glancing inside, saw a radio sitting on a desk with its stacks of ballots, next to which two soldiers were dancing the merengue, holding their automatic rifles above their heads as they thrust their hips. North of the city, my colleagues and I found near-empty polling places as well, though in Saint-Marc we watched a group of young men—few of them looked old enough to vote—push forward to cast their ballots in a little school. Several objected angrily when the poll worker tried to mark their fingers with red dye. Curious, we followed them as they piled into a pickup truck and drove to a pretty house a mile or so away and disappeared inside. When they reemerged, they were all wiping their hands: they had washed off the red. They piled into the truck to vote again.

They were voting for Manigat—a fact that was not hard to discern, for, as at most places that day, the ballots were distributed outside the polls by young men who stood in a group and competed for the attention of the prospective voter. When he had marked his ballot, the voter handed it to a poll worker, who thereupon scrutinized it, often announcing the choice, and placed it in the ballot box.

That morning, in a polling place across from the National Palace, a soldier had told me his colonel had given an order: "Manigat is the man of the Army. Vote for Manigat." The next day, a bitter Grégoire Eugène said to me, "I had known two days before that the elections would be a joke. I gave fifty thousand of my ballots to a candidate for mayor for him to have distributed around Port-au-Prince. Then I learned he had Manigat's ballots distributed instead. I called him and was told, 'As an old soldier, I had to follow orders.' We assumed he was referring to the head of the Army."

Most Haitians seemed to agree with Eugène that the elections were "a joke"; but what, exactly, made them so? That there had obviously been cheating? True, but it was impossible to tell how much. That a number of evidently popular candidates had boycotted the vote? Yes, but they had done so of their own accord. That so few people had voted? Yes, but those people, too, had acted voluntarily, and, in any event, the government later claimed that thirty-five per cent of the Haitians had voted, insisting that in the provinces, especially in places one could not reach in a day without a helicopter, the turnout had been very high indeed. And, of course, it could have been true: there was no way to tell, just as there was no real way to be sure, in a country without polls, with few roads, and with an illiterate population, that the four "major candidates" still controlled more than ninety per cent of the vote.

And so, behind the closed doors of Namphy's Council headquarters—journalists had been hustled out at gun-

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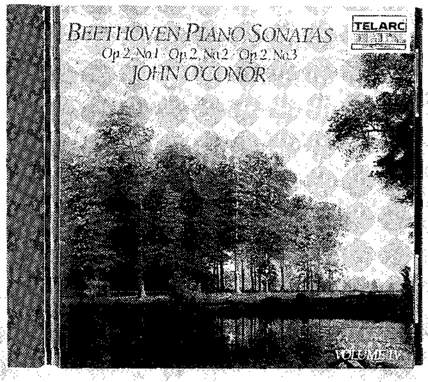

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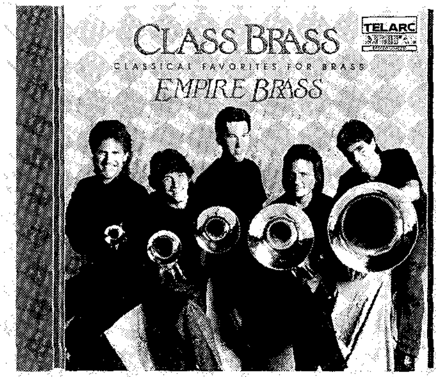

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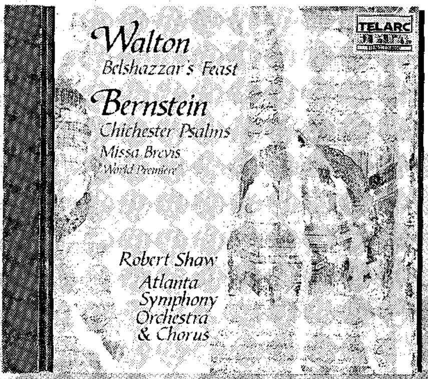

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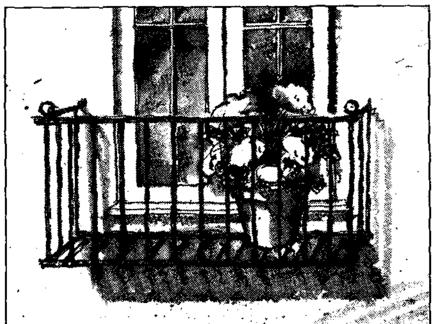

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point—the counting went on, and on. And finally the Council members announced that they had completed their work and had determined that in this difficult, dangerous election, held under such perilous conditions, one man had somehow managed to secure a majority—miraculously, a bare 50.27 per cent, thus making a runoff unnecessary. The victor was an intellectual, an academic of international reputation, the scion of a distinguished family, a man all Haitians could be proud of—and on whom other countries, in time, might well look kindly.

Thus, on February 7, 1988, the second anniversary of the glorious fall of the dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier, in the sullen, exhausted country, its foreign-aid lifelines severed, its economy collapsing, its people angry, Leslie F. Manigat, the master of the *conjoncture*, came to power. —MARK DANNER

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

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and posing in
the sunstruck
winter landscape:
rough grass, bare
with green washes.
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bark, lithe twigs
end in red buds:
you can't see it,
the red, and when
you do, you can't
not see it, against
a scaling trunk that,
higher than three
men on each
other's shoulders,
becomes more trunks.
Beyond, marsh grass
and reeds scratched
swiftly in.
A woman goes by,
her dog, too,
in short lopes:
a mutt. The day
can't get brighter,
clearer, but it
brightens, brightens,
so much and so
much more under
infinite cloudlessness
and icy spaces
and endless mystery.

—JAMES SCHUYLER

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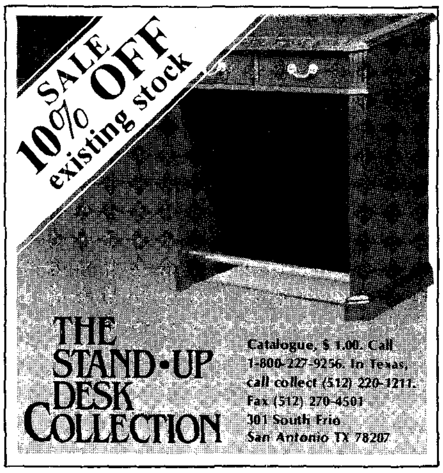

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THE THEATRE

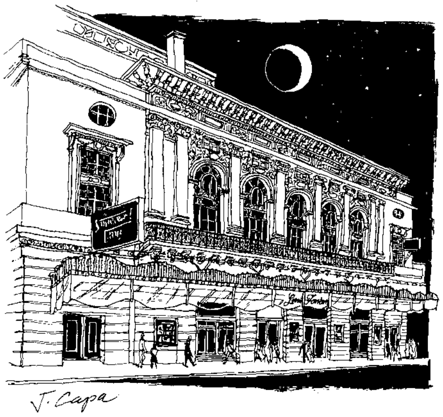
Sort of Grand Hotel

"GRAND HOTEL," which I remember (with no nostalgia at all) as a star-studded movie adapted from a silly novel by Vicki Baum, has now become a musical comedy, at the Martin Beck. It's a gorgeous sight to behold, in Tony Walton's dazzling setting of the lobby and adjacent rooms of a hotel in Berlin—a lobby, with rows of gold chairs and a whirling revolving door, in which everything and everyone seem to be in perpetual motion. On a second story, above the stage, sits the orchestra. The star of the show is Tommy Tune, the director and choreographer, who, of course, does not appear (though in my mind's eye he did—all twelve feet of him—demonstrating his imaginative, humorous dances and movements to this nimble cast). The time is 1928, and in the frantic comings and goings, meetings and separations, of the characters in the smoky air one can almost breathe corruption. In the unbroken running time of the show, many small stories are told. With Tommy Tune and Tony Walton under the same roof, who could ask for anything more?

Well, one could. One could ask for real music and real characters . . . and for Garbo. The night I was there, the absent movie actors were more vividly present than the stage ones, and murmurs in the audience about John Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford were unceasing. The producers, or whoever, have assembled a competent company but have failed to provide them with songs worth singing or parts worth acting. All is far from lost, though. There is never a boring moment or, come to think of it, a pretentious or annoying one. A dandy eccentric dancer named Michael Jeter exhibits just the right bonelessness in one funny number; David Carroll sings very well as a baron, without intruding in any way on one's memory of John Barrymore; Jane Krakowski is good as an ambitious typist who yearns for Hollywood, and so is John Wylie as a veteran of the First World War, who sits at stage right commenting on the action. Such as it is. It's sad to have to report that "Grand Hotel" is disappointing, when it has so much going for it. The eye and the funny bone are cosseted, but the ear and the heart are gypped.

JUDE KELLY, an English director, has tried an experiment in her production of "The Tempest," at the Roundabout: to present the play as if it had been written yesterday, but without skimping on any of its eloquence. By and large, and with the help of the many good actors, she has succeeded; rarely can the play—the most magical of all Shakespeare's plays—have been more accessible. The great set pieces are spoken, not recited—there is no rhetoric—and yet in most instances the poetry is there. This is especially true of the performance of Frank Langella as Prospero. Mr. Langella speaks his lines with a quiet intensity, sacrificing none of their music. He is, by the way—as was Sam Waterston in a marvellous performance of the role fifteen years ago—of a suitable age: he is always Miranda's father, not her grandfather or faculty adviser, and his feelings and nerves are exposed.

B. D. Wong's Ariel is the surprise performance; unlike most of the quivering Ariels of the past, victims of St. Vitus' dance, he moves as quietly and as silkily as a cat, and his power is never in question. The step from M. Butterfly to Ariel is a big one, but not too big for Mr. Wong. Angela Sherrill makes a charming Miranda (feeling: tender and true; poetry: so-so), and John Wittenbauer is a Ferdinand in every way worthy of her love. Michael Countryman and Michaeljohn McGann are funny as jittery Trinculo and fat Stephano, and Jay Patterson and Robert Stattel are able enough as Caliban and Gonzalo.



It must be said that this "Tempest," admirable as it is, is not as wonderful—as full of wonder—as Joseph Papp's production at the Newhouse, in 1974, with Mr. Waterston, and with Randy Kim as the all-time Trinculo. The villainy of Antonio, for example, is a missing element. Nevertheless, to get this close to this most satisfying play is thrilling indeed. The king and the nobles wear eighteenth-century costumes (why not?)—handsome ones, which were designed by Lindsay W. Davis, as were the less conventional ones for Ariel, Caliban, Miranda, and Prospero. The effective setting was designed by Franco Colavecchia and lighted by Dennis Parichy.

—EDITH OLIVER

Telling It to the Marines

HAVING seen Aaron Sorkin's play "A Few Good Men," at the Music Box, I can easily see why he affects some people the way he does. (Reporters for *New York* and *7 Days* seem to have gone out of their way to present him as smug and self-aggrandizing.) Make no mistake: I think "A Few Good Men" will find an audience; the play is everything that Broadway used to be when it was trying to be "important"—glib, superficial, and intermittently absorbing and entertaining. But to me it seemed a cross between television sitcom and a literary frameup. "A Few Good Men" starts from the premise that anyone who would want to belong to the Marine Corps (or, by extension, any other branch of the United States armed forces) must be either a fool or a bully, and then proceeds to dramatize the point. There is a Captain Queeg/Ollie North figure (played by Stephen Lang), a lieutenant colonel who is willing to go outside the law to "protect the people" and turns out to be a psychotic; a Jim Bakker figure (a Bible-thumping officer, played by Ted Marcoux); and an array of ignorant, inarticulate soldiers too stupid to think for themselves—all the people we intellectuals love to hate.

The plot revolves around a Marine Corps coverup: a private at the American naval base in Cuba—the sort of gentle, neurasthenic misfit who doesn't play along with the boys, falls behind on a run, rats on his superior officers, and complains about his health—has been killed, accidentally or not, by a

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couple of men in his own unit. They claim (or one of them does) that they were merely carrying out orders from above, engaging in a little disciplinary roughhouse; and the question of their innocence or guilt hinges on the existence or nonexistence of certain unwritten rules and practices within the Marine Corps. To defend the two marines, Sorkin brings in all the people we love to love: a glib, wisecracking, softball-playing Harvard Law School graduate (Tom Hulce), who, in spite of the fact that he graduated fourth in his class and is the son of a famous dead civil-rights lawyer, has somehow managed to wind up in the Navy; a woman lawyer; and a sweet, funny Jew (Mark Nelson), whose baby girl is just beginning to talk. They're an attractive bunch: bright, witty, and comradely—like a yearbook committee. What's more, they're underdogs. The Tom Hulce character has no courtroom experience, and the woman lawyer "can't seem to defend people." The first-act curtain goes down on Tom Hulce remarking, "So this is what a courtroom looks like!"

Most courtroom drama—the "Eumenides" excepted—probably exists in some sense to pander to liberal values: it pits human weakness and aberration (violence, passion, zeal) against abstract principle, purporting to examine both within the structure of civilized society. And while human flaws are interesting, *humanitas* itself is what counts, so the values of liberal humanism are almost always going to win out. But there's usually a moment when the hero, who stands against the ideas we want to see refuted, defends the worth of the man who champions them ("Inherit the Wind"), or else we, in discovering that the men on trial are guilty, also see the tragedy of their predicament ("Breaker Morant"). Even something as hokey as "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" allows an argument to be made for the bad guys: the climax of the play comes not with victory in the courtroom—the unmasking of Captain Queeg as a lunatic—but with the coda, in which the hero tells off the cynical intellectual, defending the Captain Queegs of this world. Sorkin isn't interested in the fate of the two defendants in his play: he wants to put the military ethos on trial. The two poor, good, simple marines get off, but they lose what they valued most—their Marinehood—be-

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cause Sorkin wants to punish them for having wanted it in the first place. So eager is he, moreover, to ingratiate himself with his audience that he gives the defense-of-the-Army speech to the Captain Queeg character, which is what makes "A Few Good Men" so much more a put-up job than a play.

Don Scardino's production must be the slickest thing since oil started spilling. There are fast and portentous light cues (by Thomas R. Skelton); one of those "a few tables and chairs" sets (by Ben Edwards), which free a playwright from having to adhere to any sort of structure or design; and a lot of old-style, over-the-top Broadway acting by an ace cast. Tom Hulce and Stephen Lang play shamelessly to the audience (as they should). Robert Hogan brings substantial dignity to a role that amounts to a plot device (a cowardly captain with a conscience, whose suicide blows the case wide open), and Megan Gallagher's performance as the hapless lawyerette (Sorkin's view, not mine) should win Sorkin a contract for a comedy series. Best, perhaps, are the soldiers—particularly Victor Love and Michael Dolan, as the two defendants, and Geoffrey Nauffts, as a comic witness. All the same, only once—when the prosecutor (Clark Gregg) has at the woman lawyer in the way that men sometimes go tauntingly at women who try to pull rank on them—is any genuine theatrical spark struck, and you get the feeling that the heat comes from the actors, not the script.

"A Few Good Men" pretends to be against bullies and to teach the children's-book lesson of courage-in-nonconformity. ("You don't need to wear a patch on your arm to have honor," the hero tells one of the defendants, and the crestfallen ex-marine squares his shoulders, salutes, and strides offstage.) But the night I saw "A Few Good Men" one lone man in the audience—someone perhaps with some knowledge or experience of military service—tried to applaud the villain's big speech, and the audience laughed at him. The whole theatre was filled with titters. That must have taken a certain amount of courage: the man knew he'd be clapping alone. (He'd tried once before to applaud the Army viewpoint, and people turned and stared.) I meant to go up to him afterward and say something, but he left before the curtain call, and I had to stay and applaud the performance.

—MIMI KRAMER

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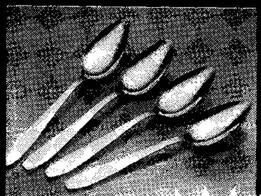

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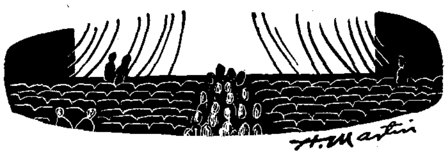
Shakespeare's "Henry V," written in 1599, or thereabouts, is perhaps the greatest jingo play ever conceived. It celebrates the victory of the underdogs—the English. At Agincourt, King Henry's valiant archers, outnumbered five to one and exhausted and fighting on foreign soil, destroy the expensively armored French. When the tally is handed to Henry, he reads it aloud to his men: the French have lost ten thousand men, the English just twenty-nine. Then the modest, devout Henry cautions his soldiers not to boast of this victory, and he orders the singing of "Non nobis domine" ("Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory"). But the play itself is far from modest. Written for an English audience, it tells us what great fighters we English are. And we're yeomen, naturally democratic; the French are sleek courtiers—an army of nobles, and a Dauphin who jeers at us.

Shakespeare is a jingo showman but he's no jingo fool. Along with the crowd-pleasing heroism the play offers doubts and complicated feelings. It suggests that what has led the Englishmen to Agincourt is military adventurism. Henry has allowed himself to believe the councillors who have told him he has a legitimate claim to the throne of France. Yet the arguments that convince him sound like monkeyshines; the English are out for conquest.

At the center of this ambivalent patriotic play is the twenty-seven-year-old king, who is steeling himself for the responsibilities of leadership, and has given up the disreputable pals of his carousing days. Our Henry isn't merely an ideal leader, a fair-minded, disciplined, man-to-man king; he's the ideal Englishman—honest, considerate, bluff—and so the ideal man. Yet can an audience be meant to love a man who "killed the heart" of Jack Falstaff with the words "I know thee not, old man," and orders the hanging of the petty thief Bardolph, his former drinking companion? King Henry is too judicious to be loved. But the role is a star turn: audiences can love an actor for bringing it off.

Laurence Olivier played the part on the screen forty-five years ago, in a "Henry V" that he directed, with the encouragement of the British government. Britain was under attack, and his film caught the mood of the moment. It was—and remains—a heart-lifting triumph; it has bright colors, trick perspectives, and the enormous charm of childhood tales of chivalry. Olivier (he was thirty-six) brings a playful, bashful glamour to the role. His voice rings out thrillingly; you carry the sound with you forever. The new version, adapted and directed by its star, the young Shakespearean actor Kenneth Branagh (pronounced with the "g" silent), in no way replaces that first "Henry," but it finds a niche of its own. Branagh's "Henry V" isn't exultant. His approach doesn't make possible the kind of patriotic triumph joined to an artistic triumph that Olivier had; the times don't make it possible, either. This new film reflects (or seems to reflect) Vietnam, and the Thatcher Government's Falklands War. Henry's archers with their longbows don't leap about in a way that suggests Robin Hood's men. The new battle at Agincourt is a slow-motion dance of bloody horror, and the victory is shallow and mournful.

Branagh—he was the confused, infatuated young man in the moonlit water with Jacqueline Bisset in "High Season," and he was Mr. Tansley to Rosemary Harris's Mrs. Ramsay in the TV "To the Lighthouse" and Guy Pringle in the series "Fortunes of War"—was born into a Protestant working-class family in Belfast, in 1960. As Henry, he has the flyaway hair of a schoolboy, and, under his shiny dark-blond mop, his face is not what used to be called nobly proportioned. The burning blue eyes, the thin slash of a mouth, the big, determined chin, the trace of baby fat in the cheeks—none of them match. Together, though, they convey a suggestion of secret knowledge, and his head, overscaled for his short frame, rivets attention. He has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's an intensely likable performer, with a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead.

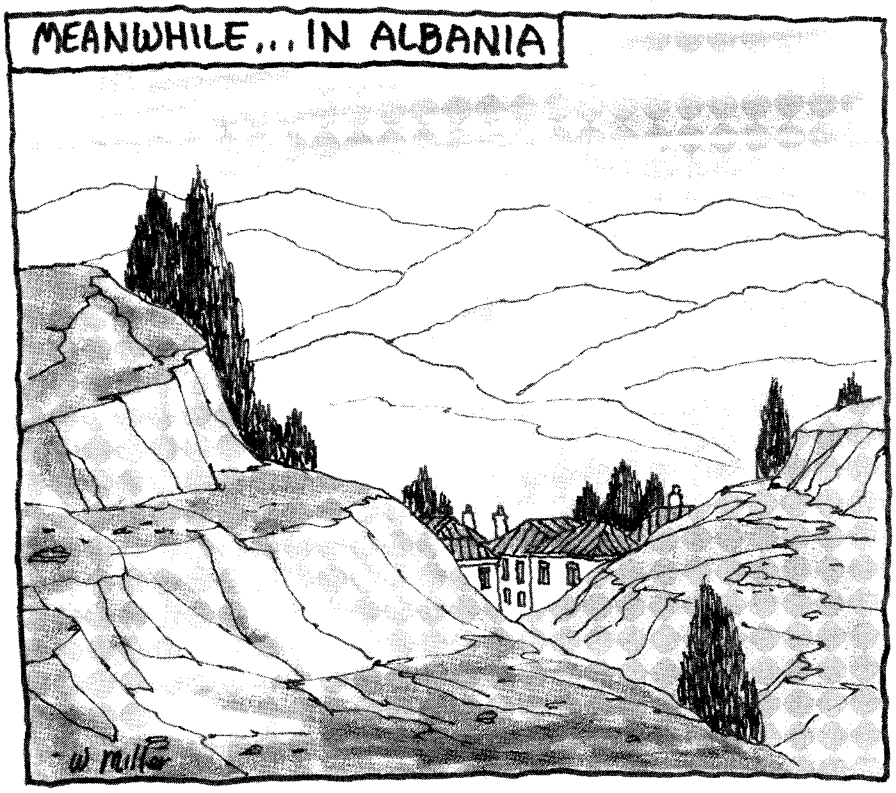


Each of Henry's scenes with the gallant, intelligent French herald, Mountjoy (Christopher Ravenscroft), advances the plot by showing Mountjoy taking ever-larger measure of the king; their encounters are like signposts in a friendship. Once Henry is away from the dark palace, where high officials lurk in the shadows, and is out-of-doors, he becomes a different man—the brave, affable soldier king. (He'd rather be on his white horse than on his throne.) Part of the fun is in Henry's surprising everyone by his resourcefulness, and Branagh plays the same game with the audience. Just after Henry has learned that his troops—mud-soaked, ragged, and sick—will have to fight the fresh, finely accoutred French, he says, "We are in God's hand." Rain comes pouring down on him, and he raises weary, distrustful eyes to Heaven. (The touch of irony is Olivier-like, but not too much so.) And, at Agincourt, just after Henry has learned of the slaughter of the noncombatant page boys he listens to the compulsive chatter of the Welshman Fluellen (Ian Holm), a pedant on the subject of military discipline, and the man's nuttiness suddenly gets to him: with tears and blood still streaking his face, he breaks into laughter. (This daring release feels like pure, spontaneous Branagh.)

This actor's earthy, doughy presence is the wrapping for his beautiful, expressive voice. Emotion pours out of it with surprising ease; he's conversational without sacrificing the poetry. His readings are a source of true pleasure. Listening to him, you think, With an instrument like that, he can play anything.

Yet he puts a symphony orchestra under the great St. Crispin's Day speech (which Olivier delivered a cappella). The "Non nobis domine" is magnificent as a male chorus joins the soloist; we hear it over the last view of the carnage at Agincourt, as Henry walks across the field of corpses, carrying Falstaff's murdered boy (Christian Bale). But then Branagh thickens the emotion with the rising sound of the orchestra, and the effect is banalized. He's given to thickening other actors' emotions the same way.

Much of the film has been set at night, with fiery lighting. Flames and smoke from the siege of Harfleur outline Henry as he sits on his white horse and inspires his soldiers to "cry



'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!' " Campfires and torches illumine the bivouac on the night before battle. Flickering fires give a Rembrandt glow to the interior of the inn where Falstaff (Robbie Coltrane) lies on his deathbed. There's a little too much Rembrandt glow; it's like the lush underscoring—it's imitation art.

Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker. His attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness (and he doesn't come up with anything comparable to the first flight of the arrows in the Olivier film or to the battle in Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Olivier staged the play between brackets, moving from the stage of the Globe Theatre to a larger world of artifice; he used color and design anti-naturalistically. Branagh opens the play in a movie-studio soundstage and attempts a more realistic approach. It's rather basic, and it's overintense: closeups as a way to achieve immediacy, with many too many meaningful looks exchanged. (You may begin to fixate on the actors' trendy haircuts.) The battle scenes are powerful; shown very close in, the images of fighting and its aftermath are like details of a large—unseen—painting. But Branagh, like a clever gifted student, prolongs them, overworking his cadavers. He's a flamboyant realist. He has an appetite for theatrical excesses, as he shows in the deranged, Darth Vader entrance he gives himself. (He does everything but waggle a false nose at the camera.) He shows it, too, in some of Derek Jacobi's carrying-on as the chorus-narrator: Jacobi slithers about from place to place, and at times he's like a radio announcer at the racetrack trying to crank up the listeners' excitement. When the scenes require a light, stylized touch—Katherine of France (Emma Thompson) being given an English lesson by her companion (Geraldine McEwan); Henry wooing Katherine—Branagh echoes the Olivier version, but he can't quite find a rhythm. Since this fast-paced, fire-and-smoke movie lacks the formality that would give the courtship scene a tone, we don't know how to take it when Henry, having just met Katherine, says, "I love you."

Branagh's interpretation of "Henry V" emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. He's trying to make it into an anti-war film, an epic noir. But he can't quite dampen the play's rush of excitement—not with Henry delivering all those rousing words to his soldiers, calling them "we few, we happy few, we band of brothers." (Shakespeare shows how the English language itself can be turned into a patriotic symbol.) In keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, Branagh has minimized the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. He doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt. We hear the Constable of France (Richard Easton) smugly saying "I have the best armor in the world," but Branagh doesn't show that the French and their horses were fatally encumbered by their armor and chain mail and other trappings; when the arrows hit—and obviously most of them would have hit the horses, whose bodies were more exposed—the riders fell into the water and mud, and were too weighed down to get up. They were massacred while they struggled like beetles on their backs. As Branagh stages the battle, with the two sides engaged in hand-to-hand combat, there's no way to understand why the English rather than the French won (except that God is with them).

But, scene by scene, there's always more than enough to take in. It's a company of stars: Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, calling "Adieu" to her husband, Ancient Pistol (Robert Stephens); Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army; Brian Blessed as Exeter; Richard Briers as cherry-nosed Bardolph; Alec McCowen as Ely; and on and on. Branagh seems to have a special gift for bringing out great reactive moments: Ravenscroft's herald registering the probable consequences of the mistake the Dauphin has made in insulting this English king; the fear in the eyes of the English as they behold the hugeness of the approaching French army; Henry himself pretending not to be watching everyone watch him. Best of all, perhaps, is Ian Holm's Fluellen, too obsessed to gauge other people's reactions, his bright eyes flashing while he talks for his own satisfaction. The film's point of view leaves you without elation, but the actors are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry.

THE practiced seducer who is at the center of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" provides the title for "Valmont," the new movie version, directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. But there is no Valmont: he's

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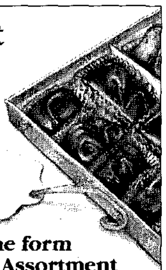

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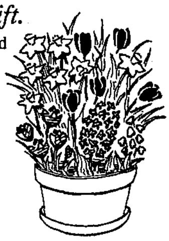

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just the blandly handsome actor Colin Firth, strapping and healthy and rather harmless. He doesn't have the energy to be a lecher, or even to make contact with the audience. There's always the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions.

Like the novel, the late 1988 film version, "Dangerous Liaisons," directed by Stephen Frears, gave a tightly coiled account of how the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, plan their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games. She wants to get even with a former lover who is about to marry a teen-age virgin, and she asks Valmont to debauch the girl, Cécile, before the wedding takes place; he obliges, and he also amuses himself by breaking down the resistance of the virtuous young Mme. de Tourvel. When the Marquise realizes that he has fallen in love with his prey, she destroys the woman, and Valmont, and, inadvertently, herself.

That's also the framework of the story that is told here, except that now it's so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to it. It's so light you're not really sure what, if anything, happens to Mme. de Tourvel. The nature of the relationship between the Marquise and Valmont isn't clear, and you can't tell why she turns against him. It's no longer a tale of the ruthless manipulations of two aristocrats, who turn innocent people into pawns. I don't know what the theme could be. The novel is told by an intricate series of letters; Forman has stated that he and Carrière agreed, "We would not try to follow what the letters told us had happened—we would try to figure out what really happened before the letters were written." Looney Tunes! It might be fun to fantasize from a novel that way, but Forman appears to think he's getting at some sort of truth. It's all still in his head. "Valmont" doesn't have the affected speech that has often been the curse of costume pictures; the dialogue is simple. But the scenes don't build to anything; they drift away.

Or, worse, they turn into operetta. That's what happens to the background material that Forman brings

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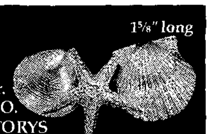

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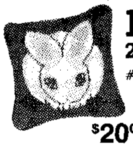

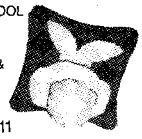

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in. He shows us the virgin-obsessed lover, Gercourt (Jeffrey Jones), whom the Marquise arranges to make a fool of, and he makes a central character of the fifteen-year-old Cécile (Fairuza Balk), who is infatuated with her seventeen-year-old music teacher (Henry Thomas). As this material has been worked up, it has an obviousness that could be mistaken for exuberance. Luckily, Fairuza Balk (she was Dorothy in "Return to Oz") does show a comic flair for dopey sweetness, and when Cécile sings, at her music lessons and at a social gathering, her mixture of innocence and naughtiness is amusing. (A Forman type, she's a ringer for the young wife in his "Amadeus.")

A couple of the performers win out over the bewildering conception. Meg Tilly, of the Eurasian-princess eyes (you can't mistake her for anyone else), is a believably sensitive, modest Mme. de Tourvel. The only sensuality that Valmont ever shows is in his formal, reserved dance with Tourvel: the fear of his sexuality which she's trying to repress and the emotion he doesn't yet know he feels come together. And the veteran actress Fabia Drake is marvellously entertaining as Valmont's ancient but still worldly aunt; the role is a bit reminiscent of the wise, lovable dowagers in old Hollywood costumers, and there are a few too many cuts to Drake for a laugh, but she's a solid, witty performer.

The actress who suffers most from frequent closeups is Annette Bening, as the Marquise de Merteuil. She does very precise, skilled work, but she's shown over and over with the same flirtatious smiles. This Merteuil is so pretty that we never get past it to the ugliness in her, or to her strength. If I hadn't seen Bening do stunning, often harsh work in the theatre and on television, what she does here would have made me think her a performer of excruciatingly limited resources.

Nobody in the movie has any weight. Even the characters' crimes seem petulant, superficial, not really meant. In an interview one of the cast members said of Forman, "Miloš was not interested in having us behave like awful people. He was interested in the *humanity* of the people, or the *human-ness*." That may help to explain the general insipidity. In the novel, the characters are often most human at their most awful. It's their humanness that's scary.

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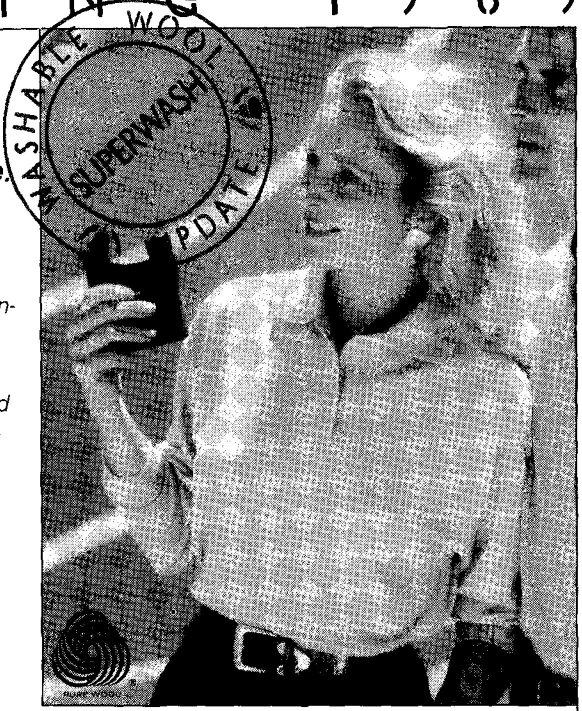

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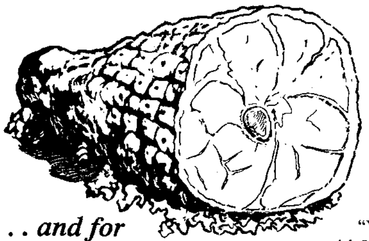

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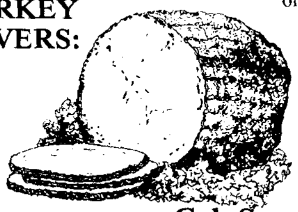

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LA CABEZA DE VILLA

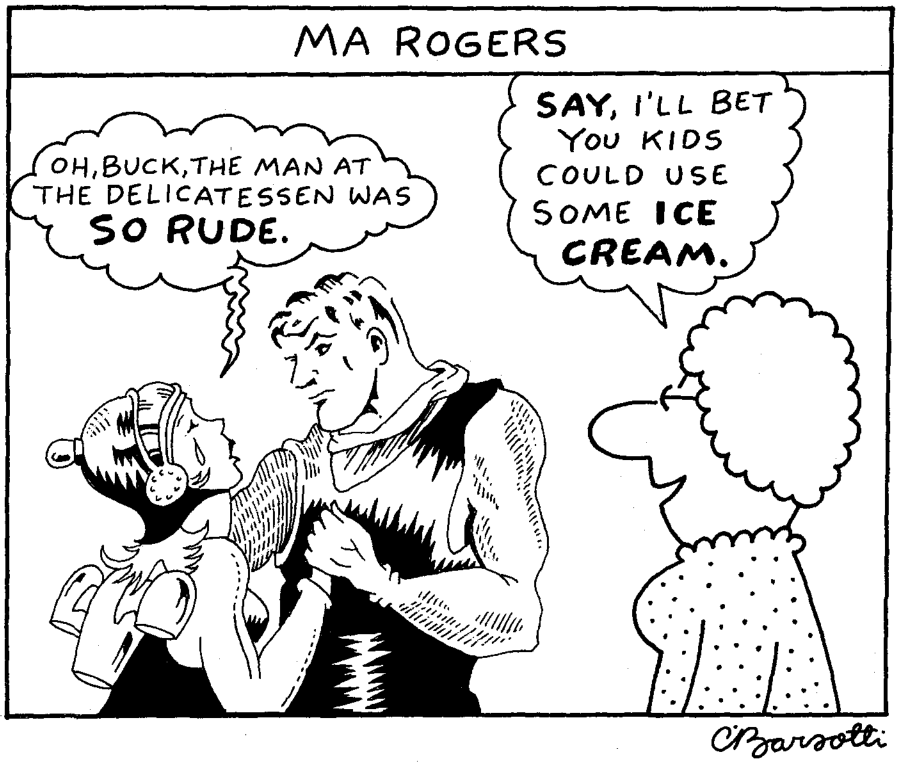
NONE of the current members of the Wednesday Group can say precisely when it was founded. They know that the original Wednesday Group—a weekly luncheon gathering of self-selected representatives of the intelligentsia of El Paso, Texas—got started more than twenty-five years ago, and that Pablo Bush Romero, who goes back almost twenty years, is the senior active member. They know that solidarity is a Wednesday Group tradition. In other words, whatever Pablo Bush Romero ultimately decides to do about Pancho Villa's skull—even if circumstances force him to drag the Wednesday Group into a high-profile geopolitical controversy—the other members are a good bet to back him up a hundred per cent, more or less.

Pablo Bush Romero, a tall and imposing bald man with a pencil-thin mustache, who is now in his mid-eighties, reads a lot. A couple of years ago, he came across "Let the Tail Go with the Hide," a cowhide-bound vanity-press as-told-to memoir that was published in 1984 by an Arizona rancher and businessman named Ben F. Williams and his daughter-amanuensis, Teresa Williams Irvin. "I read this book by accident," Bush Romero said later, meaning that the general subject matter lay outside his usual areas of interest, which include underwater archeology, big-game hunting, and Mexican history. What did arouse his interest was two passages that seemed to explain the fate of Pancho Villa's skull—*la cabeza de Villa*—which became separated from the rest of his bones in 1926 and has been missing ever since. Villa, the fabled Mexican Centaur—peon hero, scourge of the landowner, part-time *bandido*, brilliant military strategist—was assassinated and buried in Parral, a town south of Chihuahua, in 1923. According to "Let the Tail Go with the Hide," Ben Williams happened to turn up in Parral in February of 1926, a few days after an acquaintance of his, an American soldier of fortune named Emil Holmdahl, was jailed as a suspect in the desecration of Villa's tomb. Williams described visiting Holmdahl in the Parral jail, receiving assurances that he had had nothing to do with robbing the tomb, and arranging for his release. When Williams next encountered Holmdahl, about six weeks later in El Paso, the soldier of fortune confessed not only that he had robbed the tomb and disposed of the head but also that he had collected twenty-five thousand dollars for his trouble and wished to express his gratitude. An apparent capacity for recalling punchy dialogue verbatim was one of Williams' remarkable skills:

> "Half the money is yours, because you got me out of that damned jail. I have it in my pocket."
>
> I looked at him and said, "Emil, if I had known then what you're telling me now, you'd still be in that jail. I'm not interested in your goddamn money!"
>
> He said, "What difference does it make, whether that head is in the hole where it was or where it is now?"
>
> I got up from the table and left. That was the last time I ever saw Major Emil Holmdahl.

Forty-five years and a hundred and eighty-five pages later, in Phoenix, Williams visited a friend, Frank Brophy. On Brophy's wall he saw "a plaque of the Skull and Bones Society." When Brophy acknowledged that he was a member of Skull and Bones and remarked that "we have Pancho Villa's skull in our house at Yale," Williams proceeded to tell him the tale of Holmdahl, the jail in Parral, and the twenty-five thousand dollars. Brophy replied, "By God, that's right! Five of us put up five thousand dollars apiece. The other members of Skull and Bones covered his expenses."

It is a simple fact that Frank Brophy graduated from Yale College but was never a member of Skull and Bones, the most myth-shrouded of Yale's undergraduate senior societies. Whatever hung on Brophy's wall would therefore not have been "a plaque of the Skull and Bones Society." This strongly implies, of course, that if Frank Brophy (who died in 1978) told Ben Williams (who died in 1985) that he and four Bones accomplices had paid twenty-five thousand dollars for Pancho Villa's cranium his object was to embroider an anecdote that sounded to him more colorful than truthful. It also implies that Brophy was the sort of person who would have enjoyed knowing that a casual, innocent prevarication of his could resurface and cause a stir in El Paso many years later. Above all, it implies that Frank Brophy and Ben Williams would have fitted right in with the Wednesday Group. In El Paso—along the blurry border, where the truth can often become as cloudy as the water in the Rio Grande, where


MA ROGERS
OH, BUCK, THE MAN AT THE DELICATESSEN WAS SO RUDE.
SAY, I'LL BET YOU KIDS COULD USE SOME ICE CREAM.
CBarsotti

history has immediacy and mythology counts for a lot—simple facts tend to ferment awhile before they're allowed to imply much at all.

BEING dead for sixty-six years has not seriously diminished Pancho Villa's topicality in El Paso. Newspaper editors there have long assumed that interchangeable stories marking the anniversary of Villa's assassination or one of his military skirmishes—with headlines like "PANCHO VILLA RIDES AGAIN IN MEMORY"—make good if not necessarily fresh copy. If no anniversary is convenient, it's always O.K. to send a feature writer over to Juárez to interview one of Villa's widows. In downtown El Paso, the hotel concierge can still point you to buildings that bear alleged bullet scars left by Villa's troops. Knowledgeable natives can offer directions to the office of the doctor who periodically treated Villa for chronic gonorrhea. A man in El Paso told me not long ago, with obvious pride, that his mother once danced with General John (Black Jack) Pershing, Villa's nemesis. Any self-respecting night spot in Juárez, it is said, comes equipped with a mariachi group capable of rendering at least half a dozen *corridos*, or ballads, about Villa—including, of course, the popular standard "La Decapitación de Pancho Villa."

In 1960, Haldeen Braddy, a professor at what was then Texas Western College and is now the University of Texas at El Paso, or UTEP, published an article in the journal *Western Folklore* titled "The Head of Pancho Villa." Braddy catalogued all the extant theories concerning the missing skull: the tomb was violated by Villa's enemies, among them one of his assassins and a Mexican Army general; the skull ended up in the hands of American scientists who thought studying it would reveal the source of Villa's battlefield genius; the culprits were treasure hunters attracted by the legend that tattooed to Villa's scalp was a map showing where he had buried gold ingots in the Sierra Madre. Braddy also discussed Emil Holmdahl but offered an account of his capture, interrogation, and release not at all consistent with what Ben Williams recorded in his memoirs a quarter of a century later. Other sources suggested that Holmdahl had once tried to buy the head—from the Mexican general—but had failed to come up with the money. Braddy, however, turned up no evidence of this. "The head of Pancho Villa, in the absence of proof to the contrary, is still in Mexico," Braddy concluded.

Current events have been a staple of Wednesday Group conversations, along with history, archeology, and anthropology. Haldeen Braddy's scholarship notwithstanding, however, until Pablo Bush Romero introduced *la cabeza de Villa* as a discussion topic none of the other members had given it much thought. "As a matter of fact, we didn't even know the son of a bitch was missing," Frank Hunter told me. Hunter started hanging out with the Wednesday Group around the time he stopped practicing law full time, seven years ago, and he doesn't deny that his eagerness to pursue *la cabeza de Villa* has dovetailed with his wife's eagerness to get him out of the house more often. Three afternoons a week, Hunter puts in regular hours on the golf course, but golf alone cannot nourish an inquisitive mind. It was the former American consul-general in Juárez, now a lapsed member, who originally invited Hunter to join the Wednesday Group. As now constituted, the group reflects a catholic range of interests. Pablo Bush Romero, the exemplar, has had several lucrative careers—automobile dealer (the largest Ford agencies in Mexico City and Juárez), resort developer (on the Yucatán Peninsula), and movie producer (he once showed me a picture of himself with Lupita Topar, "the Mexican Mary Pickford"). Alex Apostolides is an archeologist, a museum curator, a free-lance folklorist, co-host (with his wife) of a weekly Southwestern-history program on the local National Public Radio affiliate, and a weekly columnist for the El Paso *Herald-Post*. Oscar González has a ranch near Juárez and occasionally promotes bullfights and prizefights. Eugene Finke is a retired Navy captain and electrical engineer who has taught political science at UTEP. Bob Massey has taught studio-art courses at the university. John Bockoven, who happens to be Frank Hunter's brother-in-law, was stationed in El Paso, at Fort Bliss, during the Second World War but devoted his civilian career to the insurance business in Wisconsin until five years ago; then he retired to El Paso and immediately joined the Wednesday Group. A couple of retired

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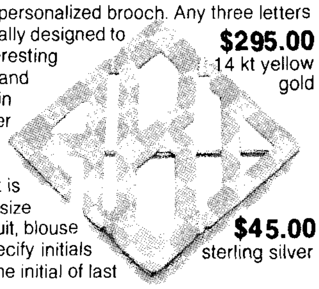

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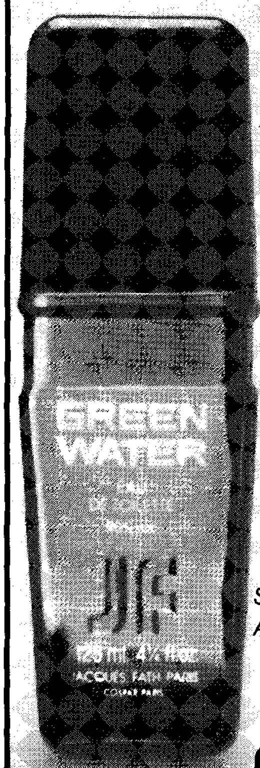
Army generals, among them a commanding officer of Fort Bliss, have drifted in and out. So have a rabbi and an F.B.I. agent. Donald Rathbun, an active member, is a physician who once trekked part of the way up Mt. Everest. He is also an accomplished photographer and geologist who carries two business cards—one for his medical practice and one that says "Meteorite Recovery El Paso." Along with Apostolides, he has organized extracurricular Wednesday Group excursions to Mexico. Because his avocations demand as much time as his vocation, Dr. Rathbun says, it is a convenient coincidence that his medical specialty is neurology and that the missing part of Pancho Villa is the skull.

I once asked Frank Hunter to explain the protocols of the Wednesday Group, and he said, "No officers, no rules, no nothin'." As Hunter recalls the scene, Bush Romero showed up at lunch one Wednesday in the spring of 1987 with a copy of "Let the Tail Go with the Hide," read the passages relating to Villa and Skull and Bones, and said, "Who wants to help me get this thing back?" No one at the table that day had any grasp of the rather more refined protocols of Bones: that fifteen male Yale seniors are selected each year to join the society, thereby entering a brotherhood whose bonds are supposed to offer ineffable but enduring spiritual sustenance; that no one who is not a member or an employee is ever supposed to enter Bones' so-called tomb, a nearly windowless sandstone monolith in the center of the Yale campus; that it was once customary for a member who happened to be outside the tomb and heard the phrase "skull and bones" uttered to excuse himself, more or less in the manner of Clark Kent abruptly heading off to be Superman for a while. The Wednesday Group merely had a sense that Skull and Bones was old (it was founded in 1832), Eastern, and élitist. And the name, of course, suggested the potential for shadowy activities—say, plundering grave sites in the Mexican outback.

"Pablo's immediate suggestion was that he would pay for tickets for us to go up to Connecticut and get the skull out of the Skull and Bones tomb up there at Yale," Hunter said. "The thing that squashed that idea was that we would have to get some sort of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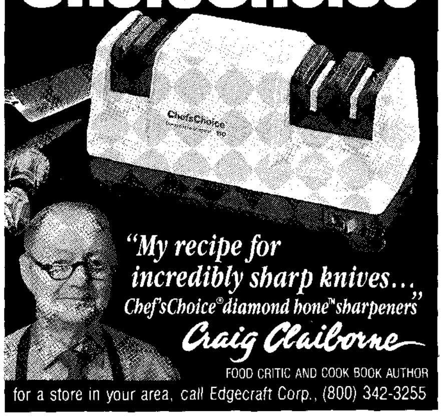
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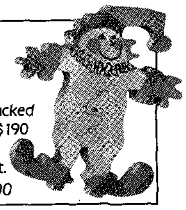
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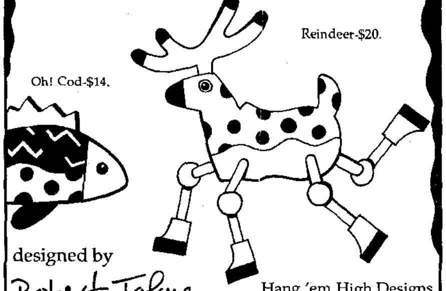
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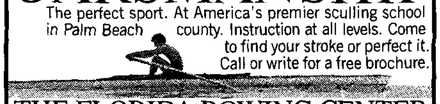
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admission into the place and we knew we didn't have it. There was no sense all of us just wandering around New Haven."

Instead, Hunter put in a call to Benno Schmidt, then recently installed as president of Yale. Without much difficulty, he got through and was able to explain why the Wednesday Group was interested in Villa's skull. Schmidt replied that the subject was brand-new to him but that he would check it out. A few days later, Hunter received a call from Endicott Peabody Davison, Bones Class of '48, a partner in the white-shoe Wall Street law firm Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts, a former officer of Yale University, and at the time the designated spokesman for the Russell Trust Association, the governing body of Bones. Both Hunter and Davison, who is known to his familiars as Cottie, recall their first conversation as friendly. After stating with confidence that Skull and Bones didn't have *la cabeza de Villa*, Cottie Davison said, "But if you're looking for a skull we can probably get you one from the Yale Medical School." Hunter demurred. What he and his friends had in mind, after all, was a *particular* skull.

I once heard a Bonesman from the nineteen-thirties brag that there was a time when all senior societies collected relics, and that Bonesies, being naturally superior in every respect, could not avoid excelling at this sport. He quickly added, however, that this institutional interest in relics "was of course generic rather than specific." (According to this logic, there is no obvious explanation of how Wolf's Head, the only other remaining all-male senior society, came to possess a set of Hitler's silverware.) A Bonesman who was an undergraduate in the early seventies, and who has difficulty discerning the humor in this subject, said, "We're not in the business of buying human remains." A journalist and Yale alumnus who once investigated Skull and Bones says he is disinclined to believe the *cabeza de Villa* story, "because those old Wasps are so cheap it's very unlikely they'd pay twenty-five thousand dollars for it."

If Davison expected Hunter simply to go away after their first conversations, he failed to take account of several factors, not the least of which was that Hunter, a lifelong resident of El Paso, relished the challenge of corresponding with a New England Brahmin named Endicott Peabody Davison. What motivated the members of the Wednesday Group above all was the knowledge that, no matter how slight might be their reason to believe that Pancho Villa's skull reposed within the Bones tomb, they had plenty of free time to search for corroborating evidence. And so what if they couldn't *prove* that Bones had *la cabeza de Villa*? Merely by stating their suspicion, they had burdened the trustees of Skull and Bones with the logically impossible task of proving that Bones *didn't* have it.

SOME months ago, I sat in Dr. Rathbun's office, in a quiet neighborhood near downtown El Paso, in a room lined with glass display cases full of archeological and geological specimens and bookshelves stacked with medical literature. A square brown metal file box with an orange label that said "VILLA'S HEAD" rested at our feet. *La cabeza de Villa*—or, for that matter, the head of an adult gorilla—would have fitted neatly inside. In fact, however, the box contained copies of Dr. Rathbun's voluminous avocational correspondence. During the past two years, he had written more than two hundred letters on behalf of the Wednesday Group. He wrote to the American Medical Association asking whether its archives might contain information about Villa's head injuries. He also wrote to the A.M.A. requesting information about Holmdahl, who seems to have last been heard of in Arizona in the fifties. He had been in touch with a forensic archeologist at the University of Wyoming who had developed a computer technique that made it possible to regenerate from a skull the image of a human face. From the director of research of the Institute of Texas Cultures he requested photographs showing Villa with his mouth open. In El Paso, Dr. Rathbun tracked down the daughter of a dentist who treated Villa on several occasions, but it turned out that the dentist had been dead for more than a decade and the daughter had burned all his records. In a letter to the National Academy of History and Geography in Mexico City he sought, among other things, information about a dentist whose first name was Roberto (but whose last name he could not recall), who might have treated Villa. The Armed Forces

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Institute of Pathology, in Washington, sent Dr. Rathbun eight-by-ten glossy photographs, taken July 22, 1923, of the fresh corpse of Villa. A publisher in Parral sent photocopies of similar images, newspaper accounts of the assassination, excerpts from a book that recounted the assassination and the robbing of the grave, and a transcription of excerpts from Villa's autopsy. In a letter to a Latin-American-studies expert at New Mexico State University—a possible source of dental records, X-rays, or pathology reports—Dr. Rathbun discussed suing Skull and Bones to force their representatives to swear under oath that they didn't have the skull.

"Our only goal in this whole thing is to improve relations between the United States and Mexico," Dr. Rathbun said as he leafed through his files. "I think Mexico is embarrassed that the head of one of its national heroes is missing, and the Mexicans feel paranoid. Our roads are better, our schools are better, they owe our banks billions of dollars. At a gut level, when they come to the realization that the head of one of their heroes is residing in a club in a rich man's school this is a thorn in their side. I think some people would be very pissed off about this. As citizens of a Catholic country, the Mexicans have a greater respect for the dead—reverence for the afterlife—than we do."

During the time that Dr. Rathbun was accumulating his files, his Wednesday Group colleagues were not idle. Suing Skull and Bones, and Yale as well, was originally Hunter's idea. The prerequisite for this strategy was a plaintiff with recognizable grounds for complaint—with what is known in the law as "standing." The Wednesday Group's curiosity and sincere intentions did not, as a legal technicality, amount to standing. Hunter also looked into the 1970 Treaty of Coöperation between the United States and Mexico, and the Convention on Cultural Property Implementation Act. The latter, in particular, seemed to offer a basis for a lawsuit, but the sticking point remained: no plaintiff. Then it occurred to Hunter, a regular reader of the El Paso newspapers, that somewhere in Mexico there must be a widow of Villa. "Pancho Villa had a unique method of courtship," Hunter told me. "Whenever he saw a chick he wanted to spend the night with, he would marry her. He did this something like twenty-nine times. At the time we showed up, the Mexican government had decided that his legitimate widow was Soledad Seanez la Viuda de Villa. So I prepared an authorization for the lawsuit to be brought in her name."

Oscar González, who was once described to me as "one of those people about whom it's said 'They mean well,' " was dispatched to Juárez to recruit Soledad Seanez to the cause. He carried a document that authorized him and Pablo Bush Romero, the Wednesday Group's only Mexican citizens, "to bring such action as may be necessary to recover the head of my late husband, and have it returned to Mexico, to be buried with his remains." Unfortunately, negotiations between Oscar and the incumbent Mrs. Villa did not proceed smoothly.

Hunter: "Oscar took it to her to sign and she refused."

Dr. Rathbun: "At times, Oscar tends to be a little bombastic."

LOST MY PERSONAL ORGANIZER

Asked to account for what went wrong in Juárez, González expressed strong suspicion that Soledad Seanez, at ninety-two, no longer possessed a full complement of marbles. Bush Romero, after one conversation with her, reached a similar conclusion. With what seemed like almost ideological fervor, the widow insisted that Villa's skull was not missing from his grave.

Hunter's correspondence with Davison, meanwhile, failed to maintain a tone of unalloyed affability: "Very frankly, Mr. Davidson [sic], we are convinced . . . that the skull of Pancho Villa is held by the Skull and Bones Society of Yale University. If you would be so kind as to contact the governing body of that Society and inform them of the contents of this letter, we would be most appreciative. We feel they would be only too happy to return the skull to the proper authorities, rather than have us proceed under the applicable law with its attendant publicity."

To which Davison replied, "Dear Mr. Hunter: . . . Your letter does not help your cause in finding the skull of Pancho Villa."

Not long after Bush Romero first mentioned "Let the Tail Go with the Hide," Alex Apostolides wrote about it, rather elliptically, in his weekly column in the *Herald-Post*. Apostolides invited readers to send along any intelligence they might have about the skull, but he never returned to the subject in his subsequent columns. Therefore, when, more than a year later, a *Herald-Post* reporter named Tom Tolan wrote a story about *la cabeza de Villa*—a story that, in the fourth paragraph, invoked George Bush, *Bones* '48—he appeared to have come up with a scoop. The *Herald-Post* played it across the top of the front page, and the wire services picked it up. That happened just as the 1988 Republican National Convention was about to get under way. Previously, the Wednesday Group's sphere of political influence had been limited to El Paso: a former mayor was a lapsed member. By seeming to link the Republican nominee for Presi-

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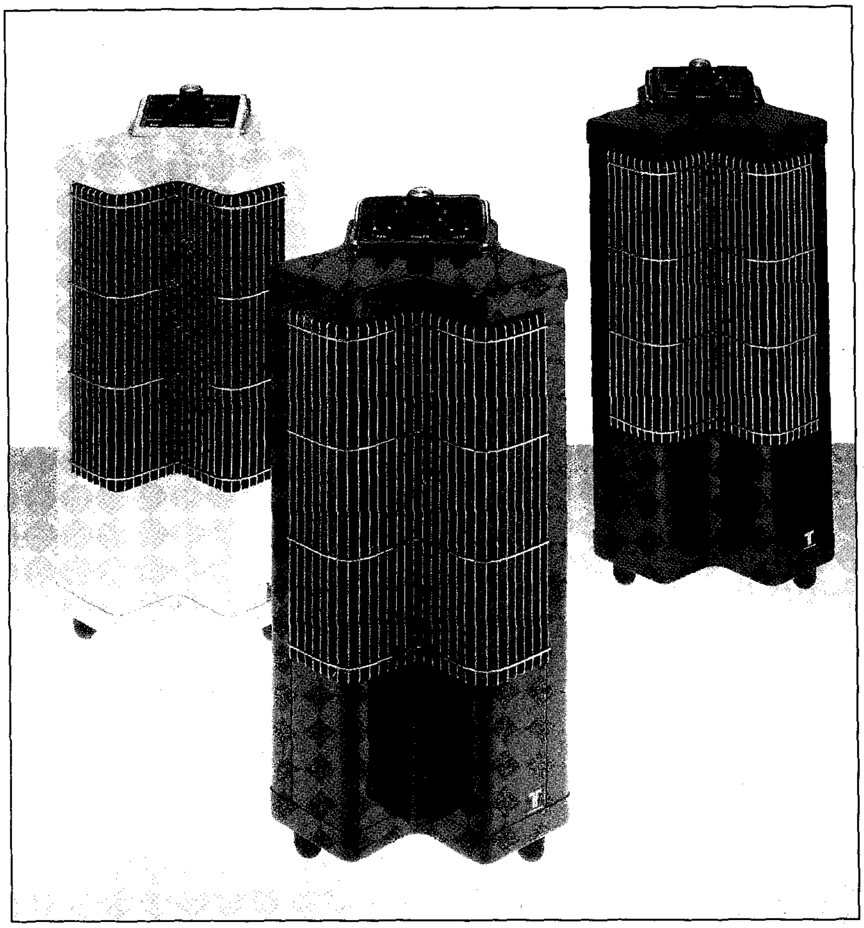

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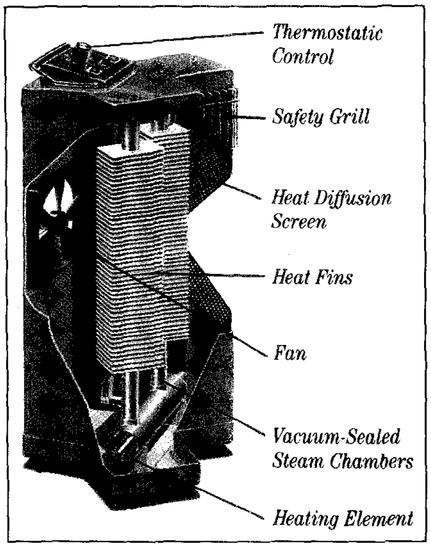

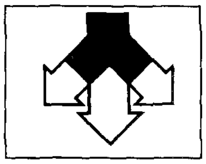

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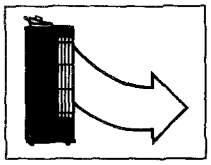

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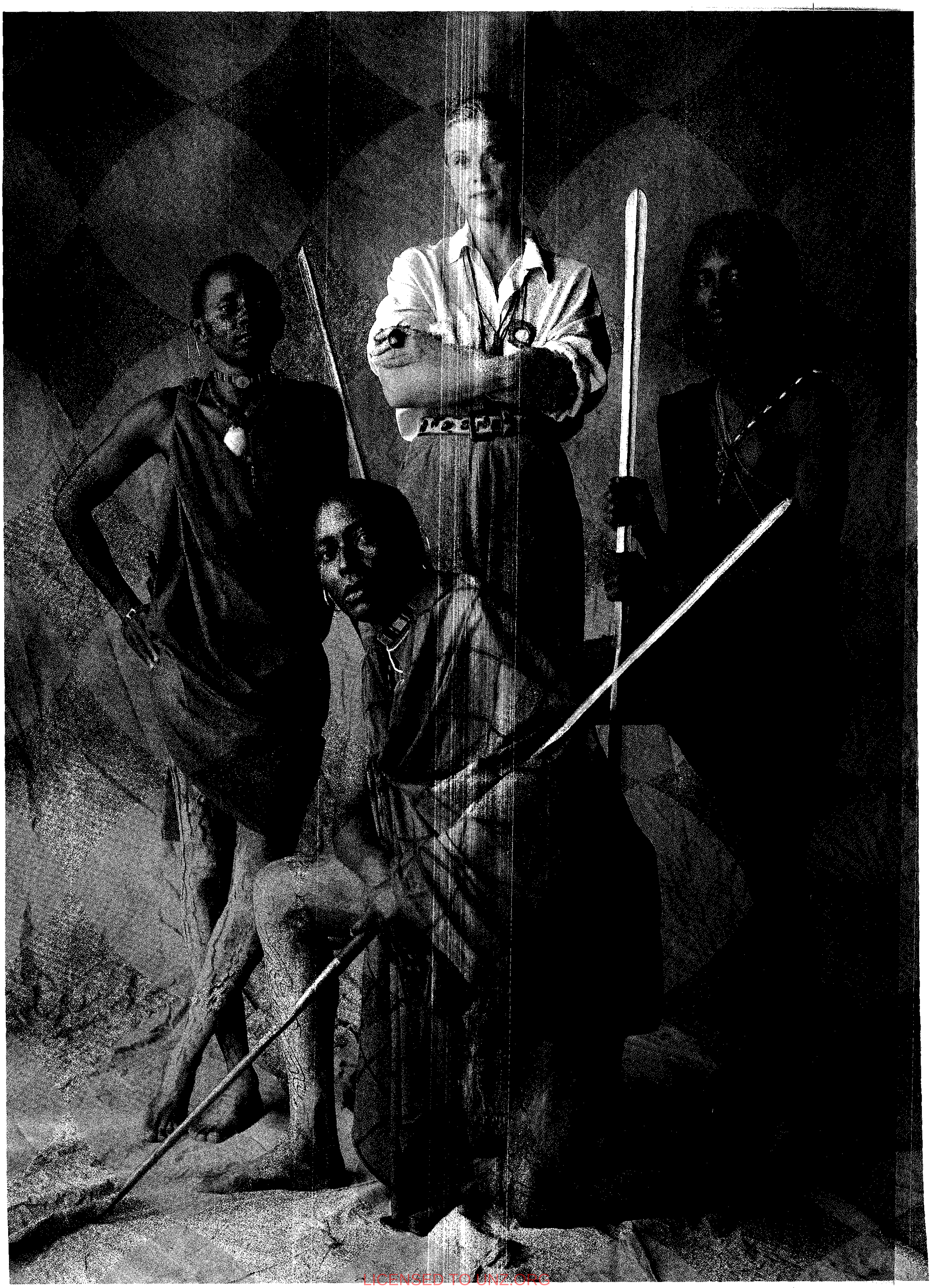

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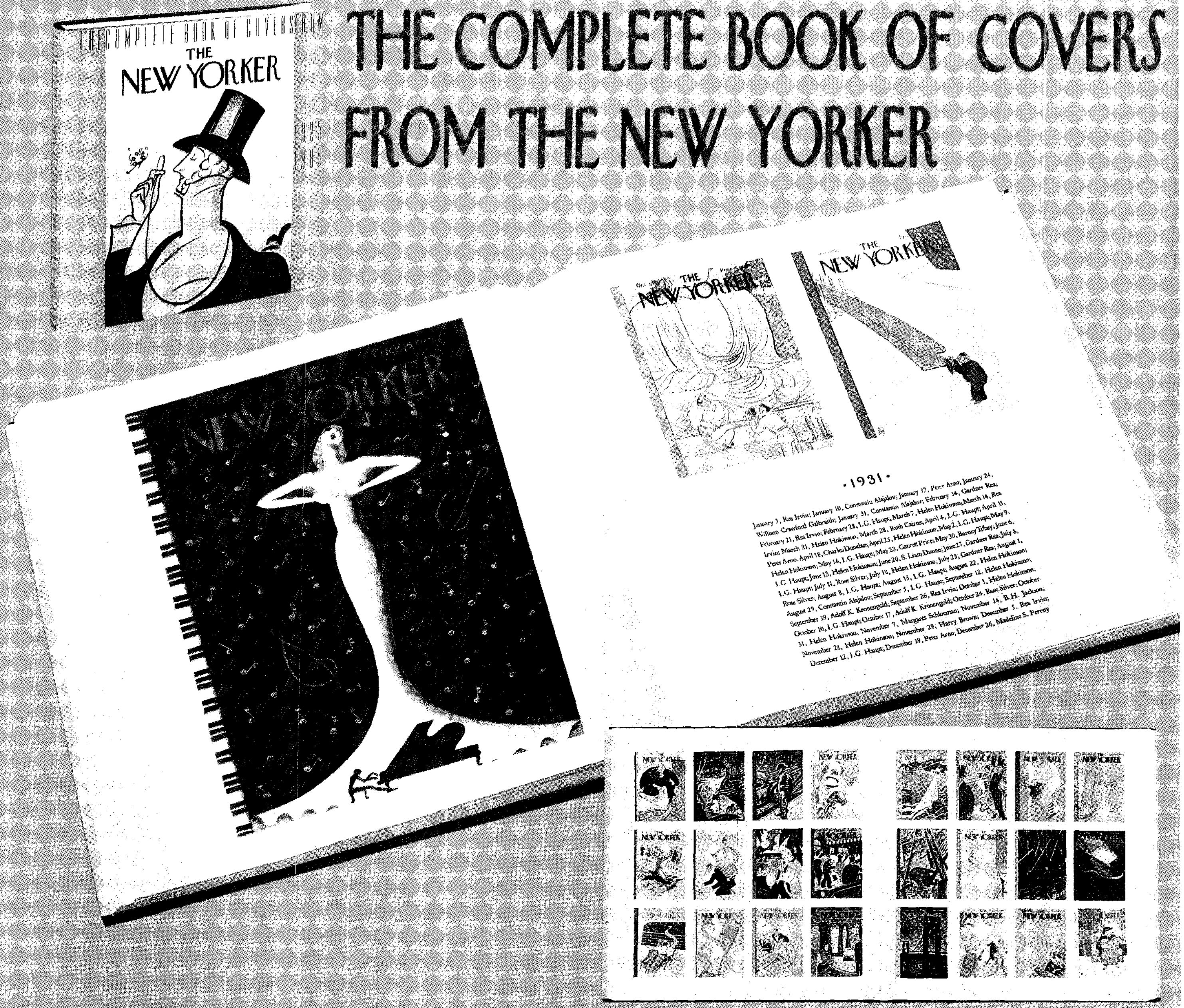

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dent of the United States, however loosely, to the theft of the head of a Mexican national hero, the Wednesday Group was, for the first time, meddling directly with issues of geopolitical import. According to Tolan, going public with the accusations against Skull and Bones was a last resort. The most telling quotation came from Hunter: "We've come to the conclusion that the main thing they don't want is publicity."

Hunter's analysis was accurate. Tolan discovered this for himself when he tried to interview Davison. "When I explained why I was calling, he sounded *so sad*," Tolan told me. "He said, 'But I've just spent two years putting to rest the Geronimo story.' "

The Geronimo story, a first cousin of the *cabeza de Villa* story, had floated around for years, and is not enormously popular with Cottie Davison. According to Skull and Bones' accusers in this instance—principally Ned Anderson, a former chairman of the San Carlos Apache tribe, of Arizona—the grave of Geronimo, the Apache chief, was violated in 1918 by a six-man raiding party that included the young Prescott Bush, father of George. This depredation was described in a 1933 typewritten manuscript titled "Continuation of the History of Our Order for the Century Celebration," and a copy of it somehow found its way into Anderson's hands. Davison and other Bonesies agreed that the document was authentic, but insisted that the events it described—the prying open of the iron doors of Geronimo's tomb, the use of carbolic acid to clean the skull—were purely apocryphal. Nevertheless, fire or no fire, a tinge of smoke hung in the air. Several generations of Bonesies were familiar with the contents of a glass display case inside the New Haven tomb: a skull that everyone referred to as Geronimo. Whose skull it truly was and how it wound up in the display case were less clearly established. The Apaches had to be dealt with respectfully, and Davison made an effort. In 1986, in New York City, he and other representatives of Skull and Bones—among them George Bush's brother Jonathan—met with Anderson. They brought a skull, and offered it to Anderson, but he declined it because it seemed not to be the same one he had seen in photographs surreptitiously provided by an anonymous dissident member of Bones. The nose and eye cavities didn't match. Also, Anderson took offense at a document that Davison wanted him to sign, which stipulated that neither the Apaches nor Skull and Bones would publicly discuss the whole business. Following this encounter, the dispute, though it remained unresolved, became more or less dormant. Anderson has from time to time petitioned public officials for help, but he still lacks proof that Geronimo's grave was ever robbed. The chief is buried on an Army base in southwestern Oklahoma, and his descendants there oppose disturbing his remains.

Pablo Bush Romero, meanwhile, feels ill served by the President of the United States. When Tom Tolan broke the story in the *Herald-Post*, Bush Romero and Dr. Rathbun, both of whom strongly support the agenda of the Republican Party, felt apprehensive—for the same reason that Hunter and Apostolides, who are loyal Democrats, did not mind a bit seeing George Bush accused in print of being soft on grave robbers. Dr. Rathbun still marvels at the failure of the Democrats to exploit the issue during the Presidential campaign. "Because I'm a Bush enthusiast, I was worried that this was going to become a big controversy," Dr. Rathbun has said. "I never understood why Dukakis didn't make a fuss about it. He could have made hay out of the fact that Bush was a member of a Yale secret society that collected heads and that his father had done the same thing. He could have hurt Bush more with Pancho Villa's head than Bush hurt him with the Pledge of Allegiance. The only thing I can think of is that there must have been Democrats who were members of Skull and Bones and who prevented Dukakis from bringing this up."

R. MacMillan

Although Pablo Bush Romero and George Bush share no blood ties, in jocular moments Bush Romero refers to the President as "my poor relative," and it gives him no pleasure to speculate that he and the Wednesday Group might yet be forced to escalate the matter of *la cabeza de Villa* into an international incident. Each time the President's handlers abandon modesty and enumerate his accomplishments since he took office, Bush Romero notes with regret that the repatriation of Villa's headbone is not on the list, and he feels his self-restraint weakening. His poor relative, he believes, owes him one—a sentiment that he readily conveys to anybody fortunate enough to be invited to a meeting of the Wednesday Group. For more than a year now, the Wednesday Group has gathered at the Pinetum, an ostensibly Chinese restaurant on the west side of El Paso, which is part of a commercial strip also populated by floor-covering stores, automotive-service centers, and what seems to be every franchise restaurant known to man. The Pinetum, sui generis, comes equipped with bamboo-print wallpaper and Masonite in the seating area and someone in the kitchen who is not afraid to be generous with the monosodium glutamate. Its main attraction is that it has less ambient noise than other places where the Wednesday Group has convened, among them the Juárez country club and a kosher butcher shop. Hunter has said of the Pinetum, "The reason we're here is that they have a very limited clientele and they have a room that's just right for us. We can meet and speak in plain language and no one ever objects."

The first time I dined with the Wednesday Group, Ben Williams' daughter, Terry Irvin, was also a guest. The conversation that day naturally centered on *la cabeza de Villa*, and at one point I polled the crowd. On a scale of one to ten, how strongly did they believe that Skull and Bones had the head? "Ten-plus," Mrs. Irvin said. "I know my dad did not make that story up. There is no reason in the world for this subject even to have come up when we were writing that book if it wasn't true. I'm con-

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vinced in my own mind that they did it and they paid Emil Holmdahl to do it.”

While waiting for *la cabeza de Villa* to resurface, she has written a screenplay about it. She has also enlisted as an ally Garry Trudeau, the cartoonist, who has published two series of “Doonesbury” strips satirizing Skull and Bones. When I polled the other members, Bush Romero was a solid ten, and Hunter turned up at the low end, with a seven (demonstrating, hardly for the first time, that for the pleasure of an argument most lawyers will advocate anything). Oscar González, the finest hairsplitter in the crowd, came in at nine-point-eight-five. Something in González's manner—a naturally antic quality—brought to mind a joke I had heard, about the man who was offered (in this version) two authentic Villa skulls: one of Villa as a boy and one as an adult. González still holds out hope that one of Villa's sons, Hippólito, who now lives in Mexico City, will agree to become the plaintiff in a lawsuit. The notion that anyone would regard such a lawsuit as frivolous offends González. “This is an international group—we go all over,” he said. “We're men. We're not kids. We know what we're doing.” González had to leave early that day, and he made a ceremonious exit. He put on a black cowboy hat, which made him appear at least five and a half feet tall, gave Bush Romero a brotherly hug, and bade farewell to his other compadres with a “Viva Villa!” The last thing he said to me was “If you have Villa's skull and you bring it back to Mexico, that would be one hell of an act of international friendship.”

Pablo Bush Romero, wishing to make approximately the same point, was more specific. He told me that Villa's body was buried in the Monument of the Revolution, in Mexico City, and that if I could arrange for *la cabeza de Villa* to once again repose with it he would see to it that I received the Aztec Eagle, the highest honor that Mexico can give to a foreigner. At the time of this tempting offer, we were seated in a room in his house that he uses as a study, and he had just shown me Villa's death mask—a bronze casting taken from a plaster-of-Paris impression of Villa's face made shortly after his assassination.

Without wishing to seem immodest, Bush Romero said he assumed that he had read more about Villa than anyone else in the Wednesday Group. His library contains about twenty-five books on the subject, among them “Pancho Villa en la Intimidad,” by Luz Corral Vda. de Villa, Soledad Seanez's predecessor as Villa's officially recognized widow, and “Pancho Villa's Shadow: The True Story of Mexico's Robin Hood, As Told by His Interpreter,” by Ernest Otto Schuster. The latter book, one of Bush Romero's favorites, features a dust-jacket photograph of a diminutive man wearing a dark suit and a straw boater and cavorting with a German shepherd. The caption says, “The author and his pal, Lobo.” Bush Romero also showed me a photograph of Villa taken in 1913, at the Battle of Ojinaga; a photograph of Villa and Emiliano Zapata sitting in a chair that they had looted from the presidential palace in Mexico City; a Villa autograph; and a bronze statue of Villa. These artifacts shared the room with photographs of Bush Romero and J. Edgar Hoover, Bush Romero and Marshal Tito, Bush Romero and Ronald Reagan, and Bush Romero and some pygmies, in what is now Zaire, posing with the largest privately owned ivory tusks in the world (at the time, Bush Romero owned them); with many big-game trophies (an Alaskan black bear, a wolf from Chihuahua, a wolf from Canada, a tiger from India, a lion from Africa, a Mexican fox and wildcat, a table with an elephant foot for a base and a surface covered with an elephant ear, on which sat a lamp made from an elk's foot); and with a couple of shrunken human heads, from Colombia, one of which had been in better shape before “rats got to it.”

Bush Romero said he had shown the death mask of Villa and the relevant passages from “Let the Tail Go with the Hide” to the Mexican consul-general in El Paso, who was impressed and sympathetic. He added that he had thus far avoided getting the Mexican government directly involved, however, because that would involve excessive red tape. “I could have gone to the governor of Chihuahua or the President of Mexico,” he said. “I wrote a letter to the President of Mexico today. But I didn't go into this. I have other things I'm dealing with him on.” Rather, Bush Romero favored a strategy of direct appeal to George Bush. “I think that eventually we're going to get something. President Bush wants good relations with Mexico, and that would be one of the best things he could do—influence his club to return the head."

I mentioned a conversation I had had with a Bonesman who spent many years working in Washington and was of the opinion that "the demand for the return of the head of Pancho Villa is not a White House matter."

Bush Romero seemed unfazed. "I'm looking at this from the international point of view," he said.

The last time I happened to be in El Paso, I discovered that there were no recent developments. The local press, for instance, had not been on top of the story. When I spoke with Tom Tolan, of the *Herald-Post*, he said that other than extending himself a while back to check out "a misleading rumor that Villa's head was buried under a G-string at the Naked Harem," a southeast El Paso interpretative-dance laboratory, he had been preoccupied with other matters. The contingent at the Pinetum for that week's Wednesday Club gathering was rather modest: Bush Romero, Hunter, Apostolides, Dr. Rathbun, John Bockoven, and Bob Massey. Of course, we talked about *la cabeza de Villa*. I felt somewhat sheepish accepting their hospitality, because I had come to lunch to report my growing suspicion that hounding Skull and Bones was a fruitless endeavor—not because the Bonesies would refuse to come clean about the skull but because they really didn't have it. I warmed up to this by recounting a conversation with one Bonesman who told me he recalled during the early seventies seeing perhaps thirty skulls, not all of them human, scattered about the tomb.

"The fact that they have thirty or more skulls proves that they *might* have the skull of Villa," Bush Romero said. "It can't be proved. It's just a matter of good will—Bush prevailing on his fellow club members. They collected heads. Why?" He turned his palms up and shrugged. "But they have a few. They've consulted with their lawyers and they've come to the conclusion that they're not going to admit anything. And we're trying to convince them that if they'll return the head that'll be it. We'll bury the whole thing. Or they can leave the head somewhere where we'll find it. One of the things we were going to discuss here was whether we

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should write another letter to Bush, my poor relative. You tell him, Frank."

Bush Romero deferred to Hunter, who extemporaneously paraphrased the text of a proposed letter to Skull and Bones, a copy of which would go to the President. Its concluding sentiment was "So now it's time to put up or shut up."

"If the letter goes unnoticed, then we'll have to make it an international affair," Bush Romero said. "It's vital to Mexico's history to get that head back with the body. I would make enough fuss that if the Mexican government even *thinks* not to act they'll hear plenty about it. I'll just take the whole thing to Mexico City. I know I can get Channel 2 and Channel 11 interested. If the President of Mexico or the Secretary of Foreign Affairs gets involved, then Bush will have to get involved."

"The skull has got to be in New Haven," Apostolides said. "By golly, we'll take any skull that has a hole in the brain."

"Villa is news," Bush Romero said. "And Villa is international news. He is the man most known in the Mexican Revolution worldwide. And anything that concerns Villa is news worldwide. And we're banking on keeping that alive. Because it's news."

—MARK SINGER

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SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*Harlan Ellison in the Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*]

To be sure, the history of psychic flapdoodle is chockblock with examples of unbelievable booga-booga bunco games run on the credulous: from the French dowser Aymar in 1692 who, through use of a swinging pendulum, "proved the guilt of a murderer"—a retarded nineteen-year-old hunchback, pathetically unable even to defend *himself* against the charge—who was subsequently "broken on the wheel," to the famous 19th Century child mediums, the Fox sisters (Kate, 6 and Margaret, 8) of Hydesville, NY, who, in 1848, not only earned more than a hundred dollars a night by contacting the dead through "rappings" that awed immense crowds (in 1888 Margaret Fox confessed in a newspaper article that she and her sister had produced the spiritual raps by cracking their toe joints, an amusement they had innocently been practicing for years till they'd conned adults into believing their rap-seances conveyed messages from The Other Side), but almost single-handedly —or more accurately -footedly—created the Spiritualist movement, to the current crop of outright fakers like Uri Geller and hordes of New Age spiritualists called "channelers" who derive their credentials from the gibberish of Shirley MacLaine.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

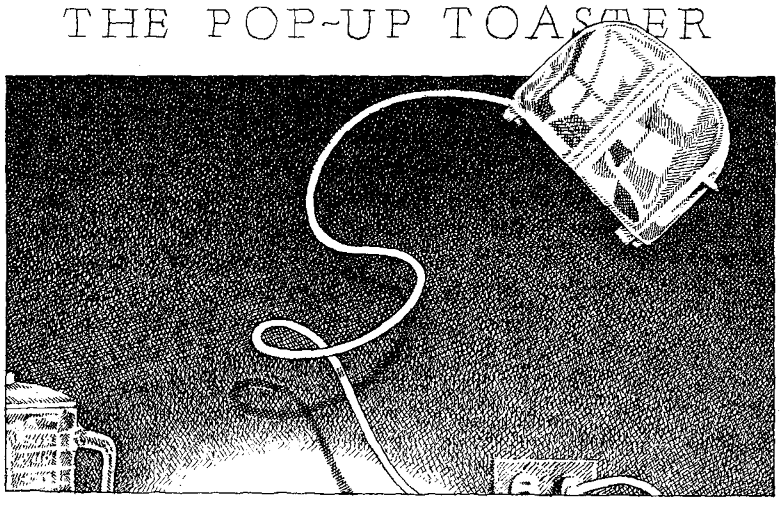
November 16

THE Bush Administration, not an inherently imaginative one, is trying to conduct foreign policy in a whirlwind. The most dramatic events in postwar history—events unimaginable when Bush took office, not so long ago—come rushing pell-mell at policymakers, causing confusion and some disorientation. But, as the Administration has slowly come to realize and is still figuring out how to act upon, a nation seeking to maintain leadership in the world can't afford, while being "prudent," too much hesitation—it must, in the end, lead. To watch the Administration struggling to come to grips with nothing less than the collapse of Communism, with a more complex world—whether a safer one isn't clear—than what had gone before, is to see mere mortals of varying temperaments and outlooks trying to gauge the appropriate response to these amazing events, knowing that not only America's role in the world but also their own historical reputations are on the line. Since Bush took office, the Soviet Union has held elections that were not our idea of democracy, but a far cry from what had gone before, and has been going through racking economic and nationalistic strains; Poland and Hungary have thrown off their Communist regimes; East Germany, one of the last places expected to turn away from Communism, has been undergoing exodus and upheaval, and stunned the world last week by opening its borders with West Germany, including the Berlin Wall; at the end of last week the man who has been the Communist leader of Bulgaria for thirty-five years resigned, and Czechoslovakia this week eased restrictions on travel; the Baltic states, technically part of the Soviet Union, are demanding—and receiving—a great deal more autonomy if not yet independence. Almost daily, new events upend old assumptions.

President Bush's surprise announcement two weeks ago that he would meet with Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev for an "informal" session at sea, off Malta, served, for the moment, to take some of the pressure off Bush to appear more alive to the challenges he faces, and temporarily undercut the criticism he was receiving at home (not just from Democrats). But a meeting, however useful, is not a long-range policy; it could, nevertheless, be a step on the way to one. To hear Administration officials tell it, the Bush policy has been a seamless progression from speeches the President gave in the spring suggesting that our policy toward the Soviet Union could move "beyond containment"; to his trip to Eastern Europe in July, where he offered aid (however meagre) to Poland and Hungary, which were beginning to institute reforms; to the meeting to take place in the Mediterranean in early December and an explicit throwing in with Gorbachev in his effort to reform the Soviet economy—a judgment that his success is in our interest. Yet along the way the Administration questioned Gorbachev's motives—Was he out to delude and divide the West? Was he trying to reform the Soviet Union's economy in order to construct an even more fearsome military machine?—and spent a good bit of time speculating, often publicly, on his chances not just for economic success but for survival. Some top officials—especially the national-security adviser, Brent Scowcroft, and Defense Secretary Dick Cheney—were (and still are), understandably, concerned that the West would conclude that events that it thought and hoped might happen had already happened, and would institute premature military dismantling.

But as history went rushing past them the impression the Administration gave was one of dithering. The President didn't seem to know what he wanted to do, or to be able to offer any lifting, or even interesting, words about the momentous events. The fact that he will meet with Gorbachev isn't so extraordinary—Ronald Reagan met with Gorbachev five times in the last three years of his Presidency, and it was the norm for Reagan's predecessors to meet with Soviet leaders—but the announcement of the meeting was a head-snapper because it seemed at such variance with Bush's crablike approach to the changing world, and because Bush, as is his wont, had held the decision so tightly in the hope of springing a big surprise. He nearly did, but the Washington *Post* scooped him on the morning of his announcement. By the time the meeting was to be announced, a substantially larger number of officials knew about it than the handful of top officials the President has said.

Changing the whole way we think about the Soviet Union—from addressing solely its external behavior to thinking about how to help it undergo fundamental internal reforms—has not come easily or naturally to top Administration officials. They debated the question of whether Gorbachev is "for real" for a long time. Secretary of State James Baker's first major speech on the Soviet Union, in May, was about "testing" Gorbachev's so-called "new thinking," demanding that through certain external actions—cessation of direct or indirect (through Cuba) aid to the Sandinista government of Nicaragua and military aid to Libya and North Korea—Gorbachev demonstrate that he does intend to behave differently from his predecessors. Baker's speech seemed a somewhat cranky response to Gorbachev's fancy footwork in Western Europe, and while it may have helped reassure the right in this country that Baker would remain vigilant against any Gorbachev tricks it didn't do much to reëstablish United

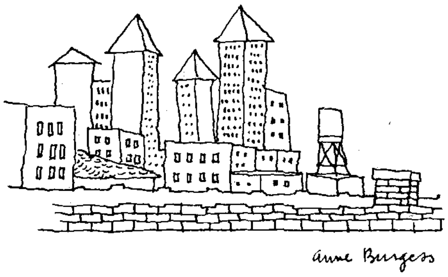


States leadership in the world. Bush bought time, and acclaim, for his proposal in late May to the NATO allies that both NATO and the Warsaw Pact make substantial reductions in their conventional forces in Europe, but much of the groundwork for this had already been laid by Gorbachev. Then, as one amazing event followed another in Eastern Europe, we appeared once again to be mute bystanders.

MEANWHILE, an internal debate was going on within the Administration over just how to deal with Gorbachev and how to view his actions. Too much can be made of this debate, which to some extent continues: it doesn't provoke the sharp clashes that were provided in the Carter years by his national-security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance; the Bush crowd doesn't provide us the spectacle of the Secretaries of State and Defense throwing pots and pans at each other, as George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger did during the Reagan years. But the press fixes on differences among officials, and tends to exaggerate them. In the current instance, the major figures involved—Baker, Cheney, Scowcroft, Scowcroft's deputy Robert Gates, and Vice-President Dan Quayle—are all looking at the same thing and emphasizing different aspects of it. In fact, privately, all of them share a rather gloomy view of the prospects for the success of Gorbachev's reforms and, to some extent, for Gorbachev's political future, because of both the economic problems and ethnic unrest. They seem to share a belief that for now Gorbachev is fairly well entrenched in power, that there are no credible rivals on the scene, and a few months ago there developed the cliché that what the future might hold is "Gorbachev without Gorbachevism"—that Gorbachev might remain in power without the reforms.

Among our top officials, some of the differences are job-related, and some due to disparities in temperament. Baker, the most pragmatic of men, views his job through the prisms of both domestic and international politics—perspectives that ultimately had him take the lead within the Administration in moving toward broad-gauged engagement with Gorbachev, helping him where it is feasible (and politically acceptable) and in our mutual interests, remembering, of course, to chide him for his international misbehavior. Baker's having such a politically oriented mind has its advantages and disadvantages. While he sometimes seems to see foreign policy as a political equation—he blundered when in September he responded to Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's criticism of Bush's reaction to events in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as too timid by pointing to Bush's high standing in the polls—he is less likely than some of his predecessors to conduct a policy that crashes into the wall of domestic political reality. Moreover, Baker, who has held five meetings with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, clearly feels that the two men have reached a certain understanding with each other and can do business. Baker's holding of the most recent set of meetings in Wyoming, in late September, projected the picture (cowboy hats and all) of two good old boys who can cut deals.

Baker traces the evolution of his own thinking by saying, "I became convinced following some rather in-depth meetings—some with Shevardnadze and one three-hour meeting with Gorbachev [in Moscow, in early May]—that Gorbachev is 'for real,' that he is sincere about his goals." Baker became convinced of Gorbachev's genuineness at some point between his meeting with him in Moscow and his meetings with Shevardnadze in Wyoming—earlier than his counterparts in the Administration. Baker is as aware as anyone of the dangers to Gorbachev, but he felt, he told me, that "any vulnerability Gorbachev has is all the more reason to seize the opportunity; we're not going to go rushing out to make a dumb, bad deal." In Baker's unsentimental view, Gorbachev is—like himself—a pragmatist, who is facing his country's realities.



Baker is by nature also an activist, a man who likes to get things done, and thinks in terms of both what the government of his friend the President should have accomplished and what achievements will go down next to his own name. There were such achievements (of varying success) while he was Treasury Secretary under Reagan, and as he settled into his new job as Secretary of State under Bush he and his advisers gave considerable thought to what would be his next ones. Baker, a State Department official says, "isn't interested in being the steward of an inconsequential American power." His two speeches given in October, emphasizing that the Administration wants *perestroika* to succeed (both he and Bush had said this before), and saying that even if Gorbachev doesn't succeed—or even because he might not—the United States should seek to "lock in" arms-control agreements that are in the two nations' mutual interest, were designed to get the Administration, and Baker himself, off the defensive. The Deputy Secretary of State, Lawrence Eagleburger, had been unfairly knocked by the Democrats for a speech he gave in September in which he made the self-evident point that the Cold War provided a form of stability and predictability among the great powers. For this the Administration was charged with being "nostalgic" for the Cold War. But Eagleburger's speech did take a skeptical view of Gorbachev.

Baker's speeches were more mood music than policy innovation, but they did recast the Administration's policy in a more positive light, and received the kind of editorial praise that Baker and his people hoped for. (Both Scowcroft and Pentagon officials had some doubts about his arms-control speech.) Baker and his top aides—he works within a very tight circle, with more antipathy to the rest of the Department than is healthy—had concluded that the argument over whether Gorbachev would succeed wasn't a very fruitful one, and, furthermore, public statements by American officials casting doubt on Gorbachev's prospects for success weren't very helpful to Gorbachev inside the Soviet Union, while approving statements from the outside could help Gorbachev inside. Baker also proceeded on the theory that history would ill judge the Bush Administration if Gorbachev failed and it had done nothing to try to prevent that. One of Baker's aides says, "It'll not look good in the future if people can say this was revolutionary change and you sat back." Baker, the political realist and survivor, didn't want to be on the wrong end of any "Who lost Gorbachev?" argument. This kind of thinking was reflected in the President's comments to the press when he announced his forthcoming meeting with Gorbachev. Bush said, "I just didn't want to, in this time of dynamic change, miss something."

Scowcroft, on the other hand, is more the counsellor, the thoughtful aide who sees the upside and the downside of everything. (He was worried that the forthcoming meeting between Bush and Gorbachev would be treated as a summit, and raise expectations too high.) Scowcroft is by nature the No. 2 man (a good one), the honest broker who is not likely to come up with big ideas or big concepts of his own. Gates, the former deputy director of the C.I.A., is more the analyst, and since in his past writings and speeches he has offered a fairly gloomy assessment of Gorbachev's chances of success and warned of the danger of changing United States policy, he is seen—as perhaps he wishes to be—as the in-house pessimist about Soviet behavior. Baker, just after giving his two speeches about United States policy toward the Soviet Union, managed to squelch a speech by Gates that would have taken a far more gloomy tone. A number of people here saw this as a naked power play by Baker—noting that it was clearly Baker's people who let it be known that Baker had done this. But it doesn't make much sense, especially at a time when United States–Soviet relations are going through a delicate transition, to have a number of important officials spouting off and giving conflicting signals.

Cheney is a deeply conservative man whose brief is to maintain United States defenses in a changing world and whose preoccupation, according to one of his associates, is the question of reversibility—that is, whatever Gorbachev's chances, if the United States proceeded to a lower military capability could we, if necessary, quickly shift back to a higher one? Cheney, who is very intelligent, understands that the Soviet Union's economic difficulties will affect its military capabilities, and that a more pluralistic Soviet Union will be a less aggressive one, but our defense policy doesn't yet reflect this view.

It has become de rigueur on the right to point out that Soviet military spending has increased (though this is now in dispute), and that the Soviet Union has continued to modernize its offensive strategic forces—as, of course, have we. People in the Administration—and not just the Pentagon—stipulate a number of reasons for maintaining strong defenses overseas: to firmly anchor Western Europe to the United States, with Germany a solid part of that alliance; to guard against revanchism on the part of Germany or Japan (though this can be spoken about only very, very privately), or adventurism on the part of some other relatively powerful nation. Moreover, some officials argue, the fact that the Soviet Union may slip its Communist moorings doesn't mean that that powerful nation won't continue to have interests that may be antithetical to ours. Some officials, including Quayle, see *glasnost* as a vehicle for Gorbachev's consolidation of power—systematically getting rid of his opponents—and are mistrustful of the Soviet leader's "new thinking."

Quayle was skeptical about arms control when he was in the Senate, but his current role as the negativist about the Soviet Union—charging that its offensive strategic forces have increased and that its intentions haven't changed, acting as the chief protector of S.D.I.—is also widely seen as a strategy, pushed on him by his staff, to make him such a hero to the right that Bush dare not drop him in 1992. (Bush recently said in an interview that he would "absolutely" keep Quayle on the ticket, but he could hardly be expected to say anything else at this point, and, in any event, Bush gives few signs of being a dumper—even if he thought he had made a mistake, which he undoubtedly doesn't.) The day after Baker gave the first of his two speeches, Quayle gave one that was far more negative in tone, saying that Soviet involvement in various regional conflicts represents "the darker side of Soviet foreign policy. But it is just as real, just as significant, as *perestroika* and *glasnost*." But because of his conservative credentials Quayle could end up being the most important figure if and when the time comes for Senate approval of arms-control treaties, since the Administration would probably count on him to persuade Senate conservatives—who could block a treaty—

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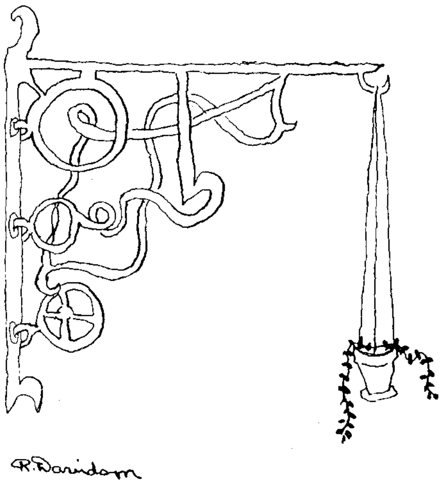
to approve the President's handiwork.

Somewhere in all this is the President. He appears to be something of a blend of Baker and Scowcroft: he wants to make history, but, having been part of government for many years, he is prone to seeing downsides and risks. Further, he avidly seeks to avoid alienating the right. One theory goes that Bush's permitting the cacophony of his officials on the subject of the Soviet Union is a Machiavellian scheme to keep all sides at bay—to appease the right while he takes steps toward a closer relationship with Gorbachev and toward reaching arms-control agreements. But a more likely explanation is that it fits Bush's collegial, laissez-faire style—and that his White House staff isn't as careful as it ought to be about conflicting speeches by top officials. Bush's wishing to meet with Gorbachev "feet up" fits very much with his view of governing as a series of personal contacts—with members of Congress, with world leaders. He is a perpetual telephoner, schmoozer, note-writer. This approach to international diplomacy has its drawbacks as well as its advantages: it can overly personalize our relationships with various nations, and cause him to see things through the eyes of other leaders (Ferdinand Marcos and, more recently, the leaders of China).

To hold down expectations about the meeting with Gorbachev off Malta, Bush made sure that a formal summit—set for late May or early June—was on the calendar before the non-summit summit off Malta was announced. When he announced the shipboard meeting, he characterized the later, formal summit as an "arms-control summit"—which came as news to a number of his policymakers. Bush was taking precautions to ward off, as regards the Malta meeting, both fears of and the reality of another "Reykjavík"—the meeting between Reagan and Gorbachev in October, 1986, which devolved into a reckless bidding to get rid of nuclear weapons. But Reykjavík, now a term of opprobrium, happened because Reagan didn't know what he was talking about—and neither, apparently, did his Secretary of State or chief of staff. Bush knows more than Reagan did, and, by nature, is less likely to be drawn into visionary schemes—for good or for ill. Still, preparations for the upcoming meeting include anticipation of any gambits by Gorbachev—or what an aide calls "fireproofing the President."

THE two subjects on which the Administration feels it must tread most carefully are what help it can give Gorbachev and what understandings about Eastern Europe should be reached between the two nations. The very concept of "helping" Gorbachev is a sensitive one—both here and in the Soviet Union. (Officials are quick to point out a recent statement by Shevardnadze that talk of "helping" the Soviet Union "offends our national pride.") That sensitivity helps to define the limits of what our policymakers think we can do. In early October, Baker testified before the Senate Finance Committee, and his prepared text was a scholarly treatise (quoting a Swedish economist and written by someone else) that ended up saying there is very little we can do until the Soviet Union has achieved some structural reforms in its economy. In his testimony, as in his subsequent speech on helping *perestroika* succeed, Baker pointed out several fundamental problems of the Soviet economy: nonconvertibility of the ruble, as well as its being overvalued; too many rubles chasing too few goods, leading to hoarding or a rush to buy items, such as jewelry, or even detergent, that might be of more lasting value than the rubles themselves (this has come to be called "the ruble overhang"); the lack of a market economy (earlier this year, Gorbachev postponed taking steps toward price decontrol). The Soviet Union's problem, Baker and other officials say, isn't one of resources—it has plentiful natural resources and ample capital, they say—but is structural. In this they differentiate between the Soviet Union on the one hand and Poland and Hungary on the other. Because Poland and Hungary are undertaking economic reforms, and because their economies are smaller and in less dire straits, they say, infusion of capital can be useful—and might help establish a model for other East European countries. (Under political pressure, the Administration increased its request for aid to Hungary and Poland, and the Congress has topped that; but even some Administration officials feel more should be spent.) Even if there were ways we could give direct aid to the Soviet Union, it isn't in the cards, officials say. They state (for obvious political reasons) that the United States will not spend its own money to bail out the Soviet economy through subsidized credits or transfers of capital. But some experts on the Soviet economy say that we could be helpful in the area of trade—even though, officials point out, the Soviet Union doesn't produce many goods for which there is foreign demand. The Bush Administration insists that it won't waive the Jackson-Vanik amendment—which denies most-favored-nation treatment to the Soviet Union unless it permits the emigration of Jews—even though Jewish emigration has been high in the last two years, until the Soviet Union codifies its change in emigration policy; officials add that they expect such action soon. Even the observer status the Soviets seek in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which sets tariffs and other trade rules, isn't feasible, officials say, until the Soviet Union has more realistic prices on which to set tariffs. Entry into international financial institutions, such as the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund, also isn't in the cards until there is more internal reform, Baker and other officials say. Though all this seems to leave the Administration with little to offer the Soviet Union, officials say that it is politically feasible for Bush to conclude his first meeting with Gorbachev without having offered any new specific help, but it's not clear whether they mean this or are simply trying to lower expectations.



Meanwhile, the United States has begun to give "technical assistance" to the Soviet Union—in the form of advice on how to reform its economy. Given the fact that we've never had to make a transition from a centralized economy to a market one, and given that our economists aren't exactly in

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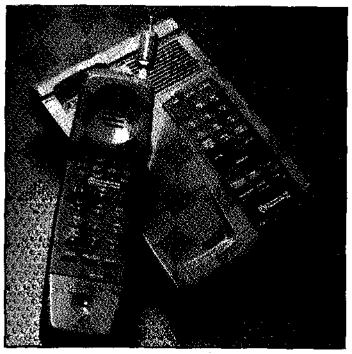

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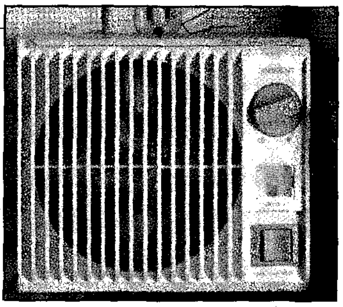

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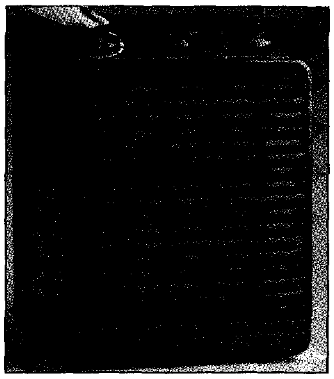

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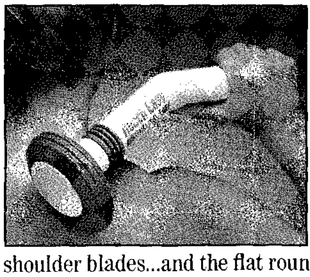

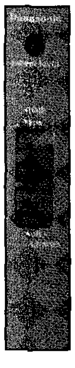

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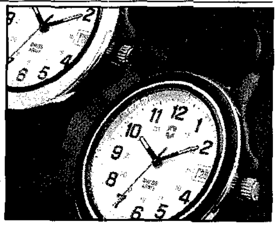

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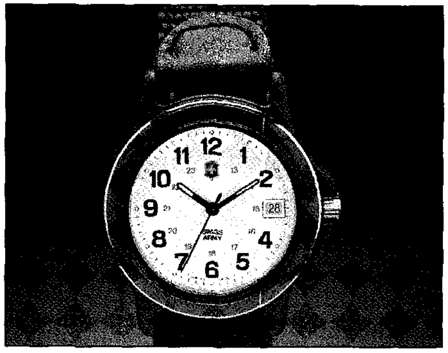

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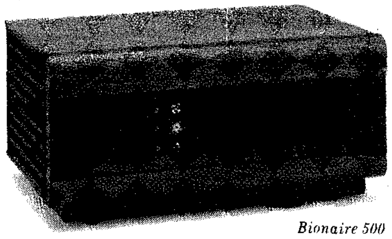

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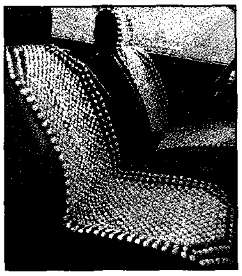

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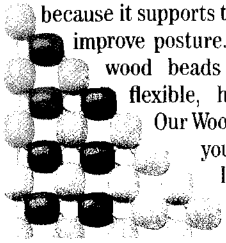

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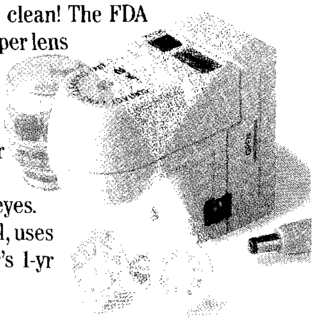

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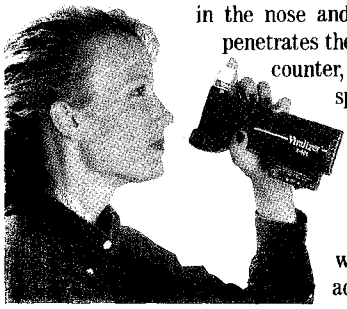

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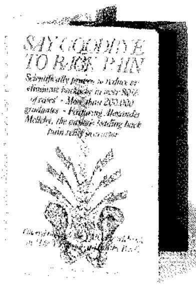

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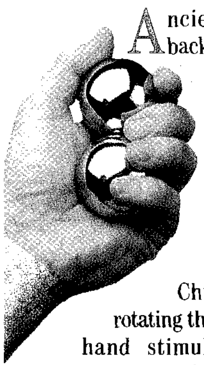

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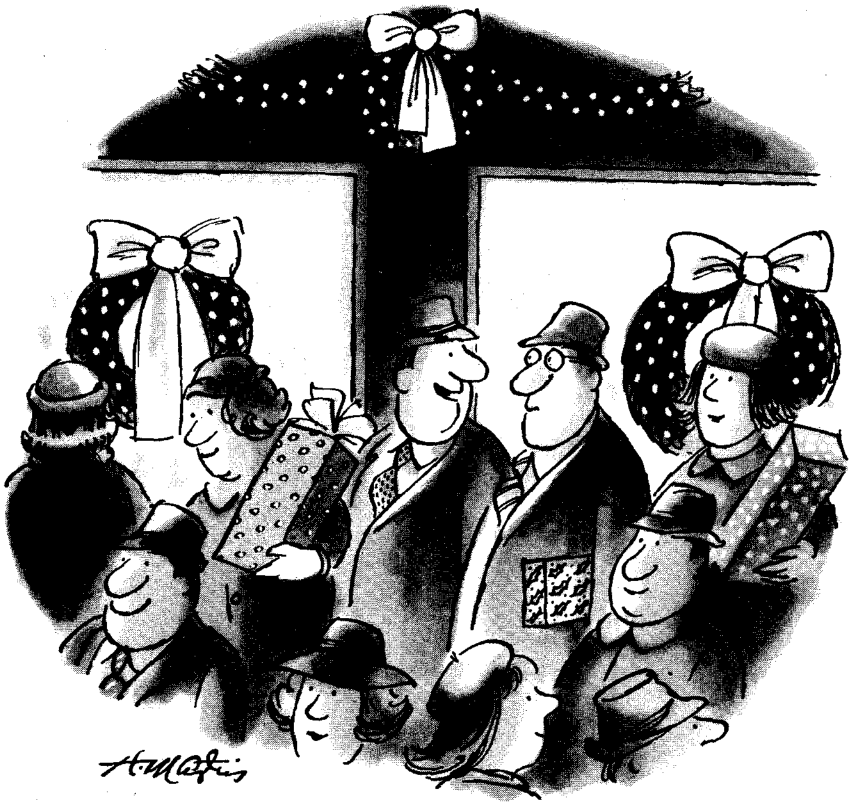

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agreement even on how to run our own economy, there is some question as to how helpful we can be in this respect as well, but the Soviets are in search of ideas and need help in discriminating among them. Starting with the Wyoming meeting, Robert Zoellick, the State Department counsellor and one of Baker's closest and smartest aides, conferred with Nikolai Shmelev, a radical Soviet economist, and in October Zoellick and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan travelled to the Soviet Union to talk about economic problems.

Administration officials say that the very meeting between Bush and Gorbachev will help Gorbachev, because it will show he is still a significant international figure (this may reflect a bit of ethnocentricity). The second way the United States can help Gorbachev, officials say, is through reaching arms-control agreements with him, thus lightening his economic burdens—such agreements would, of course, be politically beneficial to the Bush Administration as well. Numerous Administration officials assert that a total of four arms-control agreements could well be completed by the end of Bush's term in office. They say that a nuclear-test-ban treaty, which has been awaiting final agreement since 1974, could well be ready for signing when Bush and Gorbachev meet next year, and a bilateral treaty banning the use of chemical weapons could also be reached before long. Bush came under some criticism for—as he does on domestic issues—making it appear that he was proposing to do more about chemical weapons than he actually was in a speech before the United Nations in September. Bush officials say that, though there are large questions remaining, both a Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START) and a treaty to reduce conventional forces in Europe (C.F.E.) can also be achieved in this term. Bush surprised many of his own officials by saying to reporters in late September that there was "a good likelihood" that he and Gorbachev could agree on a START treaty at their summit meeting next year. Since then, officials have sought to dampen expectations of such an agreement so soon. If Bush insists, they say, an "agreement in principle" could be reached at next year's summit, with the myriad remaining details to be worked out within another year.

There has been some argument within the Administration over whether the Soviets made a major concession at the Wyoming meetings when Shevardnadze said that the question of how far the United States could go in testing and deploying S.D.I.—hitherto one of the major areas of disagreement—could be settled outside of a START treaty. (Baker treated it as a concession.) The new Soviet position did stipulate that it reserved the right to withdraw from the START treaty if the United States violated the A.B.M. treaty. The Administration is divided over whether this did amount to the "delinkage" that the American side had long said it sought, but the question is largely a hypothetical one, for various reasons. First, under international law, a nation can withdraw from any treaty with six months' notice if it believes that its "supreme national interests" are at stake. Second, with Congress giving S.D.I. less funds—cutting its budget this year, for the first time—and all but its most fanatic adherents losing interest, S.D.I. itself is becoming an increasingly hypothetical concept. In addition, there is some question within the Joint Chiefs of Staff as to whether, in what might be the world climate in the early nineteen-nineties, when such a decision might have to be made, the Chiefs will want to advise the President to break out of, or abrogate, the A.B.M. treaty. Still, S.D.I.'s strong supporters in the Senate could hold a START treaty for ransom. Despite all these uncertainties, Quayle, in an appearance a couple of weeks ago on "Meet the Press," said unequivocally that the President "is committed to the development and deployment of a strategic defense system." One senior Administration official says that S.D.I. is "an internal political decision" for the President to make, and that any time the United States and the Soviet Union sit down and decide to reach an agreement on S.D.I. and on difficult-to-verify cruise missiles, they should be able to do so.

Yet within all this the Bush Administration—or part of it—is giving consideration to moving toward its own new definition of strategic doctrine. There are hints of this in various places, including Baker's arms-control speech, in which he emphasized the importance of "stability" in the nuclear arrangements. This talk of changing the terms of nuclear-arms reduction appears to stem from two things: a belief on the part of some officials that greater stability lies in moving toward single-warhead missiles, and away from the multiple-warhead missiles (MIRVs), and a desire to put the Bush Administration's own stamp on nuclear-arms reductions. Thus, some officials say that the Reagan Administration's position on START—essentially calling for a fifty-per-cent reduction in each side's nuclear warheads—placed too much emphasis on reductions per se and not enough on stability. However, since we have already made an investment in the ten-warhead MX missile, now sitting in fixed silos, and Congress has begun to approve funds to place these missiles on railroad cars (which some officials, and Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn, think still leaves them vulnerable to a Soviet first strike), the enormous cost of deploying instead, or in addition, the mobile single-warhead missile, or Midgetman—an estimated forty billion dollars—is a major impediment. Moreover, the Pentagon isn't at all enamored of the idea, and one official says that the State Department is "naïve" about the Congress—and that some State Department people have "an abstract and unreal view of arms control." (Pentagon officials say that the State Department also doesn't give enough thought to what it will take to get a START treaty through the Senate, where it can be blocked by the votes of one-third plus one of the senators. Yet the politically conscious Baker appears to give a great deal of thought to this.) Nunn favors a phasing out of MIRVs on both sides, using the savings to gradually deploy the Midgetman. Though some officials are tempted to toughen our terms, since Gorbachev presumably wants a START treaty badly, any radical change in our negotiating position could put the reaching of any such treaty beyond President Bush's schedule. One possibility is that, in order to make any START agreement have the Bush Administration's stamp, and not be old news, the reaching of one will be coupled with some form of movement—or talk of movement—toward new strategic doctrine, perhaps in connection with talk of the beginning of work on a START II.

A C.F.E. treaty is also likely, officials say, despite the fact that it is more

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complicated because there are disagreements among the Western allies as well as between the United States and the Soviet Union, and despite the fact that both the C.F.E. treaty and a START treaty provide difficult problems of definition (what is a combat aircraft, or a heavy tank?) and verification. A treaty reducing conventional forces would save Gorbachev even more money than a START treaty. Bush Administration officials still describe a C.F.E. agreement as a good deal for the West, since it would require the Soviet Union to reduce its troops in Eastern Europe by more than half, but events may be overtaking the negotiations on the treaty. Our officials used to say—and some of course still do—that such a treaty would be beneficial to Eastern European nations, because it would reduce the presence of Soviet troops there, but our negotiating position was drawn up while Poland and Hungary were still under Communist domination and before the other stunning events of recent weeks. Now there have been noises out of both Hungary and Poland—especially Hungary—about wishing to see the total withdrawal of Soviet troops. So the C.F.E. treaty now being negotiated may contemplate the presence of more Soviet troops in various Eastern European countries than those countries wish to have.

THIS gets to the knottiest question that Bush and Gorbachev face: What will be the future status of the Eastern European nations? The question was facing them before the recent events in East Germany and elsewhere, but now it takes on new urgency—and sensitivity. It was, after all, the great powers' deal on these nations—at Yalta, on the Black Sea—toward the end of the Second World War that put them under Soviet domination, and the Administration is wary of seeming to bless any continued Soviet control, at the same time that it doesn't want to appear to be humiliating Gorbachev, or making it more difficult for him to turn these nations loose. Since the Wyoming meetings, Baker has been saying that, according to his conversations with Shevardnadze, the Soviet Union is willing to give the nations of Eastern Europe a great deal of leeway, but its "bottom line" is that they must not leave the Warsaw Pact. The implication, of course, was that we should not try to entice them to leave the Warsaw Pact, but since this smacks slightly of another big-power deal Administration officials have been careful to state that no such deal exists. An aide to Baker says, "We do not have an understanding on ground rules in Eastern Europe." But at least until very recently we more or less did. Shevardnadze is said to have told Baker that Gorbachev knows that he cannot afford to crack down in Eastern Europe and within the Soviet Union (except to deal with ethnic unrest) and that he knew that if he did so it would be the end of *perestroika*. Baker told Shevardnadze that such crackdowns would set back U.S.-Soviet relations. By this fall, the United States policy was to try to allow Eastern European countries and the Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia to move out of the Soviet orbit in a peaceful fashion. Some officials had painful memories of 1956, when the United States encouraged Hungarian independence and then stood by while the Soviets crushed it. So officials have tried to avoid what they refer to as chest-thumping, or open calls for the independence of these countries—which sometimes makes them seem phlegmatic in the face of momentous events.

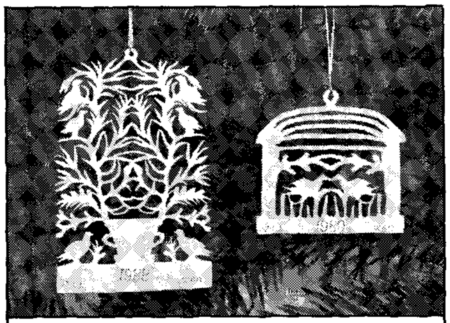
Until quite recently, Administration officials could take a relatively leisurely view of what was happening in Eastern Europe: some of the most farsighted ones privately predicted that Hungary would gradually make its way into the Western European framework, and that Poland might, too. Both nations are looking toward closer ties with the European Community. Bold thinkers foresaw these nations gradually working their way out of the Warsaw Pact, and the role of the Warsaw Pact and NATO gradually changing. By early November, as the speed of change accelerated and the East German government (with a push by Gorbachev) passed from the hands of Erich Honecker to Egon Krenz, American officials understood that what had seemed long-postponable subjects were heading toward them; when, last week, the borders between East and West Germany were opened, officials here understood that very thorny questions now had to be faced. It was the difficulty of those questions, and the desire to keep people from going off the deep end, that caused our high officials—in the face of a triumph of the human spirit and desire for liberty—to look so sombre. Among those questions, obviously, was the future status of Germany.

Until last week, officials could publicly deal with the question of the future of Germany by offering a boilerplate response—that, as Baker put it, on "Meet the Press," in October, "it's been the policy of NATO for quite some time, it has also been the policy of the United States, to support the concept of the reunification of Germany, provided it is done so, achieved, if you will, in peace and freedom." When Baker was asked how this could be squared with the Soviet Union's insistence that Eastern European countries remain within the Warsaw Pact, he was evasive. (The majority of the Warsaw Pact troops are based in East Germany.) But last week, when he was asked about this on "Nightline" and it was clear that the old evasions wouldn't work, Baker replied, "That's an issue that will have to be addressed at some point. . . . It is premature to address it yet, but it's one that we're aware of and one that we have to contemplate." When the President a few weeks ago told the New York *Times*, "I don't share the concern that some European countries have about a reunified Germany," he, too, was restating the boilerplate. Former West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt said on "MacNeil/Lehrer" on Monday, of unification, "The West has been asking for it all the time as long as everyone thought it wouldn't become a reality."

What Baker was alluding to in the "Nightline" interview was the possibility that Gorbachev, in his meeting with Bush, would propose the abolition of NATO and the Warsaw Pact—something the Soviets have begun to talk about. In fact, United States officials seemed to be deliberately spreading the word that Gorbachev might propose this—so as to eliminate the possibility of surprise and to state publicly, ahead of the meeting, No deal. When asked on "Meet the Press" how the President should respond to such a proposal, Cheney replied, "He should say that that's totally inappropriate at this time." The public as well as the President was being "fireproofed."

The immediacy of modern communication, with broadcast satellites flashing instantaneous information and images around the world, has lifted policy questions from the desks and the quiet meetings of policymakers and put them before a larger public. This same capacity for transmitting information has had a great deal to do with the spread of freedom. But it complicates the lives of policymakers—East and West. Even before the events of last week, some officials had seen that they needed to prepare to move beyond the public rituals about Germany—that the subject of reunification was no longer fantasy, if still unpleasant to many of our European allies. So they worked up a new formulation that stipulated first things first: before the subject could be seriously addressed, the East German government would have to reform. They never dreamed that such a possibility might come about so quickly. In the past few days, in order to slow down expectations, they have been saying that all that has happened is that East Germans have been given the freedom to travel, that we have to see what kind of elections East Germany holds (Krenz has promised them), and what sort of "democracy," if any, East Germany establishes, and so on. The policy, an official told me at the end of last week, hasn't changed—the only difference, he said, "is that we have to act on it sooner than we expected." He added that it is difficult to "make policy in a revolutionary situation, when our ability to affect things is limited. The question is how we live in a world where both the U.S. and the Soviet Union have lost influence and where they have things coming down around their ears."

The people on the seventh floor of the State Department—where Baker and his top deputies reside—see a number of possibilities, but to them the only acceptable ones are rooted in the Western alliance. These possibilities call for nurturing that alliance and at the same time giving psychological support to the West Germans. (Germany still endures some of the indignities of an occupied power—including the fact that the United States receives ten per cent of all the venison shot on certain reserves—which State Department officials would like to alleviate.) To key policymakers, such an approach makes cutting back on allied forces in Europe—including American servicemen—beyond those reductions contemplated in the C.F.E. negotiations risky, until some basic questions about what sort of transatlantic alliance we want have



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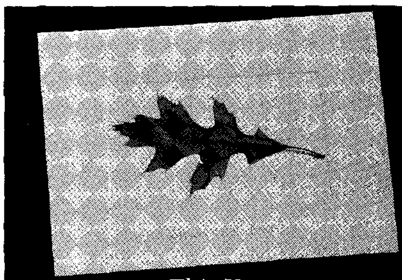

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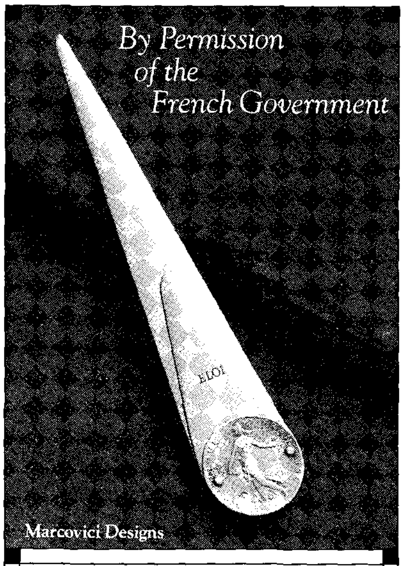

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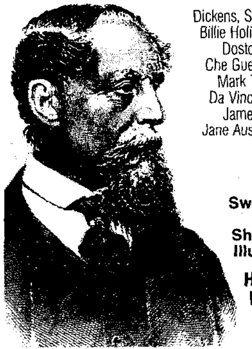

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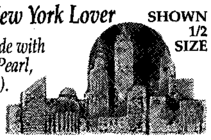

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been answered, but these officials also realize that the pressures here as well as in Europe to reduce those forces will be stronger than ever. The desire to anchor Germany in the West, policymakers say, also means placing great importance on the development of the European Community (which a number of policymakers now see as simply a trade threat). These policymakers can envision everything from a loose association between a democratic West Germany and an East Germany with a social-democratic government to a united Germany tied to the West (but how to get there is harder to see). There is also talk of a neutral Germany—and some officials have feared that Gorbachev might propose this to Bush.

Baker and his associates are defensive about the charge that they hadn't been thinking about Germany or Eastern Europe until recent events forced them to, and they point to various things that were said and done before now—including last spring helping the German government with its short-range nuclear-weapons issue. Baker says that the Bush Administration understood all along that it would have the responsibility for "managing change"—a phrase first used by Baker early in the Administration—in what he calls the "post postwar period." Baker considered making a speech in Germany last month on the subject of Germany in the East-West context, but decided, in light of the stream of refugees from East Germany, that this would be too provocative. Instead, a section on Germany was inserted in the first of Baker's two speeches on United States–Soviet relations saying, "It is time for *perestroika* and *glasnost* to come to East Germany."

Baker believes that through close consultation with our allies a policy will evolve that will either adapt the existing institutions or devise new ones to deal with the change in Eastern Europe. He foresees the end of neither NATO nor the Warsaw Pact but a possible change in their roles, away from a military to a more political one, with Germany remaining closely tied to both NATO and the European Community. U.S. policymakers are considering such new roles for NATO as dealing with regional issues or nuclear non-proliferation. Baker doesn't assume that the Warsaw Pact will unravel even as Eastern European na-

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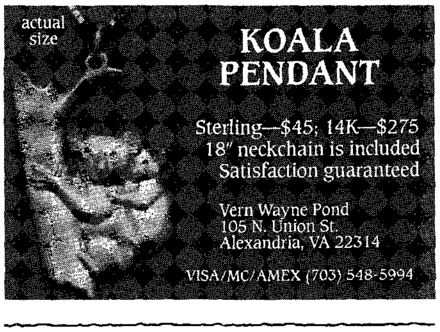

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tions, including East Germany, become—if they do—democratic. Baker does foresee the possibility of tying us more closely to the European Community, even perhaps institutionalizing our relationship with it, as a way to strengthen the Atlantic Alliance.

Perhaps not coincidentally, Gorbachev, on Tuesday, moved away from the talk of dissolving both pacts and spoke of the need for gradual change in the role of the Warsaw Pact, and signals coming out of the Soviet Union are that, like Baker, Gorbachev visualizes a changing role for both NATO and the Warsaw Pact, to keep things and countries from spinning out of control. On the same day, Shevardnadze repeated the Soviets' opposition to a reunited Germany—like the West, the Soviet Union has bad memories, too, and a desire to keep some grip on its old territories, including East Germany. Also on the same day, Gorbachev warned the West not to "shout about victory in the Cold War, about the collapse of this or that social system."

State Department officials sometimes deliberately use the word "unification," rather than "reunification," because the latter could mean a return to the 1937 borders, whereas "unification" could take various forms. But, whatever the form, no one in an official position thinks it will happen soon—despite the excitement of recent days. But policymakers here and elsewhere—in Europe, in the Soviet Union, and even in Germany—may be overestimating the amount of control they will have over the future shape and nature of Germany. Events may overleap them on this, as they have lately on so many other matters.

Bush's subdued reaction, in an Oval Office meeting with reporters on the day the East German government opened its borders ("We are handling it in a way where we are not trying to give anybody a hard time. . . . I'm elated. . . . I'm just not an emotional kind of guy"), was based in part on a desire not to gloat—especially just before meeting Gorbachev—and also on an understanding of the hard questions, and dangers, to come. This is why United States officials have in recent days been stressing the dangers of "instability." Not only is the German situation potentially explosive but, as the Soviet hold on Eastern Europe slips away, old intra-Eastern Europe rivalries—of the sort that touched off the First World War and have never really been settled—could come to the fore. The "Balkans question" could be with us again. (This is in part why both Gorbachev and Baker seem to want the Warsaw Pact to endure in some form.) Bush's advisers realized that his inert performance had been a mistake, and over the next couple of days his rhetoric was lifted a notch or two, and on Sunday, in an appearance on "This Week with David Brinkley," Baker—who was making appearances all over the place (in contrast to his post-Panama shyness)—insisted that "we have characterized these events as dramatic and significant and remarkable. And by some we are accused of not reacting in an enthusiastic enough way. I'd like to put that to rest."

The Bush Administration, it is to be remembered, has a pattern of letting the criticism build up and then, through some action or speech, undercutting it (the President's proposal to NATO on conventional forces, the meeting in the Mediterranean). This may not be everybody's idea of leadership, but it does get the Administration time and applause—for a while. What's missing is the capacious vision of a George Marshall, or the daring of a Harry Truman. Yet the Bush Administration isn't likely to let the whole issue of Eastern Europe and Germany get away from it (Baker's reputation—as well as Bush's—is on the line); after a time, there could be another speech and an initiative of some sort. Bush has slow instincts (the Exxon Valdez, China, Hurricane Hugo)—he is a politician by the numbers rather than by instinct. And his rhetoric will rarely give us the lift that we would like; even when he tries for lifting rhetoric, it seems labored. To some extent, when it comes to leadership, style *is* substance; a leader with a muted, or tangled, tongue won't often be able to move people. Moreover, Bush's foreign-policy team lacks grand conceptualizers; but, as we have seen in the past, grand conceptualizers can make damn-fool mistakes. This team hasn't made big mistakes yet—the much-discussed "caution" does have its positive side—and may now be learning that you can't lead from the rear.

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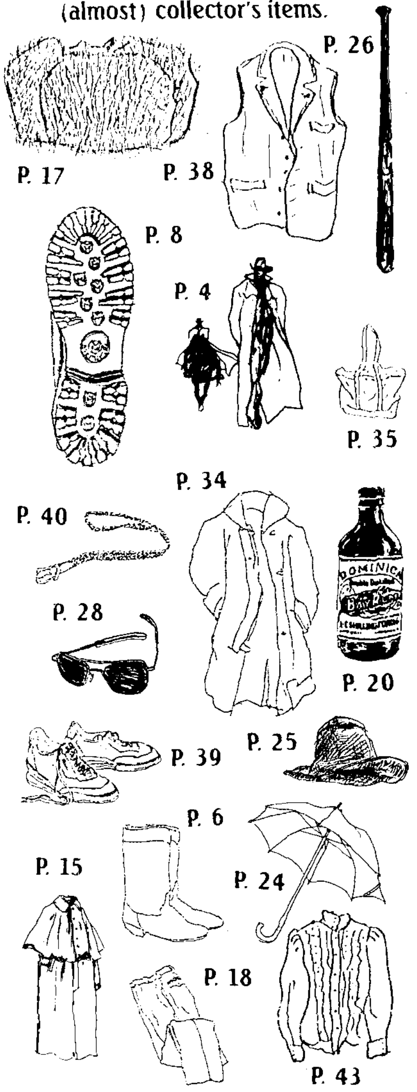

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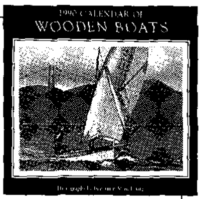

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BOOKS

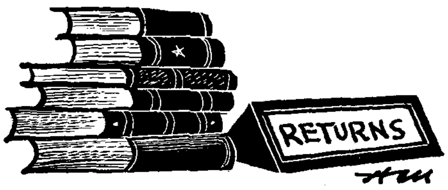
Children's Books for Christmas

LIKE every literate child in the Western world, I was introduced to fairy tales—"Cinderella," "Snow White," and the rest—by the brothers Grimm, and, like many among the brothers' countless readers, I grew up with only a hazy notion of who they were. By and by, I learned that they were nineteenth-century German scholars, whose collections of folktales marked the beginning of modern literature for children, but I still had no clear idea of what kind of men they were. If I had an image of them, it was of bearded figures like those on the Smith Brothers cough-drop package. I have recently learned that that image was wrong. The Grimms were clean-shaven and had abundant curly hair, worn tousled; Jacob's brushed his coat collar, Wilhelm's just covered his ears. Wilhelm, the younger brother, had an appealing countenance: finely modelled, sensitive, intelligent. As he sits for a portrait with his hands crossed on his desk, his large eyes have a penetrating yet wistful gaze. Jacob had a higher forehead, a bonier nose, and a notably resolute expression. He was the short brother, who worked with "iron diligence," driven by an almost mystical belief, which Wilhelm shared, that myths, legends, and folktales held deep "truths" about human history—especially that of the German people.

It is a hundred and seventy-seven years since the Grimms' fairy tales were first published. In that time, the tales have gone around the world, in over seventy languages, and served as early literature for millions of children, with countless new readers coming along each year. Nowadays, the most popular tales are usually published one by one. "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Frog King," "Snow White," "The Bremen Town Musicians," and a dozen others make timeless and beautiful picture books; new editions appear every year. First, however, editors must remove the worst of the violence and cruelty that were acceptable in the Grimms' time but, happily, are not in ours. A look at the unexpurgated tales can be a shock. Browsing through a splendid recent translation by Jack Zipes ("The Complete Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm"; Bantam; 1987), I found that I knew only the pretty parts and had no idea of the extent to which murder, mutilation, incest, and child abuse are part of our fairy-tale heritage. This is, of course, well known to scholars, for whom the tales have become a sort of golden goose, endlessly supplying raw material for their industry. As early as 1908, Freud discovered deep sexual suggestions in "Little Red Riding Hood." Since then, his followers, notably Erich Fromm and Bruno Bettelheim, have been joined by Jungians, Marxists, feminists, and, of course, folklorists (to name only the foremost) in analyzing the hidden content of the tales. Scholarly bibliographies, I find, are yards long. My own interest, however, has been in knowing the Grimms as men rather than as household names. In this, the most useful reading was the preface to Jack Zipes' translation of the "Tales," and two biographies: "Paths Through the Forest," by Murray B. Peppard, and "The Brothers Grimm," by Ruth Michaelis-Jena.

The fairy tales that children read represent a very small part of the Grimms' work. For most of their incredibly productive lives, they pursued their grail through the pages of old manuscripts, seeking the origins of words and studying ancient sagas, myths, and legends. They taught themselves dead languages along the way; Old High German, Gothic, Old Norse, Old English, Sanskrit, and Old Danish were among the dozen or so they mastered. Though the romantic and religious ideas on which their work was based have not endured, their scholarship was enormously important and fruitful.

The Grimms felt that in collecting folk and fairy tales they were carrying out an exalted mission to preserve a national heritage of what they called *Volkspoesie*, stemming from the childhood of the human race. They saw folktales as "the wonderful last echoes of ancient myths," and *Volkspoesie* as "a common possession of the common people . . . whose origin mortal eyes cannot see and which therefore is full of mystery like all living things." Jacob sought many times to express this tantalizing and elusive idea, as when he wrote, "Myths are for me the pure water that waters the world from the beginning. . . . The truth in every folktale touches us like the pressure of a sunbeam, which we cannot grasp at its source."



Throughout their lives, Jacob and Wilhelm worked side by side, often sharing ideas and collaborating, at other times working on separate but related projects. In editing the fairy tales, Jacob made the initial decisions, and Wilhelm rewrote and refined the tales through seven editions, published over a period of thirty-seven years. The brothers also shared the interesting idea that language develops almost like an organism, with a life of its own. Both brothers loved words, and loved tracing them back to antiquity. Jacob loved the detail that such work involved. In a letter to friends he wrote, "You would be sure to say Why all this fuss about letters and words! But I will defend myself and answer; the Lord made small things as well as big ones, and everything man looks at closely, is full of wonder."

The brothers were born in Hanau, a little village in what was then the independent state of Hesse-Kassel and is now part of West Germany—Jacob in 1785 and Wilhelm thirteen months later, in 1786. Germany was not yet one nation, and European politics were volatile. In the Grimms' lifetime, their homeland was overrun first by Napoleon's forces and then by Russia. At the time of their birth, the Industrial Revolution was just beginning. There would soon be steam engines and gaslights everywhere, but the world of their childhood was old-fashioned and candlelit. Their parents were kind, loving, and prosperous bourgeois. The household was comfortable and cheerful. Their mother, Dorothea Zimmer, baked bread and supervised two maids. She bore three more sons in quick succession. When Jacob was six, the family moved to Steinau, an old, walled town of half-timbered houses just a few miles from Hanau. For the move, their furniture was wrapped in straw and piled into wagons. Their father, Philipp Grimm, who was a lawyer, had been appointed *Amtmann*, or magistrate, and their new home, an official residence, was large. There was a courtyard, and gardens, and a tower in which storks nested. Here the Grimms' life continued happy and secure. The little boys wore brown cotton smocks tied in the back. Their jackets were purple linen. In winter, they wore heavy gray coats with white buttons. Their hair was shoulder length and loose, but would later be plaited into pigtails. From smocks they graduated to tight trousers, round hats, and, on Sunday, red coats and low-heeled slippers.

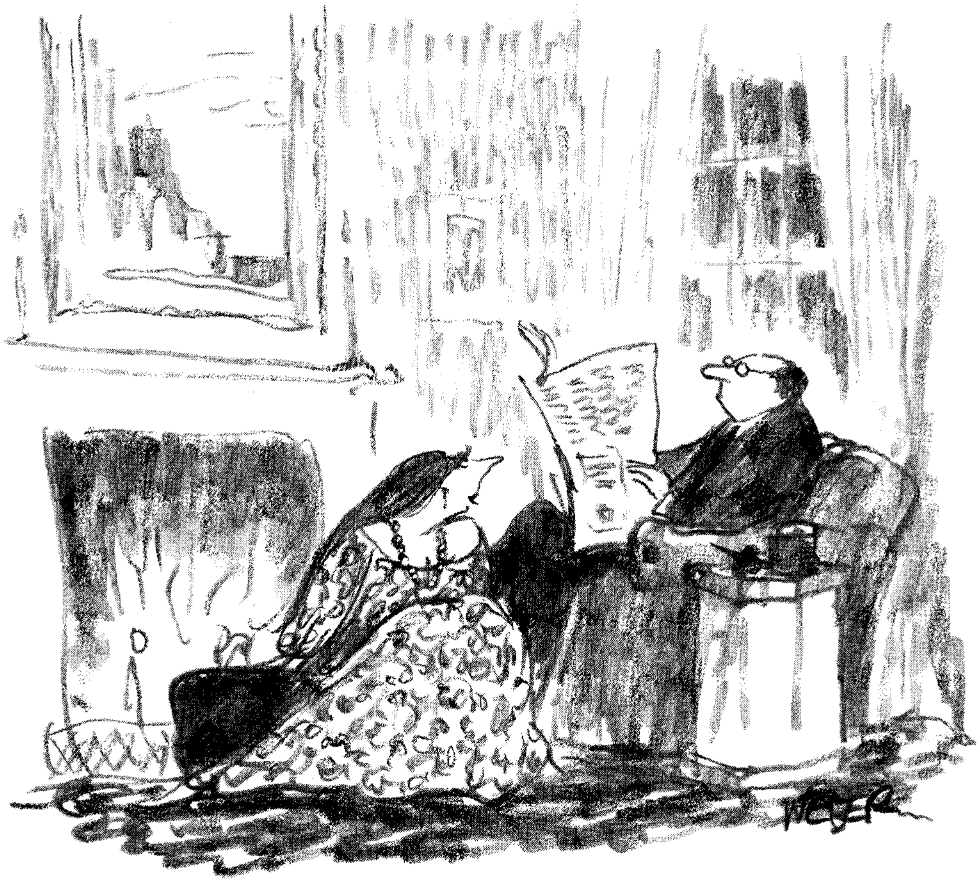
In 1793, a sister, Lotte, was born. Jacob and Wilhelm went to a local school with the sons of peasants. They were tutored in French and dancing. In addition, a pedantic old man, Preceptor Zinckhan, taught them Latin, careful penmanship, and the virtues of attention and diligence. Jacob, often bored, watched the clock while Zinckhan droned on.

The happy phase of their childhood ended abruptly, in 1796, when their father was taken ill. His sufferings are described in a letter Jacob wrote to his Grandfather Zimmer: "Our dear father is very weak . . . and this is not surprising, as during the last few days he has been bled five times, and three large blisters were raised on his chest. With violent, stinging pains at every breath, and having had nothing but medicine and drinks for a week, he is completely exhausted." Philipp Grimm died a few days later, at the age of forty-four. The loss was catastrophic. Without any income, the widow was forced to depend on her father and her elder sister to support her six children. Fortunately, her sister, Henriette Zimmer, had a position as lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Hesse and was willing to help. The Grimms moved to a smaller, rented house. Jacob, eleven, became the family's best hope for a future breadwinner, and he accepted that responsibility for the rest of his life.

When Jacob and Wilhelm were thirteen and twelve, Aunt Henriette sent them to a lyceum in Kassel, the capital of Hesse. Most of the students were of aristocratic rank, and the Grimms were at a disadvantage. Jacob was small for his age, introverted, and serious, with sharp eyes and a determined chin. Wilhelm, taller and gentler, suffered from asthma. They lived in a lodging house, sharing a bed, and studied ten hours a day. Letters from home reminded the boys of their duty. Grandfather Zimmer to Jacob: "You must remember your goal . . . This means diligence . . . so that you may . . . do yourselves credit, and give pleasure to your mother, to me and the whole family. Therefore, keep away from company which might lead you into temptations." Frau Grimm wrote Wilhelm, "Be diligent . . . you must do without many pleasures just now. Do not look for company of other young lads around, or you will become too distracted. . . . You must not compare yourself to other young people of your age who may go out and enjoy themselves. Perhaps they still have both their parents. But you no longer have a father and that counts for a lot."

Both boys worked like beavers and were soon at the top of their classes. Four years later, Jacob, seventeen, was ready for a university. He wanted to study law at the University of Marburg, but his social rank was a notch below what was required. His mother submitted a petition to the landgrave, and it was granted, but Jacob, unlike the richer boys, was not given a state subsidy and had to scrimp along on what his aunt could spare. At Marburg, separated from Wilhelm for the first time, he was isolated and lonely. He wrote bitterly, "Lack of money is an inducement to diligence and work, protects one from many forms of distraction, and inculcates the noble pride which the consciousness of one's own merits maintains with regard to that which others are given by their status and wealth." His classmates nicknamed him "the old man." Wilhelm joined him a year later. Again they shared a room, and Jacob's outlook brightened.

Marburg was a turning point in the brothers' lives. They read voraciously, collected books, and spent evenings with the local literati, drinking tea laced with red wine and encountering new and exciting ideas. Most important, they studied law with Friedrich Karl von Savigny, a brilliant teacher, who believed that one could best un-



"There's another wall I'd like to see come down."

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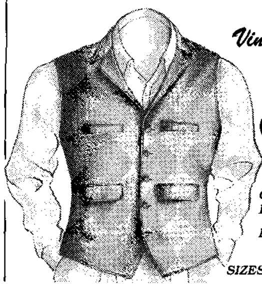

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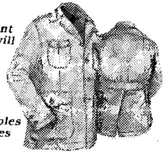

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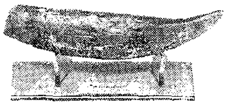

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derstand law by tracing its origins in the customs and language of the people who developed it. It was this theory that led the Grimms into the study of earlier cultures. Savigny and his brother-in-law Clemens Brentano, a poet, also introduced the Grimms to the Romantic movement, which idealized the past. Jacob and Wilhelm were "intoxicated with joy and delight" as they discovered long-forgotten manuscripts in the university library. Savigny recognized the Grimms as outstanding students and invited Jacob to join him in Paris, where he was doing research on Roman law. Jacob accepted, and stayed with the Savigny family in Paris for almost a year. There he discovered a wealth of old manuscripts and became ever more fascinated by ancient German literature. Again, he missed Wilhelm, and he wrote to him, "What I would give . . . just to see the curtain in your room or hear you sing, badly as you have done it at times." A few months later, he wrote, "Let us never ever separate, and even supposing that one of us wanted to go to some other place, the other would at once have to give up everything. We have now become so accustomed to our communal life that even this present separation could be enough to drive me to death."

Wilhelm replied, "What you write about staying together is all very beautiful, and it moved me. That has always been my wish, for I feel that no one cares for me as much as you do, and I certainly love you just as much."

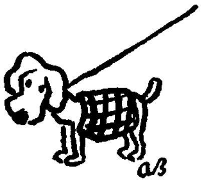
Meanwhile, Frau Grimm had moved to Kassel. The family finances were such that Jacob felt he must start earning immediately to support his family. He had lost interest in the law, and wanted only to go on studying old Germanic languages and literature; in the meantime, he would take whatever work he could get. In January, 1806, he became secretary to the War College in Kassel. The work was tedious and poorly paid, and he disliked wearing the high collar and powdered wig that were required on occasion, but his earnings kept the family afloat. That same year, Napoleon defeated Prussia, and French troops marched into Kassel. Napoleon's youngest brother, Jérôme, arrived as king of a newly formed state. Jacob was out of a job. So were the other brothers, and the family lived from hand to mouth. To make matters worse, in 1808 Frau Grimm died, leaving her children grief-stricken and forlorn. Lotte, only fifteen, kept house as best she could. Jacob wrote to Aunt Henriette, "We are now in the most inconsolable and saddest condition and still do not know how to help ourselves."

Wilhelm wrote bravely, "In all tribulations we shall remain united in love."

The family fortunes improved a few months later, when Jacob was hired by King Jérôme as the director of his private library. Fortunately, the job allowed Jacob spare time for his own studies. Wilhelm was still unemployed. He had always been delicate and asthmatic. Now he developed chest pains and went to a spa for treatment.

Jacob had a hard time in his absence. He wrote to Wilhelm, "If God would only grant us just enough so we could lead an outwardly moderate life, independent from earning money. . . . In any case, there must first be peace in Germany. Oh, if only God would provide peace." And, again, "Oh, if only our mother were still alive. Since her death, our house has been uncomfortable, because there is nothing that binds us together and there is no longer any order at mealtimes. Often I feel as though I would like to go to an inn, perhaps because I must concern myself with so many petty details or must listen to them."

Wilhelm returned from the spa in better health, but found that, despite Jacob's earnings, the family was barely surviving. He wrote to Aunt Henriette, "We curtail our needs as much as propriety allows, but we cannot go much further. . . . I usually save something from breakfast, because I cannot bear waiting until five o'clock. Jacob eats only breakfast when each of us drinks but a single cup of coffee and eats nothing more than milk bread. We have done away with tea, because sugar is too expensive. Yet we must go around wearing proper underclothes and clothes."



Their lives during this time could not have been entirely bleak, however, for in the five years between 1807 and 1812 one of the brothers' many studious projects was collecting fairy tales. Their friend Clemens Brentano had published a volume of old songs, to

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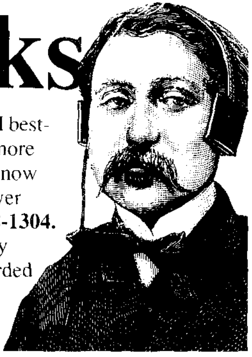

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which Jacob and Wilhelm had contributed. Next, Brentano turned to old tales, and asked the Grimms to collect some for him. The Grimms saw folktales as buried treasure in danger of being lost forever, and enthusiastically set out to find tale-tellers and to transcribe their stories. They found a number close at hand. The family next door, whose daughter, Dortchen Wild, Wilhelm later married, provided "Snow White," "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Sleeping Beauty," and many more. On his copy of "The Singing Bone" Wilhelm noted, "Dortchen, Jan. 19, by the stove in the summer house." Other friends of the Grimms, the Hassenpflug family, who were of French descent, contributed "Bluebeard" and "Puss in Boots." The brothers wrote scores of letters urging more distant friends to carry on the search. Many of the tale-tellers were educated young women, who repeated stories told them in the nursery, but others were peasants. An old soldier exchanged tales for Wilhelm's worn trousers. A country woman, Dorothea Viehman, who came to the Grimms' door selling fruit and eggs, turned out to be a gold mine. Ludwig Grimm, the youngest brother, who was then an art student, did a remarkably vivid portrait of her, and Wilhelm described her: "She had a strong and pleasant face, and a clear, sharp look in her eyes. In her youth, she must have been beautiful. She retains these old tales firmly in her mind, a gift, as she says, not possessed by everyone. . . . She recounts her stories thoughtfully, accurately, with uncommon vividness and evident delight."

In 1810, the Grimms sent Brentano forty-nine tales, but prudently kept copies. Brentano, who proved to be an unreliable fellow, did nothing with the manuscript. Two years later, another literary friend, Achim von Arnim, visited Kassel, and the brothers showed him their collection. "It was he who drove us to publication," Jacob wrote. "He liked the fairy tales best. . . . Pacing up and down the room, he read sheet after sheet while a tame canary, keeping its balance with graceful movements of its wings, was perched on his head and appeared to be quite at home amidst his thick locks." The Grimms sent the collection to a publisher in Berlin, and the first volume, entitled "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," appeared in December, 1812. To the

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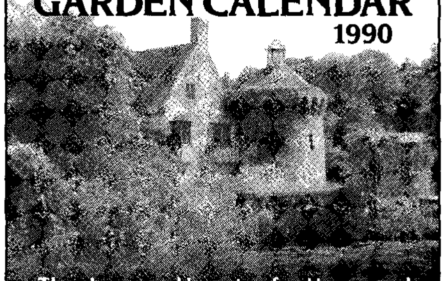

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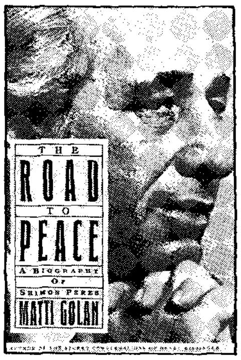

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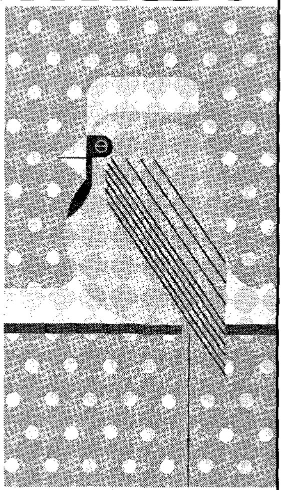

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Grimms' surprise, the book was received well not only by scholars but by the general public—even by children, whose enthusiasm the brothers had not expected. A friend wrote, "We have not been able to tear them from the children's hands. . . . My eldest girl has spread them among the children in town." Wilhelm went to work on a second volume, and by the time it appeared, in 1814, he was able to write to Jacob, "The tales have made us known everywhere."

Unfortunately, the tales did not make the brothers rich. Royalties were small. However, their finances had improved when, in 1813, the French withdrew, and the former prince returned. Jacob was asked to serve on the Hessian peace delegation in Paris, while Wilhelm was hired to work in the prince's library; Jacob, on his return, was hired, too. The brothers settled down for a period of peaceful scholarship, side by side. Jacob seems to have been uninterested in marrying. Wilhelm flirted with a wellborn young lady for a number of years, but the affair came to nothing. Finally, at thirty-nine, he married Dortchen Wild, the girl next door, and she moved in with the brothers, taking the place of Lotte, who had married. By then, Ludwig was a successful artist (he left an interesting pictorial record of his brothers), and the two other brothers had finally become independent.

Jacob and Wilhelm found that work at the library was not demanding, and they were able to put in long hours on their own projects. They had been contributing papers to learned journals for some time and publishing a journal of their own. Jacob's study of German Meistersingers and Wilhelm's of Old Danish heroic tales had been published in 1811. In 1812, they jointly published a study of two medieval works, the "Song of Hildebrand" and the "Prayer of Wessobrunn." In 1815, they began a joint work on old German legends and law, and Jacob began a monumental project—a grammar that traced the growth of Germanic languages from fourth-century Gothic, and that took thirty-five years to complete. (It contained important discoveries; one of them, involving the "sound shift" of consonants in related Indo-European languages, is still referred to as Grimm's Law.) Wilhelm, along with other scholarly work, continued to revise and rewrite the ever more popular household tales, in what Jacob called his "silver style."

Jacob was totally devoted to his work. "From earliest childhood," he wrote, "I was possessed of unwearying industry." He worked so hard on the grammar that Wilhelm feared for his health. All that Jacob wanted was to be left alone, "in blissful solitude" with his books. "I should be contented to sit for weeks without going out, in a tiny study with a single large window without curtains, so that I could see the bright sky." He described himself as "quiet, single-minded, and often sad." Wilhelm, on the other hand, enjoyed social evenings with music, and even dancing. Jacob tried to enjoy company, but tended to get bored and fall asleep. Wilhelm, always frail, had spells of illness, and during them Jacob was solicitous but complained about having to interrupt his work to be polite to Wilhelm's many well-wishers. The brothers' increasing fame as scholars also brought visitors from out of town, whom Jacob found trying. "Where many people are gathered I am awkward and stupid," he wrote. "The most annoying thing in the world is the unavoidable visits of people who are indifferent to me."

Wilhelm and Dortchen raised three children. Years later, their son Herman wrote, "The first thing I recall when I think of my father or uncle: that silence was their real element. . . . I remember how as a child I slowly walked about in the studies of my father and 'Apapa,' as we children called Jacob Grimm. Only the scratching of the pen was audible, or perhaps Jacob's frequent little cough. When writing, he bent down close over the paper . . . and he wrote quickly and eagerly. The facial features of both were constantly in slight movement: their eyebrows went up or down, at times they stared into empty space. . . . I cannot conceive of anyone's daring to interrupt this sacred silence."

After thirteen peaceful years, the brothers' work at the library ended in a dispute over promotion. Both Grimms resigned, and spent a lean year until they were hired as librarians—Jacob was to be a professor of philology as well—at Göttingen University, in the kingdom of Hannover, one of the finest universities in Europe. Again, the brothers settled in one household and worked together in the library and on their studies, and both also lectured. Politically, the Grimms were liberal and intensely patriotic, hoping for a united Germany under enlightened rule. It did not come about. In 1837, a repressive king suspended Hannover's constitution and demanded a loyalty oath from civil servants. The Grimms refused to take it. Five other professors joined them, and the so-called Göttingen Seven became famous for their defiance of despotism. Out of a job, the Grimms returned to Kassel. Again, their finances were desperate. Supported by a small stipend from a publisher, they began work on their last and by far their biggest project—a dictionary of the German language. Three hard years later, the intercession of friends got them positions as professors at the University of Berlin, and they were secure at last.

In Berlin, the Grimms had a comfortable house—ten rooms, with a balcony overlooking the Tiergarten—and they also had prestige and honor. Important people wined and dined them until Jacob was exhausted. They worked in adjoining studies filled with books, family pictures, potted plants, and mementos. In 1853, when they were in their late sixties, a visitor described them: "Wilhelm came in first, a man with a quietly contented face, with blue eyes and long gray hair. He looks more a man of feeling than an intellectual. The mildness of his ways is attractive . . . Quite different Jacob, who . . . immediately induces a little nervousness. The liveliness of his eyes is fascinating and compelling, but when his endearing smile lights up his features . . . one must love him."

By that time, the fairy tales were immensely popular, not only in Germany but in England and America. Although the brothers had originally set out to preserve the tales exactly as they came from the lips of the *Volk*, Wilhelm revised each new edition—the last in 1857—adding colorful details and making the tales better suited to an ever-widening and increasingly juvenile audience. The nature of these changes has been minutely analyzed by scholars. Jack Zipes, in "The Brothers Grimm," a 1988 collection of talks and essays, offers some interesting theories on how the Grimms' early emotional life may have shaped their editing. He ascribes much importance to their father's death, and finds the tales imbued with loss and fear of separation from

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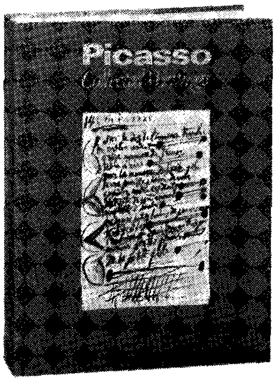

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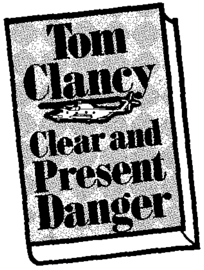

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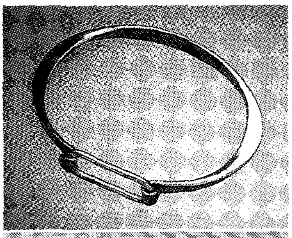

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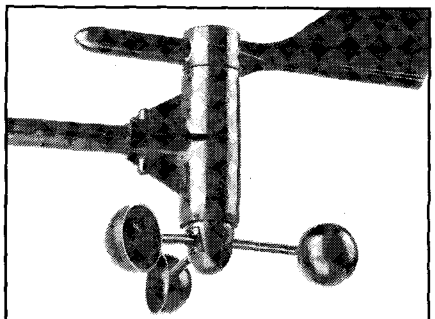
loved ones. He believes that the brothers' attachment to each other was a compensation for the loss of their father, and their diligence a compensation for the family's decline in status. He points out that the tales often portray the dissolution of the hero's family and his quest for a new one—an eerie parallel to the brothers' own lives. Other favorite themes involve brothers and sisters together overcoming adversity. The "good fairy" who saves the day might be Aunt Henriette, who often did just that. Becoming a prince, Zipes suggests, is a symbol of mastery over oneself and over forces that include women and nature.

Wilhelm Grimm died suddenly, of an infection, in 1859, when he was almost seventy-four. Newspapers printed romantic accounts of Jacob's grief, but Herman Grimm recalled that Apapa took it with quiet sadness and then went back to work.

Jacob lived on, with Dortchen, for four years longer, a thin old man with white hair and bright eyes, still working on the dictionary, though it had been evident for years that he could not finish it. He died suddenly in 1863, having reached the letter "F" and the word *Frucht* ("fruit"). In his lifetime, Jacob had published twenty-one important books and Wilhelm fourteen. They were joint authors of eight. They left twelve volumes of essays and notes, and had written thousands of letters. Their two lifetimes of work added up to millions of words. They would surely find it amazing that only the fairy stories achieved immortality. Perhaps they would be pleased. After Wilhelm's death, Jacob said, "Of all our books, the fairytales were closest to his heart, and he never lost sight of them . . . Every time I now take up these fairytales, I am deeply moved, for on every page I see him before me, and recognize his mind at work."

I WISH I could describe all the books I've liked this year, but there are, of course, too many. Instead, I offer the following shorter lists, divided according to readers' ages. The first begins with picture books I think a two-year-old would be happy to find under the Christmas tree:

The Pop-Up Mice of Mr. Brice, by Theo. LeSieg, illustrated by Roy McKie (Random House; $9.95). A portrait gallery of mice doing lively things. Each page is loaded with inter-



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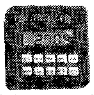

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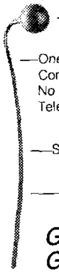

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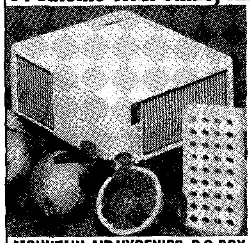

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BABAR AND HIS CHILDREN, by Jean de Brunhoff (Random House; $16.95). Another Babar book in a large format, as it was originally published, some fifty years ago. In this one, Babar becomes the father of triplets. They bring Babar great joy and a few gray hairs as they encounter a string of perils—runaway prams and nasty crocodiles—but in Babar's sunny world our side always wins.

ONCE THERE WERE GIANTS, by Martin Waddell, illustrated by Penny Dale (Delacorte; $13.95). The story of growing up, told in a deceptively simple picture book: an album of family "snapshots" taken at various stages in a girl's life—baby, child, teen-ager, bride, with a new baby completing the circle. The book neatly captures a concept that often puzzles the very young.

JULIAN, by Dayal Kaur Khalsa (Clarkson N. Potter; $12.95). The author (and artist) once lived in the country with two gentle cats and a dog who loved to chase them. The animals' adventures and ultimate reconciliation make an appealing story. The illustrations are stylish and striking.

THE MITTEN, adapted and illustrated by Jan Brett (Putnam; $14.95). Once again, this gifted illustrator has created a book so pretty it shouldn't be missed. A Ukrainian folktale about a lost mitten that many forest creatures try to claim as a home gives her fine opportunities for vivid pictures of animals and luminous winter scenes.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, retold and illustrated by John Howe (Little, Brown; $14.95). The old story is brought to new life by Howe's compelling illustrations. The setting is a medieval never-never land and the giant a black-clad knight of terrible size and ferocity. Howe's remarkable blending of realism and fantasy al-

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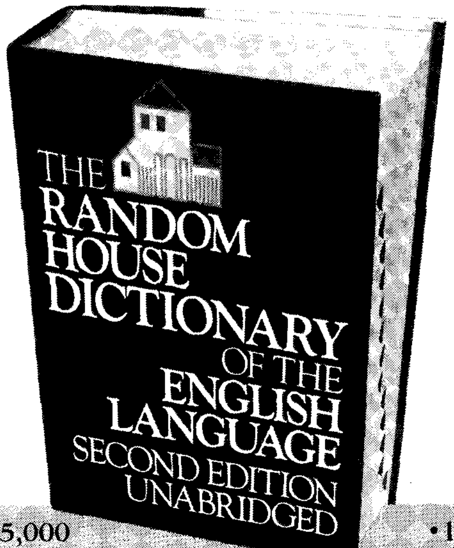
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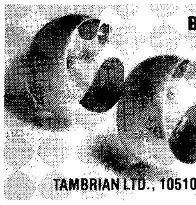

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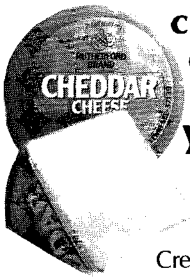

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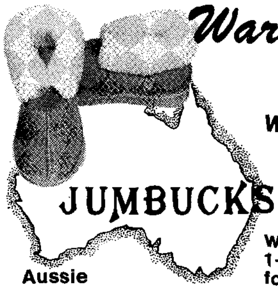

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Oh, Brother, by Arthur Yorinks, illustrated by Richard Egielski (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15.95). A Dickensian story, told mostly in wild pictures, about a pair of bad-tempered twin boys orphaned in New York many years ago. Though the brothers are incorrigibly awful, especially to each other, fate always rescues them. Whatever the message, the book has a vigor that is irresistible.

These storybooks are for readers from six or seven up to about nine:

Jump On Over!: The Adventures of Brer Rabbit and His Family, by Joel Chandler Harris, adapted by Van Dyke Parks, illustrated by Barry Moser (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). Uncle Remus's tales, collected from old-time black storytellers, were first published in 1880. Children loved them. Forgotten for decades, they have been reissued in a streamlined form and are again a great hit. This is the third book in a series. Moser's illustrations are full of character.

Emily and the Enchanted Frog, by Helen V. Griffith, illustrated by Susan Condie Lamb (Greenwillow; $12.95). Here are three funny, up-to-date stories about a little girl's misadventures with magic: kissing a frog produces an angry prince who would rather be a frog; three wishes from an elf boil down to zero wishes; and a chat with a creature living in a seashell raises more questions than it answers. A witty, refreshing book for a sophisticated child.

A Frog Prince, by Alix Berenzy (Holt; $13.95). Another switch on the Grimm classic: Berenzy tells the tale from the frog's point of view. Quitting the haughty princess, the frog sets forth to seek a princess who will appreciate him. When he finds her, she is lovely and green, with golden eyes—an amphibian, just like him. The fairy-tale pictures are as clever as they are beautiful.

The Mask of the Dancing Princess, by Judith Gwyn Brown (Atheneum; $14.95). An exciting fairy story, set in a medieval land, about a spoiled princess, stolen by Gypsies, who learns kindness and courage from her opposite number, a ragged dancing girl. The tale unfolds gracefully with the help of romantic illustrations.

Birdy and the Ghosties, by Jill

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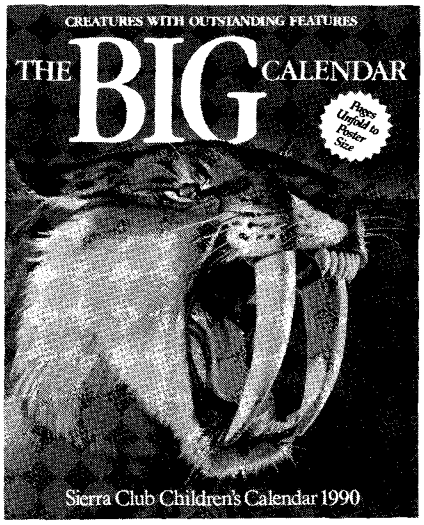
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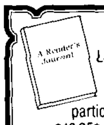

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Paton Walsh, illustrated by Alan Marks (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95). A sweet little story set in the North—perhaps the Hebrides, to judge from the nice, misty watercolor illustrations. Birdy, a ferryman's daughter, has the gift of second sight. She needs that, and all her courage, when invisible travellers demand a ride.

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY, by Truman Capote, illustrated by Beth Peck (Knopf; $19.95 for the book and a cassette narrated by Celeste Holm). Capote's charming memoir of himself, age seven, and the old lady, dear and a bit daft, who was his only friend was not written as a book for children but serves the purpose beautifully. At his best, Capote was a marvellous writer, and one couldn't ask for better than this touching vignette.

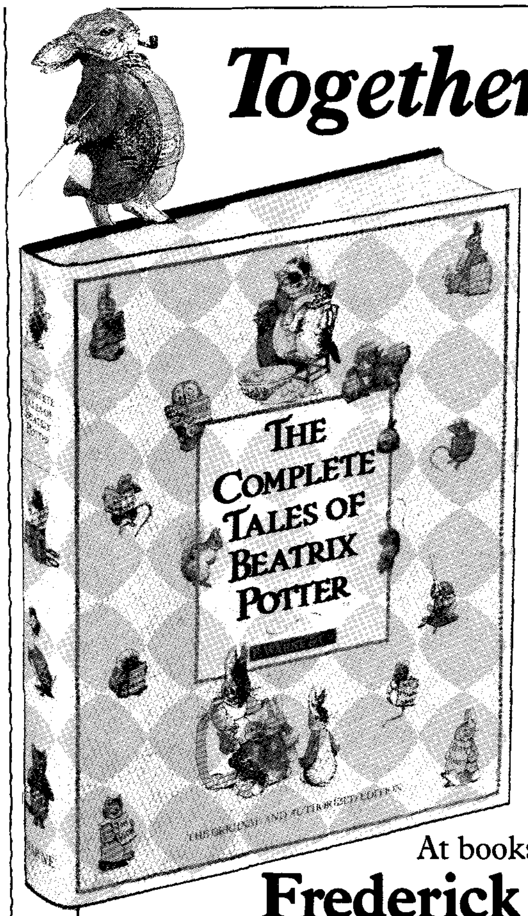
SPOOKY POEMS, collected by Jill Bennett, illustrated by Mary Rees (Little, Brown; $13.95). Assorted monsters, goblins, and nameless things that slither or shriek—or worse—are presented in twenty-five genuinely funny poems by, among others, E. E. Cummings, Ted Hughes, and Shel Silverstein. Mary Rees's pictures are full of wickedness and high good humor.

POEMS OF A. NONNY MOUSE, selected by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Henrik Drescher (Knopf; $12.95). Prelutsky coyly claims that these irreverent verses are the work of a certain heretofore uncredited Ms. Mouse. Be that as it may, they are perfectly suited to a juvenile sense of humor. Drescher's elegantly absurd art brings out the best in them.

HERE are half a dozen nonfiction books, for no particular ages, about animals:

A GALLERY OF DINOSAURS & OTHER EARLY REPTILES, by David Peters (Knopf; $14.95). A hundred variations on the theme of early reptiles are presented in a satisfyingly large book. Their portraits are painted with reference to human size, showing us just how big, or small, those weird creatures were. Nonreaders can browse through the pictures, which include four foldout pages. The text gives a thumbnail biography of each species.

THE NEWS ABOUT DINOSAURS, by Patricia Lauber (Bradbury; $14.95). For dedicated dinosaur fans, there can't be too many books on the subject. This one describes recent discoveries: scientists now think that some dino-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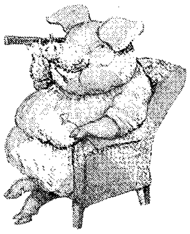

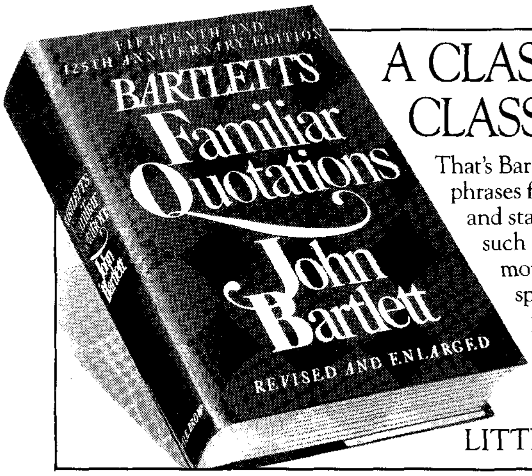
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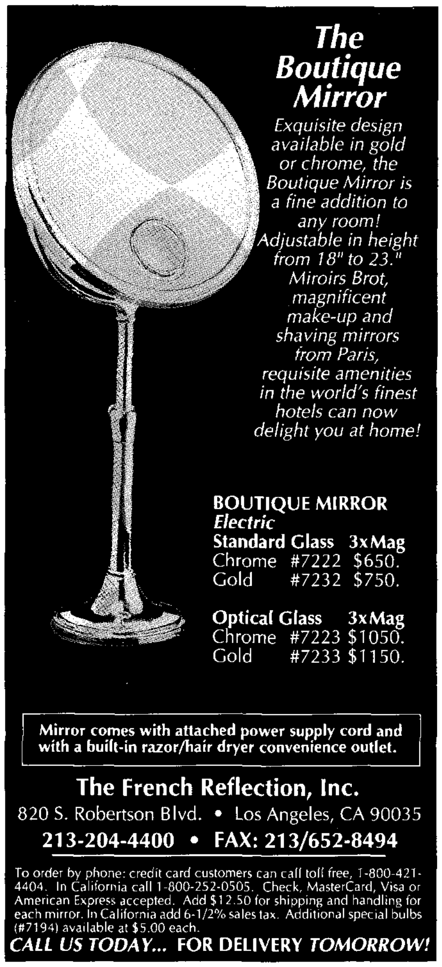
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saurs lived in herds, some took care of their young, a few may have had feathers, and all had voices and may have croaked, tootled, barked, bellowed, bayed, or blasted to express themselves. The accompanying paintings and drawings are splendid.

Birds of Antarctica: The Wandering Albatross, by Jennifer Owings Dewey (Little, Brown; $15.95). The author/artist spent months in the Antarctic, and her first-hand experience is reflected in the authenticity and feeling with which she describes the life cycle of these awesome birds.

Partners for Life: The Mysteries of Animal Symbiosis, by Margery Facklam, illustrated by Pamela Johnson (Little, Brown; $13.95). Some amazing relationships. Birds that clean the teeth of crocodiles, ants that keep herds of "cattle," and many others are interestingly described in this Sierra Club book. Pamela Johnson's pencil drawings are first-rate.

Walter Warthog, by Betty Leslie-Melville (Doubleday; $12.95). Walter was large, dangerous, and ugly. Nevertheless, he found a welcome at the stately home of Betty Leslie-Melville, near Nairobi. Mrs. Leslie-Melville, a founder of the African Fund for Endangered Wildlife, tells the story warmly, with nice color photographs, and convinces us that even a warthog can be lovable.

The Chimpanzee Family Book, by Jane Goodall, with photographs by Michael Neugebauer (Picture Book Studio; $17.95). Jane Goodall summarizes her work at Gombe National Park, in Tanzania. Her affectionate account of the chimpanzees' way of life supplements the wonderful and often touching color photographs.

HERE are two offbeat books for the eight-to-ten group:

Bill Peet: An Autobiography (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95). Peet tells the story of his life as an artist and Disney animator in characteristically energetic, cheerful drawings and a pleasantly intimate narrative, beginning with his boyhood in Indiana. Admirers of his many books will enjoy knowing this talented, likable man.

The Book of the Sandman and the Alphabet of Sleep, illustrated by Rien Poortvliet and written by Wil Huygen (Abrams; $17.95). A strange and delightful book, first published in the Netherlands, takes us on a complicated journey to a castle on a northern mountaintop where the sandman lives. Lavish illustrations and a skillful mingling of realism and fantasy will absorb readers of any age.

A FINE novel and an introduction to the theory of music, for readers over ten:

Shabanu: Daughter of the Wind, by Suzanne Fisher Staples (Knopf; $13.95). Shabanu, the daughter of nomads in the Cholistan Desert of Pakistan, is growing up as brave and spirited as any boy. She faces with increasing dread the arranged marriage that will end her freedom. Her story is a fascinating view of nomad life and a passionate protest against the subjugation of Muslim women.

The Science of Music, by Melvin Berger, illustrated by Yvonne Buchanan (Crowell; $13.95). Many mysteries explained, such as what happens when you blow into a flute, why a trumpet's tone is different from a violin's, how stereos work, and why no two voices sound alike. Berger outlines the physics of sound in easy, graceful prose, and discusses the workings of the major instruments.

AND, finally, two books that go to the heart of the season:

The Christmas Story, illustrated by Isabelle Brent (Dial; $13.95). Isabelle Brent's glorious watercolors, in the style of illuminated manuscripts, accompany verses from the Gospels of St. Luke and St. Matthew which tell of the birth of Christ.

We Wish You a Merry Christmas: Songs of the Season for Young People, arranged by Dan Fox (Metropolitan Museum of Art/Arcade; $16.95). The words and music of twenty-five of the best-loved Christmas songs have been teamed up with appropriate works of art from the Metropolitan's collection. The result is a beautiful book that couldn't be more Christmassy.

—Faith McNulty

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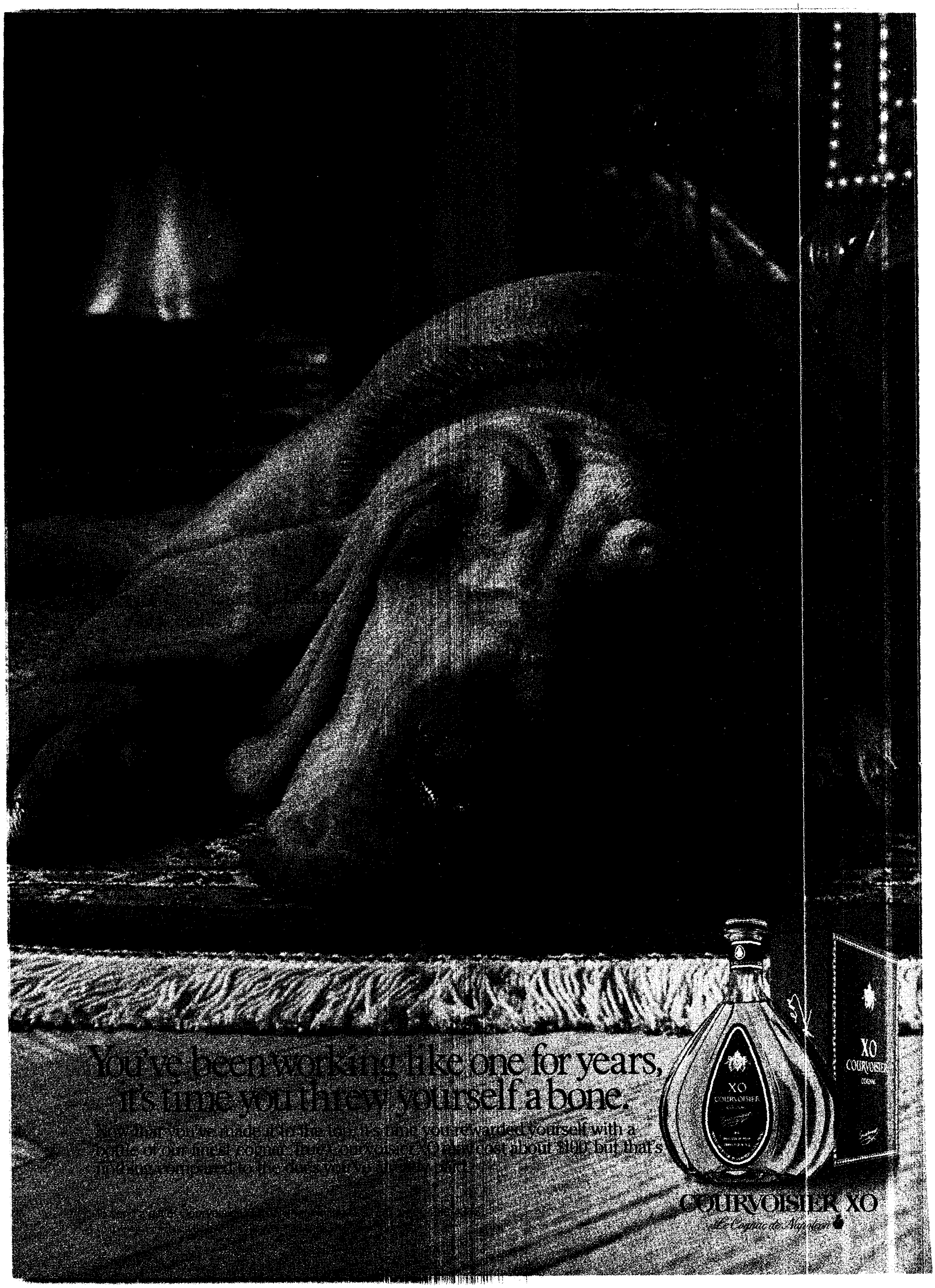
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